THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY 1909

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MAY 1909

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Algernon Charles Swinburne

Born April 5, 1837: Died April 10, 1909

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> That no life lives for ever

must wind up with the assertion

> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea:

so that if he did not believe in ultimate immortality he believed in an ultimate rest.

He came of an older time, of a very fine spirit; and to hear him speak was to be in touch with an old and assuredly a very fine tradition. To-day we speak with the lips: if we cannot hope to achieve the broadnesses of Romance, we do at least attempt delicacies and subtleties. For these this great man—this great Figure—cared very little. He grafted on to epic volume a Berserker rage: he was a man of fine frenzies: he spoke not

from the lips, but—"with hollow mouth"—he poured out his heart. It is perhaps in the nature of the time that modern verse must be analytical. There are to-day so many things to see, so many to "take stock of," that we none of us dare to generalise. We realise very fully that if to-day we generalise in one direction, to-morrow fresh facts will come to upset our theories. In consequence we are thrown back on ourselves: we have grown personal, intimate, subjective. Mr. Swinburne was none of these. He had convictions, and the courage to utter them. Whether he were right we will not say: possibly he was wrong: at any rate he was temerarious. But what a fine temerity!

It is possible that his fame has in England suffered a little eclipse in these latter days, but he remains for the world that surrounds these islands the best-known Englishman, and the Continent, which has not forgotten Byron, will still less forget the name of Swinburne. To the Germans his splendid rhetoric appeals; he learned his art of the French Romantics; the early days of Italy and Greece inspired him. From England he took only the magic of Elizabethan verbiage: thus, if in England his work had a derivative aim, to Europe which ignores our verbal subtleties it was and remains new and very modern. And no doubt even in England a day will come when—the fashions of to-day being forgotten—the once splendid name of Swinburne will once again be splendid among the names of the greater poets. For of the Victorian poets he was the most generous in the outpourings of his heart, the most nobly unthinking, the bravest, the most flamelike.

Noon Vision*

By T. Sturge Moore

THOU Will to know, thou Will to shine!
O Light, Discoverer,
Apollo, or what other name divine,
Arch foe of mystery, thou mayest prefer!
A myriad myriad human forms
Hast warmed with youth as summer sunshine warms
Ripening the countless ears of wheat, and spurred
The pulse more fast than ever hooves were heard
To thunder, till the bravest hearts, elate
As thine, by beauty's means would generate
A pick of lads more manly yet
Than in flown time have met.
And therefore is it that thou hast been seen
By poet whom an oleander's screen
Hid from the noon. He plucked that laurel's rose
To ponder on in his midday repose;
Then saw thee bright with naked virile grace,—
Yellow the curls streamed back from thy hot face,—
Racing, blithe, blithe indeed,
From all encumbrance freed.—
Yet not as any handsome young man is
Who after a short run may kiss,
Be satisfied, then age with years
And die in time. Nay, thou,
Exempt from changes that shall bow
Our backs and weight our hearts with fears,
Couldst ne'er accept such brief delight,
Partial and drowned in baffling night—
Through which our hearts, blind, mortal, must
In futile speculation thrust,
While self-devouring passion lives
Upon the glow its effort gives.

* In part suggested by *l'Oleandro* of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Who dare propose to thee a goal?
Would she toward whom thy feet have hasted,
Whelmed in thy gaze, reserve her soul?
Nothing of those whom thou hast tasted
Remains at large: Calliope,
Clyte, Bolina, Issa were
Dissolved like dew-pearls, and for thee,
Return like cirrhi to a mind
Supreme as noontide's dome of air.
Found is all sweetness thou wouldst find,
No more its own by thee possessed;
What mortal lives that has confessed
So utterly? What nymph survives?
Thou quaffest individual lives.
Yet must thou even as a man,
For all thou art divine, once fail,—
Thine ardent haste of none avail
When, fled from, on it ran.

Not that she leaves thee far behind;
Her panic scarce may ply her knees;
She stumbles like one stricken blind;
Her hands as though they probed the night,
Agitate like some tortured tree's:
Through white swift feet, nor swift, nor white,
Her fear seeks havens in the mould,
Delves in directions manifold.
Her hair is tangled by the breeze,
Crispens in clots, whose fall and rise
Grow noisy like some leafy tree's.
She thinks no more from whom she flies;
Her hips writhe and are writhen ever,
Like aspen's trunk by the hard weather.

Her voice but late in sobs won out
To whet thine onward-coming shout:
That sounding throat is a mute stem
Which seems to yearn. Her eyes, her eyes,
Ah, what of them?
What of their blue revealing glance,
Where innocence with glee did dance?
Their soft lids curve like four young leaves;
And is it dew, or is it rain
That in the bush doth now retain
A hint of heavens without stain?

Speechless and sweet,
A laurel's rose, that was her mouth,
Is lifted open to the south;
Crimson and veined, love-luring, gay
Those lips with which thy lips would meet!
And must a god then feel dismay,
Seeking a mouth, to find a flower?
Or . . . ! an effect of divine power,
Was this thy will?—
This blossom, this fair open thing
That holds no secret from the world?
Not like a mouth, which, though it sing
Shuts back more thoughts than it can still
By giving word and music to,
When all those prisoned crowds are hurled
Against that frontier of release,
Till silence seem more rich and true
Than eloquence or rhapsodies:
While half-shaped words ear never knew
Stir hunger in us for a kiss.

She should not, should not so have fled,
Being called with glee to thy godhead:
Thou Light, for whom the bud must burst,
Slayer of all who hoard their own,
Thou hunt'st her whom our love had nursed:
For she who feareth to be known,
Her virgin strangeness is for thee
The stuff from which to shape a rose
An open flower that may be
Searched utterly.
Yea, all who may not are thy foes,—
But our most darling loves are those;
For being sad, half-hearted, weak,
We pine for more than eye can see:
Yet art thou more than we dare seek.

Four Sonnets

By Dollie Radford

AT NIGHT

I

The door is shut and barred upon my home,
  My home that for so long has held my pain,
  My home where all my tears were wept in vain,
And through the night in silence I am come ;
And my tired hope that all the day was dumb,
  Has dropped, to perish as a wounded bird,
  And through the night there is not any word
To save my hope whose wings grow cold and numb :
The darkness presses close on either hand,
  Oh, I am out upon a driving sea
  And strain and break to ride as I were free,
I drift on swelling tides that seek no strand
That never more may break upon the land,
  The great unchanelled floods of misery.

II

The future holds one plot of barren earth
  That my long grief shall water into flower,
  And one unborn shall gather there for dower
A perfect blossom that shall have its birth
So rare I may not guess its shape or worth:
  And there shall be one day, so full of joy,
  Shall heal my shattered days with sweet employ,
Shall flood their wistful patience with its mirth ;
Such must there be, O God ! who made the waste
  So bare beneath the Heavens, who has spread
  The stones upon the path that I must tread,
Who set the thorns through which I may not haste,
The bitter fruits which I must faint to taste,
  Such must there be, O God ! who art o'erhead.

III

For those who in Love's Service have no part,
  Whose altars stand in shadow and are bare,
  Whose silence never breaks to praise or prayer,
For those whose hands are empty in Love's mart,
Who through thy night and day-time feel the smart,
  The pain of pilgrims outcast from thy grace,
  Who in Love's company have found no place,
But bear thy doom, O God ! who made the heart
To thirst to madness with its long desire,—
  For those drop down the deep sleep of thy might—
  For those, O God ! whose pale uncertain flight
From thy refusals may not rest nor tire,
Who drift, as smoke is drifted from the fire,
  Across a mighty hope that fills the night.

IV

A storm is passing through the night, and soon
  The heavy clouds are out upon their road,
  From east and west they gather up their load,
And from the night they ask not any boon
But their old right to sweep across the moon,
  To blot its light and hide the paling stars,
  To drop their torrents down, and leave the scars
Of their fierce passion on the unborn noon :
And deep within the night's unbroken breath
  The blinding courses of their fires are bent,
  Their anguish of rebellion poured and spent ;
And in Night's even pulse no failing saith
How close its ancient bond is held with Death,
  The brooding Night that knows its great intent.

Prayer

(From the French of Émile Verhaeren)

By Osman Edwards

Towards the Future, its adventurous care,
My spirit springs,
And, suddenly, I feel once more,
Deep in my heart, the flutter of white wings
Asleep before,
A child's long-silent prayer.

Though other words in other phrases sigh,
Yet the old rhythm rings with the old cry,
After long years the same;
The rhythm Time hath taught, and men of old,
Since in sore need they pierced their skies of gold
With vows of boon or blame.

To-day it thrills my being's utmost span,
As swiftly I ascend towards nobler Man,
In whose slow making centuries unite;
I hope, I weep, I tremble, I desire!
My longings, wafted in sonorous flight,
Mount in a brazier of dancing fire.

Spark, that survivest yet from fervours past!
O brave, new Prayer! O Prayer, arisen at last!
O future! Thee, as once God's mysteries,
I worship now, lord of our time and race;
But thou, at least, one day, wilt take man's place,
Thou wilt become his heart, his brain, his eyes.

What matter, wert thou less than dreams desire?
If at each glimpse of thee
Mine ardour kindled be,
And my will lifted higher.

Some beacon need we all of lofty scope,
Lit by our fathers, by their children fanned,
That serried souls from age to age may stand,
Guarding one proud, imperishable hope.

How firm and sure, however slow and small,
The labour of each to reach one goal of all,
Though dull despair with cruel fate combine!
How sweet to fill the heart with this fair Dream,
Not wholly false, but truer than men deem,
Prefiguring in luminous outline
Love's energy divine!
To foster its bright, solitary strength,
To garner the world's jewel, till at length
All learn the secret of its gentle sway;
To lure Man's passions from old paths and blind,
To turn fierce fetters into chains that bind
Glory to come with glories passed away,
To-morrow with to-day!

To act, to act! To banish querulous doubt,
Though the rough road stretch tragically out,
Nor any sheltering trees sure rest provide;
To feed the mind with thoughts and courage high,
—Each hour forgotten as its threat goes by!—
To thread grim darkness with one torch for guide:
Indomitable pride!

Then, when day closes and the tired arms fall,
When slumber creeps round eyelids unaware,
To breathe at last a sudden, vehement prayer,
One prayer for all!

Sirens

By Norman Douglas

It was the Emperor Tiberius who startled his grammarians with the question, what songs the Sirens sang. I suspect he knew more about the matter than they did, for he was a Siren-worshipper all his life, though fate did not allow him to *indulge his genius* till those last few years which he spent among them on the rock-islet of Capri. The grammarians, if they were prudent, doubtless referred him to Homer, who has preserved a portion of their lay.

Whether Sirens of this true kind are in existence at the present day is rather questionable, for the waste places of earth have been reclaimed and the sea's untrampled floor is examined and officially reported upon. But not long ago some such creatures were still found. Jacobus Noierus relates that in 1403 a Siren was captured in the Zuider Zee. She was brought to Haarlem and, being naked, allowed herself to be clothed; she learned to eat like a Dutchman; she could spin thread and take pleasure in other maidenly occupations; she was gentle and lived to a great age. But she never spoke. The honest burghers had no knowledge of the language of the sea-folk to enable them to teach her their own tongue, so she remained mute to the end of her days—a circumstance to be regretted, since, excepting in the Arab tale of Julnar the Sea-born, little information has been handed down to us regarding the conversational and domestic habits of mediæval Sirens.

In the royal archives of Portugal, too, are preserved the records of a costly litigation between the Crown and the Grand Master of the Order of St. James, as to who should possess the Sirens cast up by the sea on the Grand Master's shores. The suit ended in the king's favour: *Be it enacted: That Sirens and other Marine Monsters ejected by the waves upon land owned by the Grand Master shall pass into the possession of the King.* This would show that Sirens were then fairly plentiful. And one of the best authenticated cases is that recorded by the veracious Captain John Smith—he of Pocahontas fame. "I cannot here

omit to mention," says he, "the admirable creature of God which in the year 1610 I saw with these my own eyes. I happened to be standing, at daybreak, on the shore not far from the harbour of St. John, when I observed a marine monster swiftly swimming towards me. Lovely was her shape; eyes, nose, ears, cheeks, mouth, neck, forehead and the whole face was as that of the fairest maiden; her hair, of azure hue, fell over her shoulders. . . ." Altogether, a strange fish. The rest of the quotation will be found in Gottfried's "Historia Antipodum."

Consult also Gessner, Rondeletius, Scaliger and other good folk, from whose relations it appears evident that Sirens were common enough in their days and, doubtless for that reason, of little repute; for whatever is common becomes debased, as the very word "vulgar" proves. This, perhaps, helps to explain their fishy termination, for the oldest Sirens were of bird kind. The change took place, I imagine, about the time of St. Augustine, when so many pagan shapes began to affect new vestments and characters, not always to their advantage. It influenced even those born in Hellenic waters, whom we might have supposed to have remained more respectable and conservative than the others.

Thus Theodorus Gaza, whose name is a guarantee of good faith and intelligence—did he not write the first Greek grammar?—once related in a large and distinguished company (Pontanus was also present) how that, after a great storm in the Peloponnesus, a sea-lady was cast up with other jetsam on the beach. She was still alive and breathing hard; her face and body were "absolutely human" and not uncomely. Immediately a large concourse of people gathered round, but her sighs and heaving breast plainly showed how embarrassed she was by their vulgar curiosity. Presently she began to cry outright. The compassionate scholar ordered the crowd to move away and escorted her, as best he could, to the water's edge. There, throwing herself into the waves with a mighty splash, she vanished from sight. This one, again, partook rather of the nature of a fish than of a bird.

But in Greece, too, Sirens of every kind have ceased to sing.

I remember a long-drawn, golden evening among the Cyclades. A spell had fallen over all things; the movement of nature seemed to be momentarily arrested; there was not a sound below but, overhead, the sunbeams vibrated with tuneful melodies. Janko, the fisherman, had dropped his oars, and our boat, the only moving object in that preternatural stillness,

was drawn by an invisible hand towards the ruddy pool in the west. But athwart our path lay a craggy islet, black and menacing against the background of crimson conflagration. Soon it came upon us in swarthy confusion of rock and cloven ravine, a few gleams of emerald in its sheltered recesses. Here, if anywhere, methought, Sirens might still dwell unmolested. The curly-pated rascal steered with cunning hand towards a lilliputian inlet; like a true Greek, he appreciated curiosity in every form. But he resolutely refused to set foot on shore. I began my explorations alone, concluding that he had visited the place before.

It was no Siren-islet. It was an islet of fleas. I picked them off my clothes in tens, in hundreds, in handfuls. Never was mortal nearer jumping out of his skin. Janko was surprised and shocked.

Now, whether these fleas had inhabited the island from time immemorial, being degenerate descendants of certain Heroic creatures that sailed thither in company of Jason and his Argonauts, or had been left there by shipwrecked mariners of modern days; how it came about that they multiplied to the exclusion of every other living thing; what manner of food was theirs—whether, anthropophagous-wise, they preyed upon one another or had learned to content themselves with the silvery dews of morning, like Anacreon's cicada, or else had acquired the faculty of long fasting between rare orgies such as they enjoyed on that afternoon: these and other questions have since occurred to me as not wholly unworthy of consideration. Mr. Hudson, in his "La Plata"—when are we to have a new edition of it?—has vexed himself with similar problems. But at that moment I was far too busy to give any thought to such matters.

Ay, they have deserted Greece, the Sirens. It was never more than a half-way house to them. But they stayed there long enough to don new clothes and habits. Nothing, indeed, ever entered that little country but came out rejuvenated and clarified. A thousand turbid streams, pouring into Hellas from every side, issued thence grandly, in a calm and transparent river, to fertilise the world. So it was with the Sirens. Like many things, they were only an importation, one of the new ideas that, following the trade-routes, crept in to feed the artistic imagination of the Greeks. Now that we know a little something of the ancient civilisations of countries like Egypt and Phœnicia that traded with Greece, we can appreciate the wonderful Hellenic genius for borrowing and adapting. Hermes,

the intelligent thief, is a typical Greek. For whatever they stole or appropriated—religions, metals, comforts of life, architecture, engineering—they stole with exquisite taste; they discarded the dross and took only what was of value. All traces of the theft quickly vanished; it looked absurd, as Monsieur du Presle has pointed out, to acknowledge indebtedness to others for things which they might as well have invented themselves. For the rest, the stolen material was remodelled till its original creator could hardly have recognised it. The grotesque, the cruel, became humane. Borrowed gods of frantic aspect put on fair and benignant faces. And every item was forthwith stamped with the hall-mark of Hellas : temperance. All these *objets de vertu* have been handled a good deal since those days; they were sadly knocked about in the uproarious Middle Ages; but this hall-mark is not thumbed away : connoisseurs know it.

I question whether Phorcus himself, the father of Sirens—or was it Achelous? these old family histories are delicate ground—would have recognised his girls again. How did they look on entering Greece? Ask Messieurs Weicker, Schrader, De Petra, Klausen and their colleagues. They will tell you everything, for they have performed the unknightly task, suggested by Anaxilas, of "plucking the Sirens." In the interests of anatomy it was no doubt desirable, since it enabled them to count the vertebræ and teeth, and perhaps to decide whether the Sirens were really cannibals or not; artists and poets complain of unnecessary mutilation. But dreamers are always complaining. How they looked? They were the personification of sultry dog-days when Sirius (whence their name) burns fiercely in the parching firmament; they were vampires, demons of withering heats, of putrefaction, of voluptuousness, of lust. But Hellas clothed them anew in virginal hearts and garments and sent them westwards—in bad company, to be sure, for it seems they travelled with the Telebœans or Taphians, incorrigible cut-throats and cattle-stealers. It must have been something like "the Baby and the Burglar."

Yes; from the minute specialised researches of scholars it is quite clear that the Sirens were nowise indigenous to Greece; they belonged to older, wilder cycles. But like other animistic conceptions common to many seas and lands, they drifted into Hellas and were deodorised. Our familiar Sirens are not demons of putrefaction; they are creatures full of charm and go to prove the humanising influence of the Greeks; not of the Greek crowd, as is sometimes inferred (for a more intemperate set of

bigots and ruffians never breathed), but only of its teachers who resented ugliness as a sin and ever held up to them the ideal of nemesis—measure.

Homer began the work, and nothing is more true than that saying of Herodotus, that "Homer arranged the generations of the gods." The Odyssey which sweeps along its current the legend-wrecks of multitudinous extra-Hellenic races, has wafted down to us a fragment of the foreign and cannibalistic old Siren-lore :

> In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
> Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
> The ground polluted floats with human gore,
> And human carnage taints the dreadful shore. . . .

but there is no further elaboration of this ungracious aspect; on the contrary, their song, which follows, is conceived in the true spirit of beauty and quite at variance with this primæval picture of crude bloodthirstiness. A characteristic hellenisation, caught in the act. This first step towards purification accomplished, later poets and philosophers dwelt ever more on the human attributes of the Sirens, on their charms of voice and feature, till finally the "whitening bones" and other harsh traits faded from sight.

After Hellas came the Alexandrian period with its philological and historical vagaries, and the prodigious syncretism of gods in the first four centuries; then mediævalism, which dwarfed Hellenic shapes into caco-demons and with their glories crowned its saints.

The Siren Parthenope escaped by taking refuge during mediæval storms in the narrow confines of an amulet, such Siren-charms as are still seen in the streets of Naples and credited with peculiar efficacity against the evil eye. In this, I seem to see the homœopathic principle at work, for the Sirens themselves were witches at the time—sea-witches, and to this day the bathing population may be observed to cross themselves devoutly before plunging into the water, in order to paralyse these malevolent genii of the deep. Others, such as Venus, sheltered themselves behind musty saints; Santa Venere is in high repute as healer of certain diseases.

And another point of general interest becomes clear from these scientific disquisitions: that the Sirens of Homer must be sought in the west rather than where Gladstone and others have located them. A variety of speculations are now converging to show that the Odyssean fable is the record of one of many westward processions of gods and men and is, indeed,

only another example of that suggestive "westing" law first propounded, I believe, by the Russian naturalist von Baer. Curiously enough, Baer himself asserted that the adventures of Odysseus, including the Siren episode, took place in the Black Sea; but this may have been due to a kind of patriotism on his part—if we always knew from what motives our profoundest convictions have sprung! An interesting phenomenon, by the way, this of exact thinkers relapsing, in old age, into hazardous theorisings. So Baer, the physiologist, discourses about the legendary Phæacians; Virchow, the pathologist, about prehistoric man; Wallace, the biologist, about the world of spirits. And sometimes the weariness is premature: Lodge, the mathematician, has already begun to preach of æons and ethics. It is the way of individual man and the way of nations; none exemplifies it better than Hellas: from "pillars of unwrought stone" to Aristotle and back again, *viâ* Plato, to the *logos*, which is obscurity once more. But not all of us follow this natural curve; some are born old and others never attain maturity, the discords being adjusted in some posthumous or antenatal existence.

The Greek Sirens, at least, are stamped with features of eternal youth. They linger on sea-girt rocks, lyre in hand, or rise from the gleaming water, clash their cymbals, and again vanish. So you may see them pictured on Greek vases. There is a vagueness, remoteness, and restraint about them which permits of multifarious interpretations and constitutes the charm of so many of these Hellenic conceptions. They are not the product of one mind, but a complex, many-faceted growth which reflects the touches of various layers of culture superimposed upon one another—fair but elusive shapes. Here is one aspect. Long ago, the Sirens engaged the Muses in a singing contest. They were worsted, and the Muses decked themselves with their enemies' feather-plumes. Who is not tempted to detect in this legend the victory of disciplined music over the wild improvisations of natural song? And another: the three sister Sirens drowned themselves out of love for Odysseus. This is the impress of strong human feelings—a hopeless passion, you perceive: no school-girl sentimentality. Picture a "demon of putrefaction" casting itself into the sea for a mortal! Oh, they had changed considerably in the air of Hellas. The purification—the hall-mark. The "*chaste* Parthenope" found a resting-place and an honoured tomb on the spot where now stands Naples. For a thousand years she dominated its social and religious institutions. She dominates them still. Is

Parthenope dead ? Who, then, is Santa Lucia ? The madonnas of Naples are all sea-queens whose crowns shine with a borrowed lustre ; the Madonna della Libera, the Stella di Mare—they are all re-incarnations of antique shapes, of the Sirens, of Leucothea, Euploia and the Nereids, and their cult to this day is pagan rather than Christian. You will not find such saints in Tuscany.

A large Siren literature has sprung up within recent times. But I would still like to see a book which should develop the idea as a whole, tracing their genealogy from birth through all the changes of character they have undergone since ancient days—a book which might be entitled *Les Sirènes à travers les siècles* (why does it sound better in French ?), and which would afford an interesting measure of the corresponding state of the human intelligence. For we create our gods in our own likeness.

There is an imp of the imagination called the familiar spirit or guardian angel, who often runs parallel to these eerie water-ladies. Like the Sirens that occur everywhere—in Chinese and Saxon tradition, in Brazil and in the grey-green reaches of Polar seas, the attendant demon is of animistic growth, springing up, independently, in Burma, among the old Irish, the Esquimaux, the Chilians.

Our particular Sirens are probably of Phœnician origin, while our particular guardian angels come from the Chaldeans. The crystal spaces of their æther were alive with fluttering divas who grew in holiness as they receded from earth ; Hellenic and Roman culture took them over from direct contact with the East, but Christian Europe received them indirectly as a legacy from the Jews, who had imbibed this poetic demonology during their Babylonian sorrows and had enriched their sacred books with these terrible and lovely creatures of air, which the Gnostics and Sabæans elaborated into a glittering hierarchy. So the seven planetary spirits of Persian mythology melted into the seven archangels of Cabalistic dreamings ; but our ideas of ordinary ones, of winged forms intermediate between God and man, are purely Chaldean. Christians were actually forbidden by the Council of Laodicea to call upon the angels, and it was not till the second Council of Nicea that this "idolatrous practice" was sanctioned ; Byzance gave them loving attention ; Byzance, indeed, rather than Rome, is the mother of angiolatry.

Even as the Sirens soon took on fixed æsthetic attributes, so the guardian angel was early installed in his moral functions. Every man had his own, angels and gods likewise ; the graves of the dead likewise, the high divinities were sometimes pleased

to play the part with deserving mortals like Tobias or Telemachus. Pythagoras, strongly tainted with Orientalism, made his *daimon* perceptible to the senses, whereas the familiar of Socrates was invisible, the "divine voice" of reason. This point of time is approximately the high-water mark of both conceptions—hence onward there is the exuberance of decline. And as in Homer we can designate the precise poetic touch which raised the Sirens from their lowly place, so in Plato we may note the very blunder whereby the familiar became gross once more. For the master can hardly have meant by "a divine something" that which his disciples thought—interpreting literally an allegorical remark of his, they built up that anthropomorphic theory which stultified Socrates and rematerialised the demon.

It is characteristic of mankind that only then did he, like the Sirens, become "popular." Xenophon, Menander, Apuleius and the rest of them waxed eloquent over his explanations; Diogenes and Apollonius also began to consult private devils, and of course Plotinus, the ape of Socrates, had one too. And soon the curious spirit of Alexandrian pedantry was at work upon them, dwelling, with erudite dilettantism, upon the origins and meanings of the Sirens, while Philo mixed his astounding *salade russe* of Greek and Jewish demons, wherein each has the familiar flavour of the other.

The Romans, busy and honest, had no use for things of beauty. They rejected the Sirens, but the stern Pelasgic cast of their religion led them to identify the *demon* with what philosophers called the idiosyncrasy, the genius. Enlarging upon this sober notion, they gave congenial spirits to corporate bodies and towns, the grandest being that of Rome itself; the patron saints of modern Italian cities and villages are so firmly rooted only because they represent the lineal descendants of these old tutelar deities. And sometimes a good and a bad genius lived conjointly in the body of one man, striving for the mastery: a problem which already confronted those Chaldeans whose religious cursing-tablets (models of what such literature ought to be) are largely taken up with conjurations for the expulsion of malefic demons in favour of beneficial ones. The dilemma was inevitable—one of the two antagonistic forces must preponderate—and so these imaginary intra-corporeal mannikins are a microcosmic illustration of the pitfalls of dualistic creeds.

Mediævalism came, and the familiar or paredral spirits went through the same degrading metamorphosis as the Sirens. They grew common; philosophers like Simo Magous, saints

like Teresa, poets like Tasso—everybody had one or more of them. That of Cornelius Agrippa lived in the shape of a black dog (Faust) : on his death-bed at Lyons the sage thus cursed it : *Hence, beast of damnation, that hast wholly damned me !* (whereupon it vanished), and his great disciple Wier, who also believed in them, is sharply reprimanded for doubting this straightforward tale. The idea commingled with a host of Mandrake legends ; idols, of which numbers were sold in England under Henry VIII., were carved out of this plant and gravely consulted.

I think the crusades and the Western domination of the Arabs, in whose lore the attendant genius plays a conspicuous part, may have helped to spread the superstition throughout Europe, which was then in a fit condition to believe anything. The familiar lived no longer inside man, prompting him to moral actions ; he was imprisoned in capsules or rings (Parthenope in her amulet) and could be constrained to appear or be dismissed from service (Ariel). Up to this day, *homunculi* in glass phials are bought in German fairs and kept for luck—I have seen them hawked about the streets of London—and the following will show that this trade, like all others, had its risks : " In the year 1650 a merchant of Augsburg kept some of these quaint spirits sealed up, like flies or ants, in bottles, intending to bring them to the fair of Leipzig ; but when, by means of a letter, it was discovered that he was about to offer them for sale, he denied the whole matter—*perhaps they themselves had whispered to him* that he might have to answer awkward questions on their account." Awkward questions !

Despoiled of their pristine ennobling qualities, these beings were still sociable and not without hopes of Heaven : the familiar had become realistic, swayed by passions like mankind, sometimes lovable and often tinged with a vein of sadness, while Sirens like Russalka and Melusine were strangely human in their tears and laughter. We were not yet wholly afraid of these our creatures. But soon enough, by that process of deterioration of which the word " demon " is itself an example, they were absorbed into the essence of the Evil One and became his slaves —past redemption. Witches only, and not philosophers, kept familiars in the shape of cats, and the belief was merged into that of incubi, Satanic Pact ; the church warning its adherents against them : *Ipse simulat se captum, ut te capiat ; a te inclusum, ut contra te finaliter concludat.* Thus the rebellious angels confined in copper vessels by the great Lord Solomon have degenerated into a bottled imp, an infant's toy ; and from the voice of reason of the Greek sage, from the guardian angel that

watches over the slumbers of innocent childhood, from the genius of divine Augustus and eternal Rome, we descend to the "harmless, necessary cat."

I rather question whether the familiar spirit would have maintained its strong fascination if it had not lent itself to practical purposes, and one may speculate as to how much of the worldly prestige of men like Mahomet, Numa or Carbajal was due to their fiction of a ghostly counsellor, which justified actions unintelligible to the vulgar. The familiar has lately appeared in a new guise: the control of the medium.

Will he quite die out? No more than the Sirens. The pious Silvio Pellico addressed a prayer to his spiritual custodian; the Catholic Church, however, has never favoured this individualistic tendency, convinced that the *rôle* of guardian angel is more properly performed by confessors or one of the thousand saints appointed for that purpose. Protestantism, meanwhile, has reverted to the "still, small voice," though in neurotic men, like George Fox, a vision is required to supplement the conscience. All those who fail to attribute their well-being to natural causes will crave for something of the guardian-angel type, even as simple mariners, in moments of danger, may wonder whether there is indeed no truth in those tales of spiteful she-devils lurking in the depths. And if this were a philosophical age, I would endeavour to show that the whole invisible-companion idea is merely an exemplification of Lotze's views, as to that striving of the human personality to extend and consolidate its sphere of domination which has induced us to carry walking-sticks and to wear tall hats; while the Sirens are—well, no matter. Fortunately, metaphysics are out of fashion just now.

It seems to me that the Sirens, like other old Hellenic ideals, are coming to honour again.

During their westward progress they tarried long about the headland of Athenæum, which is the southern horn of the Bay of Naples, now called Punta Campanella, and about its islands. A snowy temple, one of the wonders of the western world, rose in their honour near this wave-beaten promontory—for promontories were sacred in oldest days from their dangers to navigation. Colonnades and statues are swept away, but its memory lies embedded in the name of the village of Massa Lubrense. A wondrous mode of survival, when one comes to think of it: a temple enshrined in the letters of a word whose very meaning is forgotten, handed down from father to son through tumultuous ages of Romans and Goths and Saracens, Normans, French

and Spaniards, and persisting, ever cryptic to the vulgar, after the more perishable records of stone and marble are clean vanished from earth.

A good idea of the country can be obtained from the well-known Deserto convent above Sorrento, or, nearer the point of the promontory, from the summit of Mount San Costanzo, which, if I mistake not, ought to be an island like Capri, near at hand, but will probably cling to the mainland for another few thousand years. The eye looks down upon the two gulfs of Naples and Salerno, divided by a hilly ridge : the precipitous mass of Sant-Angelo, stretching right across the peninsula in an easterly direction, shuts off the view from the world beyond. This is Sirenland. To the south lie the islets of the Sirens, nowadays known as the Galli ; westwards, Capri, appropriately associated with them from its craggy and yet alluring aspect ; Sorrento, whose name has been derived from them—I wonder some adventurous scholar has not identified it with the Homeric *Surie*—lies on the northern slope. A favoured land, producing every grain and fruit of Italy : Saint-Non mentions as proof of its fertility the fact that you can engage wet-nurses there from the age of fourteen to fifty-five.

But I am not going to describe its natural features ; the thing has been done by five hundred travellers already. Imagine to yourself a tongue of limestone about three miles across and six long, jutting into the sea ; a few islands hanging upon its skirts ; villages and farms whose inhabitants reflect the various cultures that have been imposed upon them during the last two thousand years of political changes. A microscopic territory, but overgrown with hoary traditions of which that of the sea-maidens is only one. We need merely think of those quaintly carved vessels which in olden days sailed in between Capri and Point Campanella, bearing westwards certain gods and letters and aspirations—much of what is best, in fact, in our own modern civilisation. And more recent memories, grim and glorious, cluster thickly about its rocks and inlets.

It was, no doubt, during one of those spells of death-like summer stagnation, known hereabouts as *scirocco chiaro* or *tempo di bafogna*, that Odysseus encountered the Sirens :

> While yet I speak the wingèd galley flies
> And lo ! the Siren shores like mists arise.
> Sunk were at once the winds ; the air above,
> And waves below, at once forgot to move.
> Some demon calmed the air, and smoothed the deep,
> Hushed the loud winds, and charmed the waves to sleep—

for sirocco is the withering blast, whose hot and clammy touch hastens death and putrefaction.

This passage may have suggested to Cerquand the idea that the Sirens " sont le calme sous le vent des hautes falaises et des îles," an interpretation which he subsequently discarded. Loosely speaking, this would imply that *some* thing had been created out of nothing ; even as, on the same principle, Pan has been called the personification of the midday hush, of that which can be felt. The Swiss painter Boecklin, whose Gothic exuberance often ran on lines antithetical to what we call Hellenic serenity, has yet divined the psychology of the matter in "Das Schweigen im Walde "—the shudder that attunes the mind to receive chimerical impressions, the *silence that creates ;* though I cannot but think that the effect of this particular picture would have been improved by the omission of Madame Boecklin. So may those pioneers of navigation have felt when, becalmed in the noonday heat amid pale shimmering cliffs, they grew conscious of the unseen presence. Sirens dwell here ! For the genii of earth and air were ready enough to commune with untutored men of early ages, to whom everything unknown was marvellous. Such fruitful shadows cast by inanimate nature upon the human phantasy are not rare ; the secondary stage is reached when the artist endeavours to fix in stone these wavering shapes, or the bard in verse ; the third is that of the philosopher or grammarian who explains them as the splashing of waves and what not.

What not, indeed ? The Sirens, says one, are the charms of the Gulf of Naples. No, says another ; they were chaste priestesses. They were neither chaste, nor priestesses, but exactly the reverse. They were sunbeams. They were perilous cliffs. They were a race of peaceful shepherds. They were symbols of persuasion. They were cannibals. They were planetary spirits. They were prophets. They were a species of Oriental owl. They were the harmonious faculties of the soul. They were penguins.

Penguins ! That is the final pronouncement of commentatorial erudition.

Yet I must add my own mite of conjecture regarding the so-called " eyed Sirens." These, I hold, may well represent a pristine version of the Beast in the Apocalypse. And Eustathius has already explained how they came by their feather dresses. They used to be young girls like any other nymphs or naiads, but Venus, it seems, was so annoyed at their persistent chastity, that she changed them into birds. Just like Venus—the Venus of the grammarians.

So may they have felt, those ancient mariners, spell-bound in slumberous sirocco-chains; but I question whether this was the true genesis of the Sirens. The bird-termination. . . . It recurs in the harpies, of Egyptian origin. Those Egyptians, too, had that notable conceit of the dead body being visited by its soul in the shape of a human-headed hawk ("Die Seelenvögel"). Leucothea, a Phœnician goddess, could also assume the bird-form, and—who knows?—some crazy enthusiast may yet succeed in establishing a cousinship between the Sirens and those enigmatical swan-maidens that winged their way from snowy Himalaya to grace the nuptial couch of northern hero-kings.

For the rest, such days of heavy-lidded atmospheric brooding are rare in Siren-land.

They are clear-eyed and caressing as a rule, these summer breezes; caressing and cleansing; they set all the shining leaves atremble and scatter town-memories and the fumes of drowsy learning. How the bizarre throng of water-witches and familiars grows uneasy in the brave light, and wan—how they fade away, like the ghosts they are!

An Honest Thief

(From the Notebook of a Person of no Importance)

By Fyodor Dostoévsky

One morning, just as I was about to set off to my office, Agrafena, my cook, washerwoman and housekeeper, came in to me and, to my surprise, entered into conversation.

She had always been such a silent, simple creature that, except her daily inquiry about dinner, she had not uttered a word for the last six years. I, at least, had heard nothing else from her.

"Here I have come in to have a word with you, sir," she began abruptly, "you really ought to let the little room."

"Which little room?"

"Why, the one next the kitchen, to be sure."

"What for?"

"What for? Why because folks do take in lodgers, to be sure."

"But who would take it?"

"Who would take it? why, a lodger would take it, to be sure."

"But, my good woman, one could not put a bedstead in it; there wouldn't be room to move! Who could live in it?"

"Who wants to live there! As long as he has a place to sleep in. Why, he would live in the window."

"In what window?"

"In what window! As though you didn't know! The one in the passage, to be sure. He would sit there, sewing or doing anything else. Maybe he would sit on a chair, too. He's got a chair; and he has a table, too; he's got everything."

"Who is 'he' then?"

"Oh, a good man, a man of experience. I will cook for him. And I'll ask him three roubles a month for his board and lodging."

After prolonged efforts I succeeded at last in learning from Agrafena that an elderly man had somehow managed to persuade her to admit him into the kitchen as a lodger and boarder. Any notion Agrafena took into her head had to be carried out; if

not, I knew she would give me no peace. When anything was not to her liking, she at once began to brood and sank into a deep dejection that would last for a fortnight or three weeks. During that period my dinners were spoiled, my linen was mislaid, my floors went unscrubbed; in short, I had a great deal to put up with. I had observed long ago that this inarticulate woman was incapable of conceiving a project, of originating an idea of her own. But if anything like a notion or a project was by some means put into her feeble brain, to prevent its being carried out meant for a time her moral assassination. And so, as I cared more for my peace and comfort than for anything else, I consented forthwith.

"Has he a passport anyway, or something of the sort?"

"To be sure, he has. He is a good man, a man of experience; three roubles he's promised to pay."

The very next day the new lodger made his appearance in my modest bachelor quarters; but I was not put out by this, indeed I was inwardly pleased. I lead as a rule a very lonely, hermit's existence. I have scarcely any friends; I hardly ever go anywhere. As I had spent ten years never coming out of my shell, I had, of course, grown used to solitude. But another ten or fifteen years or more of the same solitary existence, with the same Agrafena, in the same bachelor quarters, was in truth a somewhat cheerless prospect. And therefore a new inmate, if well-behaved, was a heaven-sent blessing.

Agrafena had spoken truly: my lodger was certainly a man of experience. From his passport it appeared that he was an old soldier, a fact which I should have known indeed from his face. An old soldier is easily recognised. Astafy Ivanovitch was a favourable specimen of his class. We got on very well together. What was best of all, Astafy Ivanovitch would sometimes tell a story, describing some incident in his own life. In the perpetual boredom of my existence such a story-teller was a veritable treasure. One day he told me one of these stories. It made an impression on me. The following event was what led to it.

I was left alone in the flat; both Astafy and Agrafena were out on business of their own. All of a sudden I heard from the inner room somebody—I fancied a stranger—come in; I went out; there actually was a stranger in the passage, a short fellow wearing no overcoat in spite of the cold autumn weather.

"What do you want?"

"Does a clerk called Alexandrov live here?"

"Nobody of that name here, brother. Good-bye."

"Why, the dvornik told me it was here," said my visitor, cautiously retiring towards the door.

"Be off, be off, brother, get along."

Next day after dinner, while Astafy Ivanovitch was fitting on a coat which he was altering for me, again some one came into the passage. I half opened the door.

Before my very eyes my yesterday's visitor, with perfect composure, took my wadded greatcoat from the peg and, stuffing it under his arm, darted out of the flat. Agrafena stood all the time staring at him, agape with astonishment and doing nothing for the protection of my property. Astafy Ivanovitch flew in pursuit of the thief and ten minutes later came back out of breath and empty-handed. He had vanished completely.

"Well, there's a piece of luck, Astafy Ivanovitch!"

"It's a good job your cloak is left or he would have put you in a plight, the thief!"

But the whole incident had so impressed Astafy Ivanovitch that I forgot the theft as I looked at him. He could not get over it. Every minute or two he would drop the work upon which he was engaged, and would describe over again how it had all happened, how he had been standing, how the greatcoat had been taken down before his very eyes, not a yard away, and how it had come to pass that he could not catch the thief. Then he would sit down to his work again, then leave it once more, and at last I saw him go down to the dvornik to tell him all about it, and to upbraid him for letting such a thing happen in his domain. Then he came back and began scolding Agrafena. Then he sat down to his work again, and long afterwards he was still muttering to himself how it had all happened, how he stood there and I was here, how before our eyes, not a yard away the thief took the coat off the peg, and so on. In short, though Astafy Ivanovitch understood his business, he was a terrible slow-coach and busy-body.

"He's made fools of us, Astafy Ivanovitch," I said to him in the evening, as I gave him a glass of tea. I wanted to while away the time by recalling the story of the lost greatcoat, the frequent repetition of which, together with the great earnestness of the speaker, was beginning to become very amusing.

"Fools, indeed, sir! Even though it is no business of mine, I am put out. It makes me angry though it is not my coat that was lost. To my thinking there is no vermin in the world worse than a thief. Another takes what you can spare, but a thief steals the work of your hands, the sweat of your brow, your time . . . Ugh, it's nasty! One can't speak of it! it's too

vexing. How is it you don't feel the loss of your property, sir ?"

"Yes, you are right, Astafy Ivanovitch, better if the thing had been burnt, it's annoying to let the thief have it, it's disagreeable."

"Disagreeable ! I should think so ! Yet to be sure there are thieves and thieves. And I have happened, sir, to come across an honest thief."

"An honest thief ? But how can a thief be honest, Astafy Ivanovitch ?"

"There you are right indeed, sir. How can a thief be honest ? There are none such. I only meant to say that he was an honest man, sure enough, and yet he stole. I was simply sorry for him."

"Why, how was that, Astafy Ivanovitch ?"

"It was about two years ago, sir. I had been nearly a year out of a place, and just before I lost my place I made the acquaintance of a poor lost creature. We got acquainted in a public-house. He was a drunkard, a vagrant, a beggar. He had been in a situation of some sort, but from his drinking habits he had lost his work. Such a ne'er-do-weel ! God only knows what he had on ! Often you wouldn't be sure if he'd a shirt under his coat ; everything he could lay his hands upon he would drink away. But he was not one to quarrel ; he was a quiet fellow. A soft, good-natured chap. And he'd never ask, he was ashamed ; but you could see for yourself the poor fellow wanted a drink, and you would stand it him. And so we got friendly, that's to say, he stuck to me. . . . It was all one to me. And what a man he was, to be sure ! Like a little dog he would follow me ; wherever I went there he would be ; and all that after our first meeting, and he as thin as a thread-paper ! At first it was 'let me stay the night' ; well, I let him stay.

"I looked at his passport, too ; the man was all right.

"Well, the next day it was the same story, and then the third day he came again and sat all day in the window and stayed the night. Well, thinks I, he is sticking to me ; give him food and drink and shelter at night, too—here am I, a poor man, and a hanger-on to keep as well ! And before he came to me, he used to go in the same way to a government clerk's ; he attached himself to him ; they were always drinking together ; but he, through trouble of some sort, drank himself into the grave. My man was called Emelyan Ilyitch. I pondered and pondered what I was to do with him ? To drive him away I was ashamed, I was sorry for him ; such a pitiful, God-forsaken creature I

never did set eyes on. And not a word said either, he does not ask, but just sits there and looks into your eyes like a dog. To think what drinking will bring a man down to!

"I keep asking myself how am I to say to him: 'You must be moving, Emelyanoushka, there's nothing for you here, you've come to the wrong place; I shall soon not have a bite for myself, how am I to keep you too?'

"I sat and wondered what he'd do when I said that to him. And I seemed to see how he'd stare at me, if he were to hear me say that, how long he would sit and not understand a word of it. And when it did get home to him at last, how he would get up from the window, would take up his bundle—I can see it now, the red-check handkerchief full of holes, with God knows what wrapped up in it, which he had always with him, and then how he would set his shabby old coat to rights, so that it would look decent and keep him warm, so that no holes would be seen—he was a man of delicate feelings! And how he'd open the door and go out with tears in his eyes. Well, there's no letting a man go to ruin like that. . . . One's sorry for him.

"And then again, I think, how am I off myself? Wait a bit, Emelyanoushka, says I to myself, you've not long to feast with me: I shall soon be going away and then you will not find me.

"Well, sir, our family made a move; and Alexandr Filimonovitch, my master (now deceased, God rest his soul), said, 'I am thoroughly satisfied with you, Astafy Ivanovitch; when we come back from the country we will take you on again.' I had been butler with them; a nice gentleman he was, but he died that same year. Well, after seeing him off, I took my belongings, what little money I had, and I thought I'd have a rest for a time, so I went to an old woman I knew, and I took a corner in her room. There was only one corner free in it. She had been a nurse, so now she had a pension and a room of her own. Well, now good-bye, Emelyanoushka, thinks I, you won't find me now, my boy.

"And what do you think, sir? I had gone out to see a man I knew, and when I came back in the evening the first thing I saw was Emelyanoushka! There he was, sitting on my box and his check bundle beside him; he was sitting in his ragged old coat, waiting for me. And to while away the time he had borrowed a church book from the old lady, and was holding it wrong side upwards. He'd scented me out! My heart sank. Well, thinks I, there's no help for it—why didn't I turn him out at first? So I asked him straight off: 'Have you brought your passport, Emelyanoushka?'

"I sat down on the spot, sir, and began to ponder: will a wanderer like that be very much trouble to me? And on thinking it over it seemed he would not be much trouble. He must be fed, I thought. Well, a bit of bread in the morning, and to make it go down better I'll buy him an onion. At midday I should have to give him another bit of bread and an onion; and in the evening, onion again with kvass, with some more bread if he wanted it. And if some cabbage soup were to come our way, then we should both have had our fill. I am no great eater myself, and a drinking man, as we all know, never eats; all he wants is herb-brandy or green vodka. He'll ruin me with his drinking, I thought, but then another idea came into my head, sir, and took great hold on me. So much so that if Emelyanoushka had gone away I should have felt that I had nothing to live for, I do believe. . . . I determined on the spot to be a father and guardian to him. I'll keep him from ruin, I thought, I'll wean him from the glass! You wait a bit, thought I; very well, Emelyanoushka, you may stay, only you must behave yourself; you must obey orders.

"Well, thinks I to myself, I'll begin by training him to work of some sort, but not all at once; let him enjoy himself a little first, and I'll look round and find something you are fit for, Emelyanoushka. For every sort of work a man needs a special ability, you know, sir. And I began to watch him on the quiet; I soon saw Emelyanoushka was a desperate character. I began, sir, with a word of advice: I said this and that to him. 'Emelyanouska,' said I, 'you ought to take a thought and mend your ways.

"'Have done with drinking! Just look what rags you go about in: that old coat of yours, if I may make bold to say so, is fit for nothing but a sieve. A pretty state of things! It's time to draw the line, sure enough.' Emelyanoushka sat and listened to me with his head hanging down. Would you believe it, sir? It had come to such a pass with him, he'd lost his tongue through drink, and could not speak a word of sense. Talk to him of cucumbers and he'd answer back about beans! He would listen and listen to me and then heave such a sigh. 'What are you sighing for, Emelyan Ilyitch?' I asked him.

"'Oh, nothing, don't you mind me, Astafy Ivanovitch. Do you know there were two women fighting in the street to-day, Astafy Ivanovitch? One upset the other woman's basket of cranberries by accident.'

"'Well, what of that?'

"'And the second one upset the other's cranberries on purpose and trampled them under foot, too.'

"'Well, and what of it, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'Why, nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch, I just mentioned it.'

"'"Nothing, I just mentioned it!"' Emelyanoushka, my boy, I thought, you've squandered and drunk away your brains!

"'And do you know, a gentleman dropped a money-note on the pavement in Gorohovy Street, no, it was Sadovy Street. And a peasant saw it and said, "That's my luck"; and at the same time another man saw it and said, "No, it's my bit of luck. I saw it before you did."'

"'Well, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'And the fellows had a fight over it, Astafy Ivanovitch. But a policeman came up, took away the note, gave it back to the gentleman and threatened to take up both the men.'

"'Well, but what of that? What is there edifying about it, Emelyanoushka?'

"'Why, nothing to be sure. Folks laughed, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"Ach, Emelyanoushka! What do the folks matter? You've sold your soul for a brass farthing! But do you know what I have to tell you, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'What, Astafy Ivanovitch?'

"'Take a job of some sort, that's what you must do. For the hundredth time I say to you, set to work, have some mercy on yourself!'

"'What could I set to, Astafy Ivanovitch? I don't know what job I could set to, and there is no one who will take me on, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'That's how you came to be turned off, Emelyanoushka, you drinking man!'

"'And do you know Vlass, the waiter, was sent for to the office to-day, Astafy Ivanovitch?'

"'Why did they send for him, Emelyanoushka?' I asked.

"'I could not say why, Astafy Ivanovitch. I suppose they wanted him there, and that's why they sent for him.'

"A-ach, thought I, we are in a bad way, poor Emelyanoushka! The Lord is chastising us for our sins. Well, sir, what is one to do with such a man?

"But a cunning fellow he was, and no mistake. He'd listen and listen to me, but at last I suppose he got sick of it. As soon as he sees I am beginning to get angry, he'd pick up his old coat and out he'd slip and leave no trace. He'd wander

about all day and come back at night drunk. Where he got the money from, the Lord only knows, I had no hand in that.

"'No,' said I, 'Emelyan Ilyitch, you'll come to a bad end. Give over drinking, mind what I say now, give it up! Next time you come home in liquor, you can spend the night on the stairs. I won't let you in!'

"After hearing that threat, Emelyanoushka sat at home that day and the next; but on the third he slipped off again. I waited and waited, he didn't come back. Well, at last I don't mind owning, I was in a fright, and I felt for the man too. What have I done to him? I thought. I've scared him away. Where's the poor fellow gone to now? He'll get lost maybe. Lord have mercy upon us!

"Night came on, he did not come. In the morning I went out into the porch, I looked, and if he hadn't gone to sleep in the porch! There he was with his head on the step, and chilled to the marrow of his bones.

"'What next, Emelyanoushka? God have mercy on you! Where will you get to next?'

"'Why, you were—sort of—angry with me, Astafy Ivanovitch, the other day, you were vexed and promised to put me to sleep in the porch, so I didn't—sort of—venture to come in, Astafy Ivanovitch, and so I lay down here. . . .'

"I did feel angry and sorry too.

"'Surely you might undertake some other duty, Emelyanoushka, instead of lying here guarding the steps," I said.

"'Why, what other duty, Astafy Ivanovitch?'

"'You lost soul'—I was in such a rage, I called him that—'if you could but learn tailoring work! Look at your old rag of a coat! It's not enough to have it in tatters, here you are sweeping the steps with it! You might take a needle and boggle up your rags, as decency demands. Ah, you drunken man!'

"What do you think, sir? He actually did take a needle. Of course I said it in jest, but he was so scared he set to work. He took off his coat and began threading the needle. I watched him; as you may well guess, his eyes were all red and bleary, and his hands were all of a shake. He kept shoving and shoving the thread and could not get it through the eye of the needle; he kept screwing his eyes up and wetting the thread and twisting it in his fingers—it was no good! He gave it up and looked at me.

"'Well,' said I, 'this is a nice way to treat me!' If there had been folks by to see, I don't know what I should have done! 'Why, you simple fellow, I said it you in joke, as a reproach.

Give over your nonsense, God bless you! Sit quiet and don't put me to shame, don't sleep on my stairs and make a laughing-stock of me.'

"'Why, what am I to do, Astafy Ivanovitch? I know very well I am a drunkard and good for nothing! I can do nothing but vex you, my bene—bene—factor. . . .'

"And at that his blue lips began all of a sudden to quiver, and a tear ran down his white cheek and trembled on his stubbly chin, and then poor Emelyanoushka burst into a regular flood of tears. Mercy on us! I felt as though a knife were thrust into my heart! The sensitive creature! I'd never have expected it. Who could have guessed it? No, Emelyanoushka, thought I, I shall give you up altogether. You can go your way like the rubbish you are.

"Well, sir, why make a long story of it? And the whole affair is so trifling, it's not worth wasting words upon. Why, you, for instance, sir, would not have given a thought to it, but I would have given a great deal—if I had a great deal to give—that it never should have happened at all.

"I had a pair of riding-breeches by me, sir, deuce take them, fine, first-rate riding-breeches they were too, blue with a check on it. They'd been ordered by a gentleman from the country, but he would not have them after all, said they were not full enough, so they were left on my hands. It struck me they were worth something. At the second-hand dealer's I ought to get five silver roubles for them, or if not I could turn them into two pairs of trousers for Petersburg gentlemen and have a piece over for a waistcoat for myself. Of course for poor people like us everything comes in. And it happened just then that Emelyanoushka was having a sad time of it. There he sat day after day: he did not drink, not a drop passed his lips, but he sat and moped like an owl. It was sad to see him—he just sat and brooded. Well, thought I, either you've not got a copper to spend, my lad, or else you're turning over a new leaf of yourself, you've given it up, you've listened to reason. Well, sir, that's how it was with us; and just then came a holiday. I went to vespers; when I came home I found Emelyanoushka sitting in the window, drunk, and rocking to and fro.

"Ah! so that's what you've been up to, my lad! And I went to get something out of my chest. And when I looked in, the breeches were not there . . . I rummaged here and there, they'd vanished. When I'd ransacked everywhere and saw they were not there, something seemed to stab me to the heart. I

ran first to the old dame and began accusing her; of Emelyanoushka I'd not the faintest suspicion, though there was cause for it in his sitting there drunk.

"'No,' said the old body, 'God be with you, my fine gentleman, what good are riding-breeches to me? Am I going to wear such things? Why, a skirt I had I lost the other day through a fellow of your sort . . . I know nothing; I can tell you nothing about it,' she said.

"'Who has been here, who has been in?' I asked.

"'Why, nobody has been, my good sir,' says she. 'I've been here all the while; Emelyan Ilyitch went out and came back again; there he sits, ask him.'

"'Emelyanoushka,' said I, 'have you taken those new riding-breeches for anything; you remember the pair I made for that gentleman from the country?'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he; 'I've not—sort of—touched them.'

"I was in a state! I hunted high and low for them—they were nowhere to be found. And Emelyanoushka sits there rocking himself to and fro. I was squatting on my heels facing him and bending over the chest and all at once I stole a glance at him. . . . Alack, I thought, my heart suddenly grew hot within me and I felt myself flushing up too. And suddenly Emelyanoushka looked at me.

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he, 'those riding-breeches of yours, maybe you are thinking, maybe, I took them, but I never touched them.'

"'But what can have become of them, Emelyan Ilyitch?"

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he, 'I've never seen them.'

"'Why, Emelyan Ilyitch, I suppose they've run off of themselves, eh?'

"'Maybe they have, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"When I heard him say that, I got up at once, went up to him, lighted the lamp and sat down to work at my sewing. I was altering a waistcoat for a clerk who lived below us. And wasn't there a burning pain and ache in my breast! I shouldn't have minded so much if I had put all the clothes I had in the fire. Emelyanoushka seemed to have an inkling of what a rage I was in. When a man is guilty, you know, sir, he scents trouble far off, like the birds of the air before a storm.

"'Do you know what, Astafy Ivanovitch,' Emelyanoushka began, and his poor old voice was shaking as he said the words, 'Antip Prohoritch, the apothecary, married the coachman's wife this morning, who died the other day——'

"I did give him a look, sir, a nasty look it was; Emelyanoushka understood it too. I saw him get up, go to the bed and begin to rummage there for something. I waited—he was busy there a long time and kept muttering all the time, 'No, not there, where can the blessed things have got to!' I waited to see what he'd do; I saw him creep under the bed on all fours. I couldn't bear it any longer. 'What are you crawling about under the bed for, Emelyan Ilyitch,' said I.

"'Looking for the breeches, Astafy Ivanovitch. Maybe they've dropped down there somewhere.'

"'Why should you try to help a poor simple man like me,' said I, 'crawling on your knees for nothing, sir'—I called him that in my vexation.

"'Oh, never mind, Astafy Ivanovitch, I'll just look. They'll turn up, maybe, somewhere.'

"'H'm,' said I, 'look here, Emelyan Ilyitch!'

"'What is it, Astafy Ivanovitch?' said he.

"'Haven't you simply stolen them from me like a thief and a robber, in return for the bread and salt you've eaten here?' said I.

"I felt so angry, sir, at seeing him fooling about on his knees before me.

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"And he stayed lying as he was on his face under the bed. A long time he lay there and then at last crept out. I looked at him and the man was as white as a sheet. He stood up, and sat down near me in the window and sat so for some ten minutes.

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch," he said, and all at once he stood up and came towards me, and I can see him now, he looked dreadful. 'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he, 'I never—sort of touched your breeches.'

"He was all of a shake, poking himself in the chest with a trembling finger, and his poor old voice shook so that I was frightened, sir, and sat as though I was rooted to the window-seat.

"'Well, Emelyan Ilyitch,' said I, 'as you will, forgive me if I, in my foolishness, have accused you unjustly. As for the breeches, let them go hang; we can live without them. We've still our hands, thank God, we need not go thieving or begging from some other poor man; we'll earn our bread.'

"Emelyanoushka heard me out and went on standing there before me. I looked up, and he had sat down. And there he sat all the evening without stirring. At last I lay down to sleep. Emelyanoushka went on sitting in the same place. When I

looked out in the morning, he was lying curled up in his old coat on the bare floor; he felt too crushed even to come to bed. Well, sir, I felt no more liking for the fellow from that day, in fact for the first few days I hated him. I felt as one may say as though my own son had robbed me, and done me a deadly hurt. Ach, thought I, Emelyanoushka, Emelyanoushka! And Emelyanoushka, sir, went on drinking for a whole fortnight without stopping. He was drunk all the time and regularly besotted. He went out in the morning and came back late at night and for a whole fortnight I didn't get a word out of him. It was as though grief was gnawing at his heart, or as though he wanted to do for himself completely. At last he stopped; he must have come to the end of all he'd got, and then he sat in the window again. I remember he sat there without speaking for three days and three nights; all of a sudden I saw that he was crying. He was just sitting there, sir, and crying like anything, a perfect stream, as though he didn't know how his tears were flowing. And it's a sad thing, sir, to see a grown-up man and an old man, too, crying from woe and grief.

"'What's the matter, Emelyanoushka?' said I.

"He began to tremble so that he shook all over. I spoke to him for the first time since that evening.

"'Nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'God be with you, Emelyanoushka. What's lost is lost. Why are you moping about like this?' I felt sorry for him.

"'Oh, nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch, it's no matter. I want to find some work to do, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'And what sort of work, pray, Emelyanoushka?'

"'Why, any sort; perhaps I could find a situation such as I used to have. I've been already to ask Fedosay Ivanitch. I don't like to be a burden on you, Astafy Ivanovitch. If I can find a situation, Astafy Ivanovitch, then I'll pay it you all back, and make you a return for all your hospitality.'

"'Enough, Emelyanoushka, enough; let bygones be bygones and no more be said about it. Let us go on as we used to do before.'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch, you, maybe, think—but I never touched your riding-breeches.'

"'Well, have it your own way; God be with you, Emelyanoushka.'

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch, I can't go on living with you, that's clear. You must excuse me, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'Why, God bless you, Emelyan Ilyitch, who's offending you and driving you out of the place—am I doing it?'

"'No, it's not the proper thing for me to live with you like this, Astafy Ivanovitch. I'd better be going.'

"He was so hurt, it seemed, he stuck to his point. I looked at him, and sure enough up he got and pulled his old coat over his shoulders.

"'But where are you going, Emelyan Ilyitch? Listen to reason: what are you about? Where are you off to?'

"'No, good-bye, Astafy Ivanovitch, don't keep me now'—and he was blubbering again—'I'd better be going. You're not the same now.'

"Not the same as what? I am the same. But you'll be lost by yourself like a poor helpless babe, Emelyan Ilyitch.'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch, when you go out now, you lock up your chest and it makes me cry to see it, Astafy Ivanovitch. You'd better let me go, Astafy Ivanovitch, and forgive me all the trouble I've given you while I've been living with you.'

"Well, sir, the man went away. I waited for a day, I expected he'd be back in the evening—no. Next day no sign of him, nor the third day either. I began to get frightened, I was so worried, I couldn't drink, I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. The fellow had quite disarmed me. On the fourth day I went out to look for him; I peeped into all the taverns, to inquire for him—but no, Emelyanoushka was lost. 'Have you managed to keep yourself alive, Emelyanoushka?' I wondered. 'Perhaps he is lying dead under some hedge, poor drunkard, like a sodden log.' I went home more dead than alive. Next day I went out to look for him again. And I kept cursing myself that I'd been such a fool as to let the man go off by himself. On the fifth day it was a holiday—in the early morning I heard the door creak. I looked up and there was my Emelyanoushka coming in. His face was blue and his hair was covered with dirt as though he'd been sleeping in the street; he was as thin as a match. He took off his old coat, sat down on the chest and looked at me. I was delighted to see him, but I felt more upset about him than ever. For you see, sir, if I'd been overtaken in some sin, as true as I am here, sir, I'd have died like a dog before I'd have come back. But Emelyanoushka did come back. And a sad thing it was, sure enough, to see a man sunk so low. I began to look after him, to talk kindly to him, to comfort him.

"'Well, Emelyanoushka,' said I, 'I am glad you've come back. Had you been away much longer I should have gone to look for you in the taverns again to-day. Are you hungry?'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'Come now, aren't you really? Here, brother, is some cabbage soup left over from yesterday; there was meat in it, it is good stuff. And here is some bread and onion. Come, eat it, it'll do you no harm.'

"I made him eat it, and I saw at once that the man had not tasted food for maybe three days—he was as hungry as a wolf. So it was hunger that had driven him to me. My heart was melted looking at the poor dear. 'Let me run to the tavern,' thought I, 'I'll get something to ease his heart and then we'll make an end of it. I've no more anger in my heart against you, Emelyanoushka!' I brought him some vodka. 'Here, Emelyan Ilyitch, let us have a drink for the holiday. Like a drink? And it will do you good.' He held out his hand, held it out greedily, he was just taking it, and then he stopped himself. But a minute after I saw him take it, and lift it to his mouth, spilling it on his sleeve. But though he got it to his lips he set it down on the table again.

"'What is it, Emelyanoushka?'

"'Nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch, I—sort of——'

"'Won't you drink it?'

"'Well, Astafy Ivanovitch, I'm not—sort of—going to drink any more, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'Do you mean you've given it up altogether, Emelyanoushka, or are you only not going to drink to-day?'

"He did not answer. A minute later I saw him rest his head on his hand.

"'What's the matter, Emelyanoushka, are you ill?'

"'Why, yes, Astafy Ivanovitch, I don't feel well.'

"I took him and laid him down on the bed. I saw that he really was ill: his head was burning hot and he was shivering with fever. I sat by him all day; towards night he was worse. I mixed him some oil and onion and kvass and bread broken up.

"'Come, eat some of this,' said I, 'and perhaps you'll be better.' He shook his head. 'No,' said he, 'I won't have any dinner to-day, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"I made some tea for him, I quite flustered our old woman—he was no better. Well, thinks I, it's a bad look-out! The third morning I went for a medical gentleman. There was one I knew living close by, Kostopravov by name. I'd made his acquaintance when I was in service with the Bosomyagins; he'd attended me. The doctor came and looked at him. 'He's in a bad way,' said he, 'it was no use sending for me. But if you like I can give him a powder.' Well, I didn't give him a

powder, I thought that's just the doctor's little game ; and then the fifth day came.

" He lay, sir, dying before my eyes. I sat in the window with my work in my hands. The old woman was heating the stove. We were all silent. My heart was simply breaking over him, the good-for-nothing fellow ; I felt as if it were a son of my own I was losing. I knew that Emelyanoushka was looking at me. I'd seen the man all the day long making up his mind to say something and not daring to.

" At last I looked up at him ; I saw such misery in the poor fellow's eyes. He had kept them fixed on me, but when he saw that I was looking at him, he looked down at once.

" ' Astafy Ivanovitch.'

" ' What is it, Emelyanoushka ? '

" ' If you were to take my old coat to a second-hand dealer's, how much do you think they'd give you for it, Astafy Ivanovitch ? '

" ' There's no knowing how much they'd give. Maybe they would give me a rouble for it, Emelyan Ilyitch.'

" But if I had taken it they wouldn't have given a farthing for it, but would have laughed in my face for bringing such a trumpery thing. I simply said that to comfort the poor fellow, knowing the simpleton he was.

" ' But I was thinking, Astafy Ivanovitch, they might give you three roubles for it ; it's made of cloth, Astafy Ivanovitch. How could they only give one rouble for a cloth coat ? '

" ' I don't know, Emelyan Ilyitch,' said I, ' if you are thinking of taking it you should certainly ask three roubles to begin with.'

" Emelyanoushka was silent for a time and then he addressed me again :

" ' Astafy Ivanovitch.'

" ' What is it, Emelyanoushka,' I asked.

" ' Sell my coat when I die, and don't bury me in it. I can lie as well without it ; and it's a thing of some value, it might come in useful.'

" I can't tell you how it made my heart ache to hear him. I saw that the death agony was coming on him. We were silent again for a bit. So an hour passed by. I looked at him again : he was still staring at me, and when he met my eyes he looked down again.

" ' Do you want some water to drink, Emelyan Ilyitch ? ' I asked.

" ' Give me some, God bless you, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

" I gave him a drink.

"'Thank you, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he.

"'Is there anything else you would like, Emelyanoushka?'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch, there's nothing I want, but I—sort of——"

"'What?'

"'I only——'

"'What is it, Emelyanoushka?'

"'Those riding-breeches—it was—sort of—I who took them—Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'Well, God forgive you, Emelyanoushka,' said I, 'you poor sorrowful creature. Depart in peace.'

"And I was choking myself, sir, and the tears were in my eyes. I turned aside for a moment.

"'Astafy Ivanovitch——'

"I saw Emelyanoushka wanted to tell me something; he was trying to sit up, trying to speak and mumbling something. He flushed red all over suddenly, looked at me . . . then I saw him turn white again, whiter and whiter, and he seemed to sink away all in a minute. His head fell back, he drew one breath and gave up his soul to God."

Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT.

Some Reminiscences

By Joseph Conrad

PART II

II

In the retrospect of a life which had, besides its preliminary stage of childhood and early youth, two distinct developments, and even two distinct elements, such as earth and water, for its successive scenes, a certain amount of naïveness is unavoidable. I am conscious of it in these pages. This remark is put forward in no apologetic spirit, nor from any particular stiff-neckedness in the writer, but from the profound conviction of its uselessness. As years go by and the number of pages grows steadily, the feeling grows upon one too that one can write only for friends. Then why should one put them to the necessity of protesting (as a friend would do) that no apology is necessary, or put, perchance, into their heads the doubt of one's discretion? So much as to the care due to those friends whom a word here, a line there, a fortunate page of just feeling in the right place, some happy simplicity, or even some lucky subtlety, has drawn from the great multitude of fellow beings even as a fish is drawn from the depths of the sea. Fishing is notoriously (I am talking now of the deep sea) a matter of luck. As to one's enemies, those will take care of themselves.

There is a gentleman, for instance, who, metaphorically speaking, jumps upon me with both feet. This image has no grace, but it is exceedingly apt to the occasion—to the several occasions. I don't know precisely how long he had been indulging in that intermittent exercise, whose seasons are ruled by the custom of the publishing trade. Somebody pointed him out (in printed shape, of course) to my attention some time ago, and straightway I experienced a sort of reluctant affection for that robust man. He leaves not a shred of my substance untrodden: for the writer's substance is his writing; the rest of him is but a vain shadow, cherished or hated on uncritical

grounds. Not a shred! Yet the sentiment owned to is not a freak of affectation or perversity. It has a deeper, and, I venture to think, a more estimable origin than the caprice of emotional lawlessness. It is, indeed, lawful, in so much that it is given (reluctantly) for a consideration, for several considerations. There is that robustness, for instance, so often the sign of good moral balance. That's a consideration. It is not, indeed, pleasant to be stamped upon, but the very thoroughness of the operation, implying not only a careful reading, but some real insight into work where qualities and defects, whatever they may be, are not so much on the surface, is something to be thankful for in view of the fact that it may happen to one's work to be condemned without being read at all. That last is the most fatuous adventure that can well happen to a writer venturing his soul amongst criticisms. It can do one no harm, of course, but it is disagreeable. It is disagreeable in the same way as discovering a three-card-trick man amongst a decent lot of folk in a third-class compartment. The open impudence of the whole transaction, appealing insidiously to the folly and credulity of mankind, the brazen, shameless patter, proclaiming the fraud openly while insisting on the fairness of the game, give one a feeling of sickening disgust. The honest violence of a plain man playing a fair game fairly—even if he means to knock you over—may appear shocking, but it remains within the pale of decency. Damaging as it may be, it is in no sense offensive. One may well feel some regard for honesty, even if practised upon one's own vile body. But it is very obvious that an enemy of that sort will not be stayed by explanations or placated by apologies. Were I to advance the plea of youth in excuse of the naïveness to be found in these pages, he would be likely to say "Bosh!" in a column and a half of fierce print. Yet a writer is no older than his first published book, and, notwithstanding the vain appearances of decay which attend us in this transitory life, I stand here with the wreath of only fifteen short summers on my brow.

With the remark, then, that at such tender age some naïveness of feeling and expression is excusable, I will proceed to admit that upon the whole my previous state of existence was not a good equipment for a literary life. Perhaps I should not have used the word literary. That word presupposes an intimacy of acquaintance with letters, a turn of mind and a manner of feeling to which I dare lay no claim. I only love letters; but the love of letters does not make a literary man, any more than the love of the sea makes a seaman. And it is very possible, too,

that I love the letters in the same way a literary man may love the sea he looks at from the shore—a scene of great endeavour and of great achievements changing the face of the world, the great open way to all sorts of undiscovered countries. No, perhaps I had better say that the life at sea—and I don't mean a mere taste of it, but a good broad span of years, something that really counts as real service—is not, upon the whole, a good equipment for a writing life, if not of literature, then at least of fiction. God forbid, though, that I should be thought of as denying my masters of the quarter-deck. I am not capable of that sort of apostasy. I have confessed my attitude of piety towards their shades in three or four tales, and if any man on earth more than another needs to be true to himself as he hopes to be saved, it is certainly the writer of fiction.

What I meant to say, simply, is that the quarter-deck training does not prepare one sufficiently for the reception of literary criticism. Only that, and no more. Yet this defect is not without gravity. If it be permissible to twist, invert, adapt (and spoil) Mr. Anatole France's definition of a good critic, then let us say that the good author is he who contemplates without marked joy or excessive sorrow the adventures of his soul amongst criticisms. Far be from me the intention to mislead an attentive public into the belief that there is no criticism at sea. That would be dishonest, and even impolite. Everything can be found at sea, according to the spirit of your quest—strife, peace, romance, naturalism of the most pronounced kind, ideals, boredom, disgust, inspiration—and every conceivable opportunity, including the opportunity to make a fool of yourself—exactly as in the pursuit of literature. But the quarter-deck criticism is somewhat different from literary criticism. This much they have in common, that before the one and the other the answering back, as a general rule, does not pay.

Yes, you find criticism at sea, and even appreciation—I tell you everything is to be found on salt water—criticism generally impromptu, and always *vivâ voce*, which is the outward, obvious difference from the literary operation of that kind, with consequent freshness and vigour which may be lacking in the printed word. With appreciation, which comes at the end, when the critic and the criticised are about to part, it is otherwise. The sea appreciation of one's humble talents has the permanency of the written word, seldom the charm of variety, is formal in its phrasing. There the literary master has the superiority, though he, too, can in effect but say—and often says it in the very phrase—" I can highly recommend." Only usually he uses

the word "We," there being some occult virtue in the first person plural, which makes it specially fit for critical and royal declarations. I have a small handful of these sea appreciations, signed by various masters, yellowing slowly in my writing-table's left-hand drawer, rustling under my reverent touch, like a handful of dry leaves plucked for a tender memento from the tree of knowledge. Strange! It seems that it is for these few bits of paper, headed by the names of a few ships and signed by the names of a few Scotch and English shipmasters, that I have faced the astonished indignations, the mockeries and the reproaches of a sort hard to bear for a boy of fifteen, that I have been charged with the want of patriotism, the want of sense, and the want of heart too, that I went through agonies of self-conflict and shed secret tears not a few, and had the beauties of the Furca Pass spoiled for me, and have been called an "incorrigible Don Quixote," in allusion to the book-born madness of the knight. For that spoil! They rustle, those bits of paper—some dozen of them in all. In that faint, ghostly sound there live the memories of twenty years, the voices of rough men now no more, the strong voice of the everlasting winds, and, as if the whisper of a mysterious spell, the murmur of the great sea, which must have somehow reached my inland cradle and entered my unconscious ear, like that formula of Mohammedan faith the Mussulman father whispers into the ear of his new-born infant, making him one of the faithful almost with his first breath. I do not know whether I have been a good seaman, but I know I have been a very faithful one. And after all there is that handful of "characters" from various ships to prove that all these years have not been altogether a dream. There they are, brief, and monotonous in tone, but as suggestive bits of writing to me as any inspired page to be found in literature. But then, you see, I have been called romantic. Well, that can't be helped. But stay. I seem to remember that I have been called a realist also. And as that charge too can be made out, let us try to live up to it, at whatever cost, for a change. With this end in view, I will confide to you coyly, and only because there is no one about to see my blushes by the light of the midnight lamp, that these suggestive bits of quarter-deck appreciation one and all contain the words "strictly sober."

Did I overhear a civil murmur, "That's very gratifying, to be sure"? Well, yes, it is gratifying—thank you. It is at least as gratifying to be certified sober as to be certified romantic, though such certificates would not qualify one for a secretary-ship of a temperance association or for the post of official

troubadour to some lordly democratic institution such as the London County Council, for instance. The above prosaic reflection is put down here only in order to prove the general sobriety of my judgment in mundane affairs. I make a point of it because a couple of years ago, a certain short story of mine being published in a French translation, a Parisian critic—I am almost certain it was M. Gustave Kahn in the *Gil-Blas*—giving me a short notice, summed up his rapid impression of the writer's quality in the words *un puissant rêveur*. So be it! Who would cavil at the words of a friendly reader? Yet perhaps not such an unconditional dreamer as all that. I will make bold to say that neither at sea nor ashore have I ever lost the sense of responsibility. There is more than one sort of intoxication. Even before the most seductive reveries I have remained mindful of that sobriety of interior life, that asceticism of sentiment, in which alone the naked form of truth, such as one conceives it, such as one feels it, can be rendered without shame. It is but a maudlin and indecent verity that comes out through the strength of wine. I have tried to be a sober worker all my life—all my two lives. I did so from taste, no doubt having an instinctive horror of losing my sense of full self-possession, but also from artistic conviction. Yet there are so many pitfalls on each side of the true path that, having gone some way, and feeling a little battered and weary, as a middle-aged traveller will, from the mere daily difficulties of the march, I ask myself whether I have kept always, always faithful to that sobriety wherein there is power and truth and peace.

As to my sea-sobriety, that is quite properly certified under the sign-manual of several trustworthy shipmasters of some standing in their time. I seem to hear your polite murmur that "Surely this might have been taken for granted." Well, no. It might not have been. That august academical body the Marine Department of the Board of Trade takes nothing for granted in the granting of its learned degrees. By its regulations issued under the first Merchant Shipping Act the very word SOBER must be written, or a whole sackful, a ton, a mountain of the most enthusiastic appreciation will avail you nothing. The door of the examination rooms shall remain closed to your tears and entreaties. The most fanatical advocate of temperance could not be more pitilessly fierce in his rectitude than the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. As I have been face to face at various times with all the examiners of the Port of London, in my generation, there can be no doubt as to the force and the continuity of my abstemiousness. Three of them

were examiners in seamanship, and it was my fate to be delivered into the hands of each of them at proper intervals of sea service. The first of all, tall, spare, with a perfectly white head and moustache, a quiet, kindly manner, and an air of benign intelligence, must, I am forced to conclude, have been unfavourably impressed by something in my appearance. His old thin hands loosely clasped resting on his crossed legs, he began by an elementary question in a mild voice, and went on, went on. . . . It lasted for hours, for hours. Had I been a strange microbe with potentialities of deadly mischief to the Merchant Service I could not have been submitted to a more microscopic examination. Greatly reassured by his apparent benevolence, I had been at first very alert in my answers. But at length the feeling of my brain getting addled crept upon me. And still the passionless process went on, with a sense of untold ages having been spent already on mere preliminaries. Then I got frightened. I was not frightened of being plucked; that eventuality did not even present itself to my mind. It was something much more serious, and weird. "This ancient person," I said to myself, terrified, "is so near his grave that he must have lost all notion of time. He is considering this examination in terms of eternity. It is all very well for him. His race is run. But I may find myself coming out of this room into the world of men a stranger, friendless, forgotten by my very landlady, even were I able after this endless experience to remember the way to my hired home." This statement is not so much of a verbal exaggeration as may be supposed. Some very queer thoughts passed through my head while I was considering my answers; thoughts which had nothing to do with seamanship, nor yet with anything reasonable known to this earth. I verily believe that at times I was light-headed in a sort of languid way. At last there fell a silence, and that, too, seemed to last for ages, while, bending over his desk, the examiner wrote out my pass-slip slowly with a noiseless pen. He extended the scrap of paper to me without a word, inclined his white head gravely to my parting bow. . . .

When I got out of the room I felt limply flat, like a squeezed lemon, and the doorkeeper in his glass cage, where I stopped to get my hat and tip him a shilling, said:

"Well! I thought you were never coming out."

"How long have I been in there?" I asked faintly.

He pulled out his watch.

"He kept you, sir, just about three hours. Not quite. I don't think this ever happened with any of the gentlemen before."

It was only when I got out of the building that I began to walk on air. And the human animal being averse from change and timid before the unknown, I said to myself that I would not mind really being examined by the same man on a future occasion. But when the time of ordeal came round again the doorkeeper let me into another room, with the now familiar paraphernalia of models of ships and tackle, a board for signals on the wall, a big long table covered with official forms, and having an unrigged mast fixed to the edge. The solitary tenant was unknown to me by sight, though not by reputation, which was simply execrable. Short and sturdy as far as I could judge, clad in an old brown morning-suit, he sat leaning on his elbow, his hand shading his eyes, and half averted from the chair I was to occupy on the other side of the table. He was motionless, mysterious, remote, enigmatical, with something mournful too in the pose, like that statue of Giugliano (I think) de Medici shading his face on the tomb by Michael Angelo, though, of course, he was far, far from being beautiful. He began by trying to make me talk nonsense. But I had been warned of that fiendish propensity, and contradicted him with great assurance. After a while he left off. So far good. But his immobility, the thick elbow on the table, the abrupt, unhappy voice, the shaded and averted face grew more and more impressive. He kept inscrutably silent for a moment, and then, placing me in a ship of a certain size, at sea, under certain conditions of weather, season, locality, &c. &c.—all very clear and precise—ordered me to execute a certain manœuvre. Before I was half through with it he did some material damage to the ship. Directly I had grappled with the difficulty he caused another to present itself, and when that too was met he stuck another ship before me, creating a very dangerous situation. I felt slightly outraged by this ingenuity in piling up trouble upon a man.

"I wouldn't have got into that mess," I suggested mildly. "I could have seen that ship before."

He never stirred the least bit.

"No, you couldn't. The weather's thick."

"Oh! I didn't know," I apologised blankly.

I suppose that after all I managed to stave off the smash with sufficient approach to verisimilitude, and the ghastly business went on. You must understand that the scheme of the test he was applying to me was, I gathered, a homeward passage—the sort of passage I would not wish to my bitterest enemy. That imaginary ship seemed to labour under a most compre-

hensive curse. It's no use enlarging on these never-ending misfortunes; suffice it to say that long before the end I would have welcomed with gratitude an opportunity to exchange into the *Flying Dutchman*. Finally he shoved me into the North Sea (I suppose), and provided me with a lee-shore with outlying sandbanks—the Dutch coast, presumably. Distance, eight miles. The evidence of such implacable animosity deprived me of speech for quite half a minute.

"Well," he said—for our pace had been very smart indeed till then.

"I will have to think a little, sir."

"Doesn't look as if there were much time to think," he muttered sardonically from under his hand.

"No, sir," I said with some warmth. "Not on board a ship I could see. But so many accidents have happened that I really can't remember what there's left for me to work with."

Still half averted, and with his eyes concealed, he made unexpectedly a grunting remark.

"You've done very well."

"Have I the two anchors at the bow, sir?" I asked.

"Yes."

I prepared myself then, as a last hope for the ship, to let them both go in the most effectual manner, when his infernal system of testing resourcefulness came into play again.

"But there's only one cable. You've lost the other."

It was exasperating.

"Then I would back them, if I could, and tail the heaviest hawser on board on the end of the chain before letting go, and if she parted from that, which is quite likely, I would just do nothing. She would have to go then."

"Nothing more to do, eh?"

"No, sir. I could do no more."

He gave a bitter half-laugh.

"You could always say your prayers."

He got up, stretched himself, and yawned slightly. It was a sallow, strong, unamiable face. He put me in a surly, bored fashion through the usual questions as to lights and signals, and I escaped from the room thankfully—passed! Forty minutes! And again I walked on air along Tower Hill, where so many good men had lost their heads, because, I suppose, they were not resourceful enough to save them. And in my heart of hearts I had no objection to meeting that examiner once more when the third and last ordeal became due in another year or so. I even hoped I should. I knew the worst of

him now, and forty minutes is not an unreasonable time. Yes, I distinctly hoped . . .

But not a bit of it. When I presented myself to be examined for Master the examiner who received me was short, plump, with a round, soft face in grey, fluffy whiskers, and fresh, loquacious lips.

He commenced operations with an easy-going "Let's see. H'm. Suppose you tell me all you know of charter-parties." He kept it up in that style all through, wandering off in the shape of comment into bits out of his own life, then pulling himself up short and returning to the business in hand. It was very interesting. "What's your idea of a jury-rudder now?" he queried suddenly, at the end of an instructive anecdote bearing upon a point of stowage.

I warned him that I had no experience of a lost rudder at sea, and gave him two classical examples of makeshifts out of a text-book. In exchange he described to me a jury-rudder he had invented himself years before, when in command of a 3000-ton steamer. It was, I declare, the cleverest contrivance imaginable. "May be of use to you some day" he concluded. "You will go into steam presently. Everybody goes into steam."

There he was wrong. I never went into steam—not really. If I only live long enough I shall become a bizarre relic of a dead barbarism, a sort of monstrous antiquity, the only seaman of the dark ages who had never gone into steam—not really.

Before the examination was over he imparted to me a few interesting details of the transport service in the time of the Crimean War.

"The use of wire rigging became general about that time too," he observed. "I was a very young master then. That was before you were born."

"Yes, sir. I am of the year 1857."

"The Mutiny year," he commented, as if to himself, adding in a louder tone that his ship happened then to be in the Gulf of Bengal, employed under a Government charter.

Clearly the transport service had been the making of this examiner, who so unexpectedly had given me an insight into his existence, awakening in me the sense of the continuity of that sea-life into which I had stepped from outside, giving a touch of human intimacy to the machinery of official relations. I felt adopted. His experience was for me, too, as though he had been an ancestor.

Writing my long name (it has twelve letters) with laborious care on the slip of blue paper, he remarked:

" You are of Polish extraction."

" Born there, sir."

He laid down the pen and leaned back to look at me as it were for the first time.

" Not many of your nationality in our service, I should think. I never remember meeting one either before or after I left the sea. Don't remember ever hearing of one. An inland people, aren't you ? "

I said yes—very much so. We were remote from the sea not only by situation, but also from a complete absence of indirect association, not being a commercial nation at all, but purely agricultural. He made then the quaint reflection that it was " a long way for me to come out to begin a sea-life " ; as if sea-life were not precisely a life in which one goes a long way from home.

I told him, smiling, that no doubt I could have found a ship much nearer my native place, but I had thought to myself that if I was to be a seaman then I would be a British seaman and no other. It was a matter of deliberate choice.

He nodded slightly at that ; and as he kept on looking at me interrogatively, I enlarged a little, confessing that I had spent a little time on the way in the Mediterranean and in the West Indies. I did not want to present myself to the British Merchant Service in an altogether green state. It was no use telling him that my mysterious vocation was so strong that my very wild oats had to be sown at sea. It was the exact truth, but he would not have understood the somewhat exceptional psychology of my sea-going, I fear.

" I suppose you've never come across one of your countrymen at sea. Have you now ? "

I admitted I never had. The examiner had given himself up to the spirit of gossiping idleness. For myself, I was in no haste to leave that room. Not in the least. The era of examinations was over. I would never see that friendly man who was a professional ancestor, a sort of grandfather in the craft. Moreover, I had to wait till he dismissed me, and of that there was no sign. As he remained silent, looking at me, I added :

" But I have heard of one, some years ago. He seems to have been a boy serving his time on board a Liverpool ship, if I am not mistaken."

" What was his name ? "

I told him.

" How did you say that ? " he asked, puckering up his eyes at the uncouth sound.

I repeated the name very distinctly.

"How do you spell it?"

I told him. He moved his head at the impracticable nature of that name, and observed:

"It's quite as long as your own—isn't it?"

There was no hurry. I had passed for Master, and I had all the rest of my life before me to make the best of it. That seemed a long time. I went leisurely through a small mental calculation, and said:

"Not quite. Shorter by two letters, sir."

"Is it?" The examiner pushed the signed blue slip across the table to me, and rose from his chair. Somehow this seemed a very abrupt ending of our relations, and I felt almost sorry to part from that excellent man, who was master of a ship before the whisper of the sea had reached my cradle. He offered me his hand and wished me well. He even made a few steps towards the door with me, and ended with good-natured advice.

"I don't know what may be your plans but you ought to go into steam. When a man has got his master's certificate it's the proper time. If I were you I would go into steam."

I thanked him, and shut the door behind me definitely on the era of examinations. But that time I did not walk on air, as on the first two occasions. I walked across the Hill of many beheadings with measured steps. It was a fact, I said to myself, that I was now a British master mariner beyond a doubt. It was not that I had an exaggerated sense of that very modest achievement, with which, however, luck, opportunity, or any extraneous influence could have had nothing to do. That fact, satisfactory and obscure in itself, had for me a certain ideal significance. It was an answer to certain outspoken scepticism, and even to some not very kind aspersions. I had vindicated myself from what had been cried upon as a stupid obstinacy or a fantastic caprice. I don't mean to say that a whole country had been convulsed by my desire to go to sea. But for a boy between fifteen and sixteen, sensitive enough in all conscience, the commotion of his little world had seemed a very considerable thing indeed. So considerable that, absurdly enough, the echoes of it linger to this day. I catch myself in hours of solitude and retrospect meeting arguments and charges made thirty-five years ago by voices now for ever still; finding things to say that an assailed boy could not have found, simply because of the mysteriousness of his impulses to himself. I understood no more than the people who called upon me to explain myself. There was no precedent. I verily believe mine was the only case of a boy of

my nationality and antecedents taking a, so to speak, standing jump out of his racial surroundings and associations. For you must understand that there was no idea of any sort of "career" in my call. Of Russia or Germany there could be no question. The nationality, the antecedents, made it impossible. The feeling against the Austrian service was not so strong, and I daresay there would have been no difficulty in finding my way into the Naval School of Pola. It would have meant six months' extra grinding at German, perhaps, but I was not past the age of admission, and in other respects I was well qualified. This expedient to palliate my folly was thought of—but not by me. I must admit that in that respect my negative was accepted at once. That order of feeling was comprehensible enough to the most inimical of my critics. I was not called upon to offer explanations; but the truth is that what I had in view was nothing but the sea. There seemed no way open to it but through France. I had the language at any rate, and of all the countries in Europe it is with France that Poland has most connection. There were some facilities for having me a little looked after at first. Letters were being written, answers were being received, arrangements were being made for my departure for Marseilles, where an excellent fellow called Solary, got at in a roundabout fashion through various Polish and French channels, had promised good-naturedly to put *le jeune homme* in the way of getting a decent ship for his first start if he really wanted a taste of *ce métier de chien*.

I watched all these preparations gratefully, and kept my own counsel. But what I told the last of my examiners was perfectly true. Already the determined resolve, that "if a seaman, then an English seaman," was formulated in my head though, of course, in the Polish language. I did not know six words of English, but I was astute enough to understand that it was much better to say nothing of my purpose. As it was I was already looked upon as partly insane at least by the more distant acquaintances. The principal thing was to get away. I put my trust in the good-natured Solary's very civil letter to my uncle, though I was shocked a little by the phrase about the *métier de chien*.

This Solary (Baptistin), when I beheld him in the flesh, turned out quite a young man, very good-looking, with a black, fine short beard, a fresh complexion, and soft, merry black eyes. He was as jovial and good-natured as any boy could desire. I was still asleep in my room in a modest hotel near the quays of the old port, after the fatigues of the journey *viâ* Vienna,

Zurich, Lyons, when he burst in, flinging the shutters open to the sun of Provence and chiding me boisterously for lying abed. How pleasantly he startled me by his noisy objurgations to be up and off instantly for a "three years' campaign in the South Seas." O magic words! *Une campagne de trois ans dans les mers du sud*"—that is the French for a three years' deep-water voyage.

He gave me a delightful waking, and his friendliness was unwearied; but I fear he did not look upon the looking out for a ship for me in a very solemn spirit. He had been at sea himself, but had left off at the age of twenty-five, finding he could earn his living on shore in a much more agreeable manner. He was related to an incredible number of Marseilles well-to-do families of a certain class. One of his uncles was a ship-broker of good standing, with a large connection amongst English ships; other relatives of his dealt in ship's stores, owned sail-lofts, sold chains and anchors, were masters, stevedores, caulkers, shipwrights. His grandfather (I think) was a dignitary of a kind, the Syndic of the Pilots. I made acquaintances amongst these people, but mainly amongst the pilots. The very first whole day I ever spent on salt water was by invitation, in a big half-decked pilot-boat, cruising under close reefs on the look-out, in misty, blowing weather, for the sails of ships and the smoke of steamers rising out there beyond the slim and tall Planier lighthouse, cutting the line of the wind-swept horizon with a white perpendicular stroke. They were hospitable souls, these sturdy Provençal seamen. Under the general designation of *le petit ami de Baptistin* I was made the guest of the corporation of pilots, and had the freedom of their boats night or day. And many a day and a night too did I spend cruising with these rough, kindly men, under whose auspices my intimacy with the sea began. Many a time "the little friend of Baptistin" had the hooded cloak of the Mediterranean sailor thrown over him by their honest hands while dodging at night under the lee of Château d'If on the watch for the lights of ships. Their sea-tanned faces, whiskered or shaved, lean or full, with the intent wrinkled sea-eyes of the pilot-breed, and here and there a thin gold hoop at the lobe of a hairy ear, bent over my sea-infancy. The first operation of seamanship I had an opportunity of observing was the boarding of ships at sea, at all times, in all states of the weather. They gave it to me to the full. And I have been invited to sit in more than one tall, dark house of the old town at their hospitable board, had the *bouillabaisse* ladled out into a thick plate by their high-voiced, broad-browed

wives, talked to their daughters—thick-set girls, with pure profiles, glorious masses of black hair arranged with complicated art, dark eyes, and dazzlingly white teeth.

I had also other acquaintances of quite a different sort. Madame Delestang, for instance, an imperious, handsome lady in a statuesque style, would carry me off now and then on the front seat of her carriage to the Prado, at the hour of fashionable airing. She belonged to one of the old aristocratic families in the south. In her haughty weariness she used to make me think of Lady Dedlock in Dickens's "Bleak House," a work of the master for which I have such an admiration, or rather such an intense and unreasoning affection, dating from the days of my childhood, that its very weaknesses are more precious to me than the strength of other men's work. I have read it innumerable times, both in Polish and in English; I have read it only the other day, and, by a not very surprising inversion, the Lady Dedlock of the book reminded me strongly of the "belle Madame Delestang."

Her husband (as I sat facing them both), with his great bony nose, and a perfectly bloodless, narrow physiognomy, clamped together as it were by short formal side-whiskers, had nothing of Sir Leicester Dedlock's "grand air" and courtly presence. He belonged to the *haute bourgeoisie* only, and was a banker, with whom a modest credit had been opened for my needs. He was such an ardent—no, such a frozen-up, mummified Royalist that he used in current conversation turns of speech contemporary, I should say, with the good Henri Quatre, and when talking of money matters reckoned not in francs, like the common, godless herd of post-Revolutionary Frenchmen, but in obsolete and forgotten écus—écus of all money units in the world!—as though Louis Quatorze were still promenading in royal splendour the gardens of Versailles, and Monsieur de Colbert busy with the direction of maritime affairs. You must admit that in a banker of the nineteenth century it was a quaint idiosyncrasy. Luckily in the counting-house (it occupied part of the ground floor of the Delestang town residence, in a silent, shady street) the accounts were kept in modern money, so that I never had any difficulty in making my wants understood to the grave, low-voiced, decorous, Legitimist (I suppose) clerks, sitting in the perpetual gloom of heavily barred windows behind the sombre, ancient counters, beneath lofty ceilings with heavily moulded cornices. I always felt on going out as though I had been in a temple of some very dignified but completely temporal religion. And it was generally on these occasions that under

the great carriage gateway Lady Ded— I mean Madame Delestang, catching sight of me, would beckon me with an amiable imperiousness to the side of the carriage, and suggest with an air of amused nonchalance, "*Venez donc faire un tour avec nous*," to which the husband would add an encouraging "*C'est ça. Allons, montez, jeune homme.*" He questioned me sometimes with perfect tact and delicacy as to the way I employed my time, and never failed to express the hope that I wrote regularly to my "honoured uncle." I made no secret of the way I employed my time, and I rather fancy that my artless tales of the pilots and so on entertained Madame Delestang, so far as that ineffable woman could be entertained by what was the prattle of a youngster very full of his new experience amongst strange men and strange sensations. She expressed no opinions, and talked to me very little ; yet her portrait hangs in the gallery of my intimate memories, fixed there by a short and fleeting episode. One day, after putting me down at the corner of a street, she offered me her hand, and detained me by a slight pressure, for a moment. While the husband sat motionless and not looking my way at all, she leaned forward to say, with just a shade of warning in her leisurely tone: "*Il faut, cependant, faire attention à ne pas gâter sa vie.*" I had never seen her face so close to mine before. She made my heart beat, and caused me to remain thoughtful for a whole evening. Certainly one must, after all, take care not to spoil one's life. But she did not know—nobody could know—how impossible that danger seemed to me.

(*To be continued*)

Goldfinches at Ryme Intrinsica

By W. H. Hudson

THERE is much in a name, and when I left Yeovil to run to Dorchester by that lonely beautiful road which takes you by the clear, swift Cerne and past the ancient figure of a giant with a club on the down side over against Cerne Abbas, I went a little distance out of my way to look at a small village solely on account of its singular and pretty name. Or rather two villages—Yetminster and Ryme Intrinsica. Who would not go a dozen miles out of his road for the pleasure of seeing places with such names? At the first I was unlucky, since the only inhabitant I made acquaintance with was an unprepossessing, voluble old woman with greedy eyes who, though not too poor, at once set herself to conjure a shilling out of my pocket. In the end we quarrelled and I went away regretting I had met her, seeing that her unpleasing image would be associated in my mind with the picture of Yetminster—its noble, ancient church standing in its wide green space, surrounded by old stone-built thatched houses with valerian and ivy-leaved toad-flax and wallflower growing on the crumbling walls.

At Ryme Intrinsica I was more fortunate. It was a charming village with stone cottages, as is usual in that stone country, and a pretty little church standing in the middle of a green and flowery churchyard. Here there were several small yew-trees, and no sooner had I got inside the gate than out fluttered a goldfinch in brilliant feather, emitting his sharpest alarm note. Then from trees and bushes all round, where they had been concealed, more goldfinches fluttered forth, until there were twelve, all loudly protesting against my presence at that spot, flitting from tree to tree and perching on the terminal twigs within three of four yards of my head. Never had I seen goldfinches so excited, so bold in mobbing a man: I could only suppose that very few visitors came into that secluded churchyard, where they were breeding, and doubtless a stranger in the place was a much more alarming figure to them than the parson or any of the native villagers would have been. But it was a

new and delightful experience to find so many pairs breeding together, making their nests within reach of a man's hand.

Now as I stood there watching the birds I by chance noticed that a man and his wife and little girl standing at their cottage door hard by were intently and suspiciously watching me. On coming out I went over to them and asked the man how long they had had goldfinches breeding so abundantly in their churchyard. A very few years ago, I had been told that the goldfinch had almost ceased to exist in Dorset. He replied that it was true, that goldfinches had begun to increase only during the last three or four years since they had been protected by law all the year round.

He could not have given me more agreeable news. I remembered with a keen sense of satisfaction that the late Mr. Mansel Pleydell-Bouverie, of Whatcombe in Dorset, had written to me asking my advice in drawing up a new bird-protection order for the county, and that in replying I had strongly urged him to secure the fullest protection the law can afford to this most charming and most persecuted of all small birds.

Two or three years before that date I spent several weeks in Somerset, walking a good deal, without once seeing or hearing a goldfinch, yet if I had come within fifty yards of a copse or orchard inhabited by a pair, their sharp, unmistakable *whit-whit* would have advertised their presence. At Wells I made the acquaintance of a man past middle age who had taken to bird-catching as a boy and still followed that fascinating vocation. "Have you never had goldfinches in these parts?" I asked him; to which he replied that he remembered the time when they were abundant, but for the last thirty years or longer they had been steadily decreasing and were now practically gone. They had gone because they were too much sought after; then he added: "I daresay they would come again if there was a law made to stop us from catching them." I expressed the hope that such a law would come in time, at which he shook his head and grunted. Now Somerset has such a law and I hear that goldfinches are again to be seen in the Wells district. In fact, county after county has taken up the cause of this pretty and useful little bird, and in a small map of the country lying before me, in which the counties where the goldfinch receives protection throughout the year are coloured red, I find that on more than three-fourths of the entire area of England and Wales the bird is now safeguarded. As a result it is increasing all over the country, but it will be many years before we have it in its former numbers. How abundant it was about eighty years ago,

before its long decline began, may be gathered from the following passage in Cobbett's " Rural Rides " describing his journey from Highworth to Malmesbury in Wiltshire.

" Between Somerford and Ocksey, I saw, on the side of the road, more *goldfinches* than I had ever seen together ; I think fifty times as many as I had ever seen at one time in my life. The favourite food of the goldfinch is the seed of the *thistle*. The seed is just now dead-ripe. The thistles are cut and carried away from the fields by the harvest ; but they grow alongside the roads, and in this place in great quantities. So that the goldfinches were got here in flocks, and, as they continued to fly before me for nearly half a mile and still sticking to the roads and brakes I do believe I had, at last, a flock of 10,000 flying before me."

Cobbett rightly says that the seed of the thistle is the favourite food of the bird ; and once upon a time an ornithologist made the statement that the improved methods of agriculture in England had killed the thistle, thus depriving the goldfinch of its natural food, the result being that the bird had declined in numbers to the verge of extinction. The statement has been copied into pretty well every book on British birds since it was made. O wise ornithologists, what does the goldfinch live on during nine months of the year ! How does he exist without his natural food ! How does he live even in the unnatural conditions of a cage without thistle-seed ! I know of one case in which the poor prisoner lived shut up in his little wire box for eighteen years. Besides, the museum or closet naturalist is very much out of it when he talks about the extirpation of the thistle. The good old plant is doing very well. Long before the recent legislation which empowers the local authorities to protect their birds, I had been a frequent visitor to, and a haunter of, many extensive thistle-grown places in southern England—chalk downs that were once wheat-fields gone out of cultivation for half a century or longer, ruined sheep-walks where in July and August I could look over hundreds of acres of rust-brown thistles, covered with their glistening down, the seed " dead-ripe," and never a goldfinch in sight !

Let us hope the compilers of bird books will now drop this silly fable.

And now I must go back to Ryme Intrinsica—the pretty name of that village makes me reluctant to leave it—and to its goldfinches, the little company of twelve fluttering with anxious cries about my head, a very charming spectacle, and to an even more brilliant picture or vision of the past which was all at once

restored to my mental eye. We are familiar with the powerfu emotional effect of certain odours, associated with our early life in this connection ; occasionally effects equally strong are produced by sights and sounds, and this was one. As I stood in the churchyard watching the small flutterers in their black and gold and crimson liveries, listening to their excited cries, a vision of my boyhood was brought before me, so vivid as to seem like reality. After many years I was a boy once more, in my own distant home, and the time was October when the brilliant spring merges into hot summer. I was among the wind-rustled tall Lombardy poplars, inhaling their delicious smell, at that spot where a colony of a couple of dozen black-headed siskins were breeding. They are without the crimson on their faces ; their plumage is black and gold, but to all English-speaking people in that far country they are known as goldfinches, and in flight and habits and love of thistle-seed and in melody and in their anxious piping notes they are like our English bird. They are now fluttering about me, like these of Ryme Intrinsica, displaying their golden feathers in the brilliant sunshine, uttering their agitated cries, while I climb tree after tree to find two or three or four nests in each—dainty little mossy down-lined cups placed between the slender branches and trunk, each with its complement of shining pearly eggs—a beautiful sight to a boy !

Then another picture follows. We are now in the burning days of November and December, the vast, open, treeless plains as far as one can see parched to a rust-brown, and cattle and horses and sheep in thousands to be watered at the great well. I see the native boy on his big horse drawing up the canvas bucket ; the man by the well catching the hoop as it comes to the surface and directing the stream of clear, cold water into the long wooden troughs. But the thing to see is the crowd of beasts, the flocks and herds gathering before noon at the accustomed spot, first seen coming in troops and lines, walking, trotting, galloping from all that shadeless illimitable expanse where the last liquid mud in the dried pools has been sucked up. What a violent crowd ! What a struggling and what an uproar of bellowings, whinnyings and multitudinous bleatings ! And what dreadful blows of horns and hoofs rained on each other's tough hides ! For they are all mad at the sight and smell of water, and only a few at a time have room to drink at the trough.

But the crowding and fighting and drinking is now all over ; even the sheep, the last to get to the water, have had their fill and streamed away over the plain once more, and the spilt water lying in pools at the side of the long wooden troughs is visited

by crowds on crowds of little birds—small crested song-sparrows, glossy purple cow-birds, with other-coloured troupials, the "starlings" of the New World; and tyrant-birds of divers colours—olive-green, yellow, chestnut, black and white and grey and many more; doves, too, brown oven-birds and finches in great variety. The best of these were the goldfinches, in close little flocks and in families, the young birds clamouring for food and drink with incessant, shrill, tremulous, reedy cries.

What a contrast between this dainty, bright-coloured crowd of feathered drinkers and that of the pushing, fighting, bellowing beasts! And what a sight for a boy's eyes! There I would stay in the hot sun to watch them when all the others, the work of watering over, would hurry away to the shade of the house and trees, and my desire to see them more closely, to look at them as one can look at a flower, was so insistent and so intense as to be almost a pain. But I had no binocular and didn't even know that such an instrument existed; and at last to satisfy the craving I took it into my head to catch them—to fill my hands with goldfinches and have them in numbers. It was easily done. I put an old deal box or packing-case over a pool of water, one side propped up with a stick, to which a long string was attached. With the end of the string in my hand I sat and waited, while birds of many kinds came and took their half-dozen sips and flew away, but when a flock of goldfinches appeared and gathered to drink under the box, I pulled the string and made them prisoners. Then I transferred them to a big cage, and, placing it on a stand under the trees, sat down to feast my eyes on the sight—to look at a goldfinch as I would look at a flower. And I had my reward and was supremely happy, but it was a short-lived happiness, for very soon the terror and distress of my little captives, and their senseless, frantic efforts to get out of their prison, began to annoy and make me miserable. I say "senseless" because I had no intention of keeping them in captivity, and to my small-boy brain it seemed that they might have restrained themselves a little and allowed me to enjoy seeing them for an hour or two. But as their flutterings and strainings and distressing cries continued I opened the cage and allowed them to fly away.

Looking back on that incident now, it strikes me as rather an inhuman thing to have done; but to the boy, whose imagination has not yet dawned, who does not know what he is doing, much has to be forgiven. He has a monkey-like, prying curiosity about things, especially about living things, but little love for them. A bird in a cage is more to him as a rule than many

birds in a bush, and some grow up without ever getting beyond this lower stage. Love or fondness of or kindness to animals, with other expressions of the kind, are too common in our mouths, especially in the mouths of those who keep larks, linnets, siskins and goldfinches in cages. But what a strange "love" and "kindness" which deprives its object of liberty and its wonderful faculty of flight! It is very like that of the London east-end fancier who sears the eye-balls of his chaffinch with a red-hot needle to cherish it ever after and grieve bitterly when its little darkened life is finished. "You'll think me a soft-hearted chap, but 'pon my soul when I got up and went to say good-morning to my bird, and give him a bit of something to peck at, and found poor Chaffie lying there dead and cold at the bottom of his cage, it made the tears come into my eyes."

It is love of a kind, no doubt.

The east-ender is "devoted" to his chaffinch, but for the generality the first favourite is undoubtedly the goldfinch, and if few are seen in cages compared with larks and linnets it is because they are much rarer and cost more. Our "devotion" to it, as we have seen, nearly caused its extermination in Britain, and we now import large numbers from Spain to supply the demand. One doubts that the bird will stand this drain very long, as the Spanish are just as fond of it (in a cage) as we are.

Here I am reminded of a very charming little poem about a caged goldfinch by one of my favourite authors—"El Colorin de Filis," by Melendez, an eighteenth-century poet. I do not think that any one who reads this poem and others of equal merit to be found in the literature of Spain would deny that the sentiment of admiration and tenderness for birds is sometimes better and more beautifully expressed in Spanish poetry than in ours. Not only in the old, which is best, but occasionally in reading modern verse I have been surprised into the exclamation: Would that we could have this poem, or this passage, suitably translated! This has seemed strange, since we cannot allow that the Spanish generally, wedded as they are to their ancient barbarous pastimes, and killers of all small birds for the pot as they are now becoming in imitation of their French neighbours, can surpass or even equal us in sympathy for the inferior creatures. It is the language which makes the difference: the Spanish is better suited to the expression of tender sentiments of that kind. The verse flows more freely, with a more natural music than ours; it is less mechanical and monotonous in sound, and as it is less distinct from prose and speech in form, we are never so conscious of the artistry. The feeling appears

more genuine, more from the heart, because of the seeming artlessness. We see it all in this little goldfinch poem and say at once that it is untranslatable, or that it would be impossible to render its spirit, because in English verse the tender feeling, even if it could be expressed so delicately and beautifully, would not convey the same air of sincerity. Swinburne could not do it, which may seem a bold thing to say, seeing that he has given a music to our language it never knew before. It is a music which in certain supreme passages makes one wonder, as if it did not consist in the mere cunning collocation of words but in a magic power to alter their very sound, producing something of a strange, exotic effect, incomparably beautiful and altogether new in our poetry. But great as it is it never allows us to escape from the sense of the art in it, and is as unlike the natural music of Melendez as the finest operatic singing is unlike the spontaneous speech, intermingled with rippling laughter, of a young girl with a beautiful fresh sparkling voice.

From Swinburne to Adelaide Anne Proctor is a long drop, but in this lady's works there is a little poem entitled "The Child and the Bird," which, if not precisely a translation, strikes me as a very close imitation of the "Phyllis and her Goldfinch" of Melendez, or of some other continental poet, probably Spanish, who has treated the same subject. At all events, the incident related is the same, except that a little girl has been substituted for the young wife of the original. Here is the first stanza :

Wherefore pinest thou, my bird ?
Thy sweet song is never heard.
All the bird's best joys surround thee,
Ever since the day I found thee.
Once thy voice was free and glad,
Tell me why thou art so sad ?
If this coarse thread cause thee pain,
Thou shalt have a silken chain.

What poor, artificial stuff it is ! How it bumps you, each line ending with the dull, hard, wooden thud of the rhyme ! Doubtless if a better poet had written it the result would not have been so bad ; my sole reason for quoting it is that I can find no other translation or version in our literature. We abound in bird poems, some of them among the most beautiful lyrics in the language ; but I confess that, for the reasons already given, even the best, such as those of Wordsworth, Hogg, Shelley and Swinburne himself, particularly in his splendid Ode to the Sea-mew, fail to give me entire satisfaction.

I am bad at translating, or paraphrasing, anything, and the

subject of the Spanish poem is one peculiarly suited to verse; if taken out of that sublimated emotional language, I fear it must seem flat, if not ridiculous. Nevertheless, I will venture to give here a simple prose translation of the anecdote, and will ask the reader to retranslate it in imagination into swift-flowing verse, in a language perhaps unknown to him which reproduces to the eye and ear of the mind the sights and sounds described —the disordered motions, the flutterings and piercing cries of the agitated bird, and the responsive emotions of its tender-hearted mistress, which come, too, in gusts, like those of her captive, and have, too, their own natural rhythm.

The poem tells that one day Phyllis finds her pet goldfinch in a strangely excited state, in revolt against its destiny, at war with the wires of its cage.

Phyllis of the tender heart, the simple tastes, the lover of little birds from a child, who, though now a wife, finds in them still her dearest, most intimate happiness.

What ails her bird? He strikes his little beak on the wires, then strikes again; he clings to the side of his cage; he flits, above, below, to this side and to that, then grasping a wire with his small mandibles, tugs and tugs as if he hoped by putting forth all his little strength to break it. He cannot break nor bend it, nor can he rest, but tired of tugging he thrusts his head through the close bars and strives and strains to force his way out, beating on them with his wings. Then, after a brief pause, renews and redoubles his puny efforts; and at last, taken out of himself, dashes from side to side, until the suspended cage is shaken with his passion.

Ah, my birdling, cries lovely Phyllis, astonished and grieved at the spectacle, what a poor return you are making me! How badly this temper fits you!—how unlike your gentle twittering this new sharpness in your voice which wounds me! But I know the cause too well! Fear not, dear bird, to alienate my love—that I shall forget in this your rebellious moment the charm that made you precious, and charge you with ingratitude and in anger and disdain thrust you from my sight. For what avails my solicitude and affection—what does it matter that with my own hands I supply you with food and drink and a hundred delicate morsels besides; that with my fingers I tenderly caress you; that I kiss you with my lips? It is nothing that you are dear to me, that my chief delight is in listening to your sweet lively trills and twitterings, since I am but your gaoler who holds you from that free air which is your home and the sweet mate you would be with! No, you cannot be

glad; nor is it possible you should not fear and hate the hand that ministers to your wants, since it is the same hand that has cruelly hurt you and may hurt you again with a yet closer, more barbarous confinement.

Alas, I know your pain, for I too am a captive and lament my destiny, and though the bonds that hold me are woven with flowers I feel their weight none the less, and cannot but feel it. Left an orphan in my earliest years, it was my fate to leave my home before completing my seventeenth year, at the will of others, to be a wife. He who took me was amiable and more than kind to me. Like a brother, a friend, a passionate lover, he protects, he honours, he worships me, and in his house my will is law. But I have no pleasure in it. His devotion, his gifts, are like mine to you, when I am carried away by the charm of your beauty and melody, when I call you my sweet little one, and you come to my call to bite me caressingly with your little beak and flutter your black and yellow wings as if to embrace me; and in my ardour I take you tenderly in my hands to hold you to my heaving breast and wish and wish that in kissing you I could give you my very life!

Even so does my owner with me: when in the delirium of passion he strains me to him, when he showers gold and gems and all beautiful gifts on me, and seeks after every imaginable pleasure, and would give his very life for me—his mistress, bride and queen, who is more than all the world to him. In vain—in vain! Here in my heart there is a voice which asks me: Does it delight you? Does it sweeten your captivity? Oh, no, no, his benefits do but increase this secret eternal bitterness!

Even so do you, oh, my little bird, reward me for all my love and tenderness and blame me with those painfully sharp notes for this tasteless life to which you are doomed; even so do you cry for your lost liberty, and open and flutter your wings with the desire to fly.

You shall not open them in vain—your pleadings have pierced my heart. You shall go, my beloved bird—you shall go in peace. My love can no longer deny you the boon desired so ardently—so easily bestowed! Go, and know the happiness which freedom gives, which is now yours, but can not also be mine.

So saying, Phyllis opens the cage and sets it free. Away it flies; tears burst forth at the sight; tearfully she watches it winging its way through the air till its little form is lost in the distance; and gazing still, for one sweet moment has the illusion that she, too, has flown, following it—that she, too, has recovered her lost liberty.

The " Pole "

By P. Wyndham Lewis

A YOUNG Polish or Russian student, come to the end of his resources, knows two or three alternatives. One is to hang himself—a course generally adopted. But those who have no ties, who take a peaceful pleasure in life, are of a certain piety and mild disposition, borrow ten pounds from a friend and leave their country for ever—they take a ticket to Brest. They do this dreamily enough, and of late years almost instinctively. Once arrived there, they make the best of their way to some one of the many *pensions* that are to be found on the Breton coast. The address had been given them perhaps by some " Pole " who had strayed back to his own country prior to his own decease or to hasten somebody else's.

They pay two or three months' board and lodging, until the ten pounds is finished, and then, with a simple dignity all their own, stop paying. Their hosts take this quite as a matter of course. They henceforth become the regular, unobtrusive, respected inhabitants of the house.

If the proprietress (these establishments are usually run by women) removes her business to another town, or takes a larger house, her " Poles " go with her without comment or change in their habits.

In one of the show towns of Brittany, frequented by rich Americans and *gens du monde*, Mademoiselle Tartarin still shelters in her magnificent hotel, some of these quiet " Poles " that were with her when she started in the little country inn.

If you lunch there you will find, at the foot of the table, a group of men of a monastic simplicity of dress and manner, talking among themselves in a strange and attractive tongue. One or two of them are quite venerable. These are the household gods of this amiable old lady.

I believe the Bretons get superstitious about these pensive inhabitants of their houses, and that some would no more turn out of doors an old and ailing " Pole," who owed them thirty

years' board and lodging, than most old women would get rid of a blind and callous old black cat.*

The Slav cares little what his material environment may be, so wrapt is he in his thoughts. Many a young Polish student heretofore, confronted with starvation, did not affect the first alternative I have cited above. He would work himself up into a fury with the policeman whose beat lay before his window. He would exasperate himself by some fanciful dislike of the shape of this functionary's hat—repeat to himself monotonously and with deadly earnest that a man with such a nose deserved death —who was a policeman *par-dessus le marché*—until the mere sound of his approaching footsteps revolted him, and one fine morning he would blow him up.

With the auriole of a political crime he would then retire, in company with a scowling band of fellow heroes, to Siberia. And even yet many of severer temperament choose this way. But Brittany is becoming more and more fashionable, and may end not only by eclipsing Siberia, and dispeopling its mines, but by corrupting the redoubtable austerity of the Slav character.

One of the "Poles" I met in Brittany last summer managed to borrow another three pounds from a friend in Poland, and went to spend a month in Paris; after this little outing he returned and settled down to his regular life again. But it is few that ever see the colour of money, their initial ten pounds once spent. In Paris I have sometimes met "Poles" that were there only for a day or two, to see some friends *en passant*—for the last time. They take little interest in the new sights around them—one can see that it is not for this that they are travelling. They are going to Brittany, one is told.

A woman opened a smart little hotel the other day, rather out of the beaten track, and advertised that any artists who would at once take up their quarters there should have their first six months' board for nothing. One of our "Poles," who had grown discontented with the cooking of late, was absent all the following day, and turned up in the evening manifestly disappointed. He told us he had found no less than eight "Poles" already installed there, and he was not the only one that had arrived too late. But our landlady was never the same with him afterwards. Their hosts quite justly consider a breach of faith or loyalty unpardonable in a "Pole."

The "Pole's" own explanation of the astonishing position

* "Polonais" or "Pole," means to a Breton peasant the member of no particular nation, but merely the kind of being leading the life that I am here introducing cursorily to the reader.

in which he finds himself, if by chance he realise the abnormality of it, is that they are afraid to let him go for fear of losing their money. He adds that they treat him with more deference than the ordinary boarders, who pay regularly, for the same reason. This would be quite in keeping with the unreasoning avarice of the Breton peasant, and perhaps it was the cause in the first place. The idea that the patriarchal life still surviving in Brittany keeps alive in people helps to account for the introduction of this new domestic animal into their households. Rich peasants keeping a large house have been used to seeing poor familiars—supernumeraries doing odd jobs on the farm—find a place by their hearth. Also, a good many "Poles" are painters—at least until the ten pounds is spent, and they can no longer get colours. The Bretons have never yet quite got over the shock Monsieur Vollard and others gave them in coming down from Paris *en coup de vent* and offering them a thousand francs—without a word of warning or a preliminary low offer to *ménager* their nerves—for Gaugin's sketches that these hosts of his had confiscated in lieu of rent. The sight of a constant stream of breathless gentlemen, with the air of private detectives, but with the restless and disquieting eyes of the fanatic, often hustling and tripping each other up, and scrambling and bidding hoarsely for these neglected pictures, moved deeply their imagination. These enthusiasts indeed defeated their own ends. For months they could induce no one to part with the veriest scrap of paper. The more they offered, the more consternated and suspicious the peasants became. After the visit of one of these gentlemen the peasant would go into the church and pray. After that, feeling stronger, he would call a family council, get drunk, and wake up more bewildered and terrified than ever. I think that many Gaugins must have been destroyed by them, in the belief that there was something uncanny, devilish and idolatrous about them—they determining that the anxious connoisseurs suing for these strange images were worshippers of some inform divinity.

However, many of them did at last part with the pictures, receiving very considerable sums. The money once in their pockets they forgot all about Gaugin. This new *fact* engrossed them profoundly and exclusively for a time—they pondering over it, and turning it about in their minds in every direction. At last, with their saving fatalism, they accepted it all. These matters have been no small factor in the establishing of the "Pole." Gaugin might almost have claimed to be the founder of this charming and whimsical order.

On first arriving, I was taken for a "Pole," and the landlady received my first payment with a smile that I did not at the time understand. I think she was preparing to make a great favourite of me.

My hosts at Languenec spoil their "Poles" out of all manner and reason. If too much petted, they will become as dainty and capricious as a child, and those in our *pension* had as many drawbacks as ordinary human beings.

At the *table d'hôte* the "Poles" sat at the head of the table, smoked large pipes and were served first, taking the lion's share. One who had been there for ten years smoked the biggest pipe and had the most authority. Sometimes they quarrelled with Mademoiselle Batz, and then we fed abominably for some days.

Isoblitsky, one of the inmates of this *pension*, was a spoilt "Pole," and yet some traits of his character none but a "Pole" could possess. He wandered stealthily about and yawned as a cat does. He got up sometimes with an abrupt air of resolution, like a cat, and walked away steadily to east, west, north or south, as the case might be. And yet you could never discover what had determined him to this, or what he had to do there, wherever he went. And this was quite distinct from his conscious posing, for I have said that in some respects he was a degenerate "Pole."

Telepathic attraction, that has been experienced by most men, will lead them under the guise of caprice to somebody's house or a certain quarter of the town, where they meet, as it seems by accident, a friend. I really began to fancy in Brittany that other things than men—that scenes and places—had this power over a "Pole." That an empty seashore, an old horse tethered in a field, some cavernous Breton lane under some special aspect and mood, had the power of drawing these strange creatures towards it, as though it had something to impart.

One always speaks of the Slav as of the most irresolute race existing; that the Slav can never make up his mind. On the contrary, the Slav has a positive genius for making up his mind. And all the month-long psychical struggles and agonies that the hero of a Russian novel goes through are merely the desperate battle of his will against this tyrannous propensity of his nature, whose instinct he cannot trust: they are his frenzied attempt to thwart himself from making up his mind. And usually what the reader hails with a sigh of relief, as his final conquest over the indecision of his character—be the upshot of the struggle only that he will hang, draw and quarter his maternal grandmother, instead of putting her in the oven to

bake, the reader having been bewildered through many chapters with the many genial and conclusive reasons that suggest themselves to the hero in favour of each of these alternatives in turn —this final "making up of his mind" is in truth nothing less than the ultimate and utter defeat of his reasoned will by this calamitous genius of his.

The moment an aunt's life grows distasteful to him this tremendous genius of resolve, this elemental gift of the Slav, sweeps down upon the unfortunate hero, and seizing the first thought that happens to be uppermost in his mind, galvanises it and lifts it at once to the pitch of an obsession. But he is *raffiné* and knows that ruin waits him if he lets this blind energy conduct his business. He struggles madly against this power, and will often resist it for weeks, going without food and sleep and writhing on his bed through interminable chapters as though in a physical paroxysm. And when he is offering one of the most heroic spectacles imaginable of force of character, he is regarded by the exasperated reader, entirely misapprehending the situation, as a monster of indecision.

Isoblitsky disliked our proprietress: and he was imbued with several passions more common and more proper to men *dans le siècle* than to a "Pole." He wanted one to believe, for some reason or other, that he was tremendously independent. He put himself to great pains to prove it. He must have possessed some such simple axiom as: One is much more apt to bestow things upon a person who dislikes accepting anything, than upon one who would take all you offered him. He coveted excessively this advantageous position in your mind.

After dinner in conversing with you he always spoke in a hoarse whisper, or muttered in an affected bass, hardly parting his lips, and often hissing through his teeth. Whether he were telling you what a hypocrite the landlady was, or describing how the Caucasians ride standing on their horses and become so exultant that they fling their knives up in the air and catch them—he never became audible to any one but you.

He had a shock of dark hair and was dark-skinned; his eyes had grown strengthless, and his expression rather sombre and sickly as the plants in the shadow of a wood. In pretending not to notice people, to be absorbed in his own thoughts, the paper or the book he was reading, the contraction of his eyebrows had become permanent. His preoccupation to appear independent and strong-minded did not permit of any other conscious sentiment: but he had the suavity and natural coquetry of a

pretty brute, that—as he was not aware of it—was constantly baffling him and relaxing his stern purposeful independent expression, sometimes at a crucial moment. His nature was the darkest of mysteries for him, and this enemy in the camp, this something that was constantly corrupting his implacable self under its very nose, perplexed him somewhat, and he mused about it.

He had the strangest habit of imitating his own imitations. In telling a story in which he figured (his stories were all designed to prove his independence) he had a conventional type of imitation for the voice and manner of his interlocutor, and a gruff, half-blustering tone to imitate his own voice in these dramatic moments. And gradually these two tones, mixed into each other, had become his ordinary tone in conversation.

A thick-set and muscular little man, he was the second individual I met this summer with the same odd principle of self-assertion. He made a constant display of his physical strength—regarding it merely as an accident that might be put to account and taking no personal pride in it. He had only begun to appreciate it when he found that other people appreciated it, and that it could be exploited. Also, it was a considerable confirmation of his independence, or made it seem more likely. He became intimate with several of the visitors, one after the other. Any one arriving there and seeing him with the friend of the moment—talking confidentially apart, or making signs to him at table, his general attitude of aloofness and reticence maintained towards the rest of the company—would have supposed him an exclusive, solitary man, who had never had any friend in his life but *that* friend. When he intended to "take up" with a new-comer his manner became severer and aloofer than ever, but he would perhaps show them some gruff and stiff politeness, as though forced and forcing himself to be so. He took no interest in women whatever, but when, by some remark I made, he became aware how he had neglected his good looks in his stories, he made the clumsiest attempts on the following days to give me some record of his many successes.

He constantly spoke of a friend of his, a "Pole" also—not because he was rich, or famous or aristocratic, but because he was apparently a fellow who showed a great and startling independence of spirit, and who was prodigiously strong; far stronger than he, Isoblitsky. He looked upon this person's qualities as his own, and used them as such. This shadowy figure of the friend seemed indeed superimposed on Isoblitsky's

own form and spirit. One divined an eighth of an inch on all sides of the contour of his biceps and pectorals, another contour —the visionary contour—of this friend's even larger muscles. And beyond even the sublime and frowning pinnacles of his own independence, the still loftier summits of his friend's pride, of a piece with his.

This friend, from all accounts—and such even transpired in Isoblitsky's eulogies—would yield to few in rascality. I entertained a lively admiration for him, and Isoblitsky, mistaking this for a tribute to himself, looked upon me as a person of considerable discernment. And like most continental scamps of their career at one time or other, he had found his way into the French foreign legion in Africa. It is in the distant garrison-rooms of Biribi that the *élite* of the criminal youth of an epoch come together, exchange ideas, and get the polish that is to fit them in after life to occupy envied positions. It is there that they acquire the justest conception of the criminal tone of their time, and are profoundly moved and fired by the sight of so many scalliwags all together. It is very often their bad records in these regiments that lay the foundation of their reputation. But one must not dogmatise on this point. Many a world impostor gained in his African service a corporal's *galons*—and was almost as proud of them as of his most nefarious achievement —and got such a smug conduct-sheet as took the efforts of a whole lifetime of consequent rapine and bloodshed to wipe out.

In the late fighting with the Moors Isoblitsky's friend underwent great hardships. Because of his extraordinary strength he was compelled on the march to carry several of his comrades' rifles in addition to his own. Isoblitsky would read his African letters apart, with an air of absorbed and tender communion, seeking to awaken one's jealousy. He repeated long dialogues between his friend and himself. When it came to his friend's turn to speak, he would puff his chest out, and draw himself up, until the penumbra of visionary and supernatural flesh that always accompanied him was almost filled by his own dilated person. He would assume a debonair recklessness of manner, his moustaches would flaunt upwards over his laughing mouth, and even the sombre character of his teeth would be momentarily forgotten. His gestures would be those of an open-handed and condescending prince. He would ostentatiously make use of the personal pronoun "thou," to make one eager to get on such terms with him oneself. I never did, for I offended him. One day he remained at table after the others had left. He was waiting to be asked to go for a walk with me. Off my

guard for a moment, my eyes betrayed the fact that I had noticed this, although my expression in no way commented upon it, but registered it only. It was a mere mental observation in the assimilation of which my customarily impassive servants, the eyes, had shared. But this piece of ill-breeding he never forgave.

One among the "Poles" they pointed out to me especially as a great *farceur*. For instance, he once found himself in a railway carriage immediately in front of a sleeping man—a young French officer—with his mouth open. He at once introduced his forefinger between the sleeper's lips, who, waking up with a man's finger in his mouth, spat it out, sprang up, and trembled with rage. But the "Pole" (whose advances the young officer had rejected in this unequivocal fashion, and whose face he had found on waking up near his own, with an expression of mild courtesy imprinted on it) now stammered in a startled voice: "No makey angry! no makey angry! Polish custom, Polish custom!" And the narrator added that they became fast friends.

All his exploits, as recounted by his friends, were well-known stories. He was a simple, expansive, hysterical little man; and although I could imagine him excitedly putting his finger into somebody else's mouth by mistake, I did not credit his doing it in the way narrated. It seemed much more likely that somebody else would put their finger in *his*. At the same time I could hardly believe in his mendacity. I finally concluded that he was a lunatic, and that from having allowed his mind to dwell too much on his friends' anecdotes, he had at length come to believe himself the hero of those that appealed to him most.

A real *farceur* that I once knew resembled this man somewhat; although he was a more credible one. He was voluble, with astonished eyes and no sense of property. The *farceur* of this sort abounds, I believe, in Poland, which must be one of the most perilous countries, on the whole, that has ever been heard of; of just *how* appallingly full it is of police-traps, man-traps, Nihilist-traps, booby-traps and mouse-traps—to mention only some of the snares that yawn at every step there—no mere statistics could ever give one an idea.

The practical joker is a degenerate, who is exasperated by the uniformity of life. Or he is one who mystifies people, because only when suddenly perplexed or surprised do they become wildly and startlingly natural. He is a primitive soul, trying to get back to his element. Or it is the sign of a tremendous joy in people, and delight in seeing them put forth their

vitality, and in practical joking of a physical nature a joy in the grotesqueness of the human form. Or it is the sadness of the outcast, the spirit outside of life because his nature is fit only for solitude, playing hobgoblin tricks with men that cannot sympathise with him : just as I have no doubt that some anarchist outrages are the work of very violent and extreme snobs, who lie in wait for some potentate, and shoot him, that in the moment of death the august eyes shall become more expressive and show more interest in him than they have ever shown in anybody before. The *farceur* has often many friends and admirers who brave the terrors of his friendship, but he remains peculiarly little understood. He is a lonely hero.

Another of my fellow boarders last summer, a "Pole" in the Breton sense, though a German by birth, was the most spoiled of all the "Poles" at our *pension*. He used to throw Mademoiselle Batz down in the kitchen and stamp on her. One night he fired at her two or three times, wounding in the calf a little "Pole" curled up in the corner near the fire. This was a very odd fellow. He measured about six feet two, and was spare and nervous. With his dark eyes and long black hair curling up at the bottom, scant on the front and leaving a deep smooth brow—with his large melancholy features and handsome elongated black beard—he had the impressive and "distinguished" head of a prosy, though rather wicked, Royal Academician of Celtic origin. He also accompanied his speech with a French grace of gesture—a clumsy imitation—just the way one imagines the really cultivated Royal Academician to speak. He bore an Italian name, and his exotic appearance was due, as a matter of fact, to his southern ancestry. His dyspepsia was constantly sowing strife between his Teuton sloth and his Latin nervousness—compounds that in his case did not agree. They remained distinct, strong and alternatively assertive. Mademoiselle Batz had tried to marry him, he would tell us. He had not fallen in with her idea. Nevertheless, he bitterly resented the withdrawal of those favours and wiles that she had lavished upon him while engaged in this enterprise.

Without the least intention of marrying her, he tried by constant scenes and agitations, and the *épanchement*, the tenderness of consequent reconciliations, to renew the old state of things, to be coquetted with and petted again : to make her think he was in love with her or could become so. This succeeded once or twice. Mademoiselle Batz thought that perhaps he would fall into his own trap, or his nerves give way : or for fear

of losing her favours again, concede a little, and then a little more. She would reinstate him entirely in her good graces, restore all the grateful signs of her predilection. Then one by one she would deprive him of them again—slowly grow colder—first omit one little *prévenance* and then another, let his new-found dominion over her die a slow death by torture. She hoped in this way to bring him up to the point. Besides, violent withdrawals of all prerogatives and considerations at once did not convince him of his loss. But she concluded that her chances of triumphing were very small.

When she had quite cured herself of this hope, however, a period of comparative success attended the German's efforts. She now gave herself up frankly for a few weeks to the pleasure of quarrelling with him, being hurled down on the floor—her Breton nature thoroughly appreciating this side of his character—or having frightful-sounding German words hissed and spat at her, in company with his favourite French word of abuse, *gourt* as he pronounced it. Then the making it up, with its glows and titillations.

After one of their quarrels, they organised a dance to celebrate its completion; their two gaunt and violent forms whirling round the narrow room, quite indifferent to the other dancers, giving them terrible blows with their driving elbows, their hair sweeping on the ceiling. His blazing drunkard's eyes were fixed on hers, striving in the intoxication of the dance, as his German nature taught him, to win her imagination, then malleable as a child's—to seal it with his seal, at a height where no succeeding excitement of every day could reach, with its melting heat, and dethrone him, or efface this image to which he could always appeal. He felt that she was in an extremely sensitive and impressionable state. He seemed to be holding fast and immobilising in his set intensity of expression some forceful mood. In his rigid and absorbed manner, with his smiling mask, he looked as though a camera's recording and unlidded eye were in front of him, and if he stirred or his expression took another tone, the spell would be broken, the plate blurred, his chance lost.

Then came a day when at the word *gourt* she merely shrugged her shoulders, and her unmistakable indifference protected her as completely as though she were bodily out of his reach. He only threw her down when she was already down spiritually—he may have feared that the anomaly of her upright position as to the flesh might provoke a reaction in the spirit—knowing her dependence on physical parallels.

That evening he came down to dinner very white, and

afterwards made a short speech, saying that things had arisen that compelled him to seek another roof: he would like us all to take a farewell glass with him. We chose our drink, and the conversation took a lugubrious and sentimental turn, out of consideration for him, though no mention was made of the reason for his departure. I drank my grog with relish, and wished him heartily God-speed, for the vacillations in the quality of the food had been daily of late—nay, hourly—for some disobliging remark of his while the meat was being served—at once repeated to her mistress by the *bonne*—and the sweets were withheld or skilfully spoiled at the last moment. But the next morning he was there as usual, and offered no explanation for this resurrection. He only left some weeks later, his box remaining as security for the bill—twenty thousand francs, I suppose.

But I came to the conclusion that, however good a "Pole," a stray German, Lapp, Esquimaux or other dim and hyperborean personage who had found his way to these parts might become, it took an authentic Slav to make a real "Pole."

There was only one real "Pole" there. He was a little child-like man that lived on the ground floor of the tower, with windows on three sides of him, without blinds or obstructions to the view of any sort, and there, passing on their way to meals, the *pensionnaires* could see him in his bare room like a fish in an aquarium. A great friendship for a brother had long absorbed him; and, left alone at his friend's death, he had become a "Pole," as some people take monastic vows in cases of bereavement. He was very fond of children, and had never found out that the Breton children were unimaginative and ill-natured, immature counterparts of their parents. They once rolled him into a ditch while he was painting, and I have seen him running with sobs of laughter across the fields after a little boy who had got away with his paint brushes.

Afrikander Memories

By Perceval Gibbon

At Queenstown, in the Cape Colony, the day closed with the curfew. It was a bell that signalled the hour at which the kafirs must be forth from the streets for the night, and, since a kafir was the bell-ringer, it was never quite punctual. It rang from the "location," the great orderly village of mud huts and houses across the river in which the kafirs had their homes, and its high, insistent note tinkled up to our streets with some effect of sounding from a vast distance. While it rang, the kafirs moved homewards; the black men and women, shuffling in the sunset dust haze, came pouring to the iron bridge that led out of the town, and so passed to the night and that strange privacy which a white man cannot penetrate. While they were yet in the streets, they cackled and guffawed, full of that empty mirth one marks as characteristic of the race; there were chaff and clownish horseplay, tricks and capers. But when the bridge was passed, and the location at hand, when they came to the threshold of their own world, the noise ceased. The mob of them parted into groups: a certain gravity and responsibility governed them, and their voices sank, and one heard the tones of intimacy and familiarity. The kafirs that entered the location and were lost to sight among the huts were other than those who had left their labour a quarter of an hour before. Their cooking-fires, breaking out one by one before the hut-doors, beading the darkness with their cheery spark, loaded the air with a faint fragrance of burning wood; the sound of their life went up in a murmur, suggestive of fireside ease, leisured intercourse and friendliness; all of it spoke of a side to the kafir which he never showed by daylight. It seemed as if the dawn that sent them back to their labour in the town joined them all in a conspiracy to wear a conventional face before the white man, to cut a slight and futile figure, to wear a mask.

In the daytime, there was always a kafir at one's elbow. One's work was done under the empty stare of their eyes, for they were the instruments of all one's lesser needs. I can

remember in Queenstown no native artisan, no single kafir who had learned a trade. Their work was to fetch and carry, to clean up, to wait at table and help in stables, and so on ; there were thousands of them, and not one shared any work which made the least call upon intelligence or personality. An arbitrary gulf separated the work which it became a white man to do and that which was the part of the kafirs, and to them fell the mean, auxiliary things that kept them for ever about one, watching always, silent, nervous, hastily obedient—irreconcilable. They heard all that was said and saw all that was done, and their faces, those pathetic, patient, foolish negro masks, gave no sign of any thought or feeling. Theirs was an aloofness almost contemptuous ; any attempt to break it down, to get through their guard and into some kind of relations with their humanity, was instantly penalised ; there was no service for the man who relaxed his official face to his servants. They warned one, in effect, to preserve the colour-line in its strictness ; encroach upon it, and they retaliated with encroachments on their side.

The curfew, then, brought its season of liberty to the white man as well as to the native ; for him, also, it announced the removal of a constraint and release from formality. It was not only that the hours of festivity are evening hours ; there was that relief which schoolmasters know when their duties are at an end and they are free to put off the sober countenance and the manner of austerity. The white men also lived with most gusto, with most sincerity, when curfew had ceased and night had taken over the care of the kafirs. The man one dined with was other than the man one lunched with ; he was free from the neighbourhood of critical hostility, of creatures who screened themselves and watched and judged. He might be less contained, less temperate in speech, in manners, for he would be off his guard. The kafir is exigent ; for him the most trivial master must guard his tongue and his steps, must deal soberly and hold a serene front ; and I remember men—they must be there still—futile, unworthy, sidelong creatures, men without pith or purpose, who drilled themselves throughout the day in restraint and seemliness, that they might do their part as masters and keep their side of the bargain. Of course the effect of it all crystallised in those shallow bywords and phrases which are the common vehicle of short-sighted wisdom. " Never be familiar with niggers ; they'll only take advantage of it," one was told as a new-comer. " You've got to be hard on 'em—they don't understand kindness," said old Colonials, and more to the same foolish effect, spoken, as it were, from a dense

fog of the mind, in which the great gloomy reserve of the black nations loomed only as the sulky stupidity of inarticulate creatures. For my part, in all the years of my sojourn in Africa, I saw nothing so stirring to one's imagination as that aloofness of the subject-people, and the strength of purpose with which they guarded and withheld the privacy of their own lives. It went the length of ostracising even those natives who had so far crossed the colour-line as to become Christians.

It will be interesting to watch in what manner the federation of South Africa deals with the always imminent question of the native franchise. Hitherto, the Cape Colony has been the only South African State which has enabled natives to vote, but as yet a variety of causes has made the native vote inconsiderable. Once only was it used to real purpose, and that was when the natives of the Transkei were disarmed. They retaliated at once by voting against Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Progressive Prime Minister, and defeating him, and the election was noteworthy as being the first effective entry of the native into politics. Presumably the native franchise will be considered on the basis of a joint educational and property qualification, thus exacting from the kafir a higher standard of citizenship than it would be safe to require from a back-veldt Boer, and upholding the principle that precedents in the science of government are more to be regarded than the particular character of the people to be governed. It is not as though there could be any union of interests between the white man, the product of an intricate and unstable civilisation, and a man whose standard of currency is cattle, whose standard of wealth is wives, who derogates from his manhood when he works, and sees in war the only fit employ for a man.

II

The kafir is always at one's elbow; the veldt is always at one's door. They are the two perpetual facts in South Africa which do not change, and both serve the country for dominant characteristics. The way to come upon the veldt, so as to acquire an impression that no after experience can efface, is to land at Cape Town and take the night train up country. It used to leave the city at eight o'clock in the evening, sliding out under the loom of Table Mountain through little leafy suburbs, whence the raw, clean smell of aloes reached one from the gardens of the houses, and so out to the vineyards of Wynberg and into the mountains of Paarl. The heavy gradients would be mounting by the time one turned in to sleep; there might be a view of

moonlight shining over abrupt kopjes sharply truncated, miles upon miles of miniature Table Mountains. And next would come the waking, in the keen chill of dawn, at a tiny lonely station where hot coffee was to be had. No mountains now; in the night the earth had flattened; from horizon to horizon it lay like a sluggish sea, and across it the railway sliced without a curve. The grass upon it was sparse and uneven, broken by small bushes standing no more than knee-high and scattered among boulders. From sky to sky, as far as one could see, there was no glimpse of a roof, no token of human life; the world was empty and voiceless. The sky spanned it with clear grey, save that in the east there warmed and reddened a rose-and-bronze foreknowledge of sunrise, and overhead, poised and motionless in that mighty profundity of air and stillness, a single vulture reconnoitered the earth. In the middle of all, ringed round by a world at gaze, the train, the station, oneself, stood like assertive insects, a fussy offence upon the splendour of that brooding vacancy.

"This," you would be told, as the poignant air stung your lungs and waked your blood to buoyancy, "this is the Karoo." And thereafter you would not forget it.

But the Karoo, for all its quality, does not account for the veldt. The veldt has its variety and everywhere its local character, always to be identified, but in no way detracting from those things in it which are everywhere the same. At Queenstown it is broken by kopjes, rising sharply out of it like bold islands; across the Orange River, it runs north in long easy undulations, like the swell of an ocean before a trade wind; beyond Pretoria, it breaks into bush-veldt, thicketed with mimosa and Wacht-een-beetje bushes, bristling with two-inch curved thorns. Across the Limpopo, it changes face again; trees come into evidence, and to the westward there are forests. And then, north of Salisbury, there lies the heavy, grey-green veldt of the tropics, where the grass stands six feet high and more in its season, till it slopes down to the shifting banks of the Zambesi. And these are but few of its manifestations; I have not spoken of Natal and its palms and snakes and monkeys, nor of the Kalahari Desert, where one hears still of bushmen. It adjusts itself to each contour of land and each phase of climate, but its name and its salient quality do not alter. It never loses its superb effects of space, its surge across uneven miles to a sharp, remote sky-line. It gives one room to go at large, room to use one's eyes, an arena for one's strength. And whether it be the veldt of Natal, speckled with the scarlet plumes of flowering

aloes, or of Rhodesia, under a day-long vehemence of sun, it preserves as an undernote a mild and even tone of grey. Even on the Natal coast, where vegetation riots into luxuriance and asserts a certain stridency of colour, there is present that quiet and infinitely restful background of greys and indeterminate greens, and in landscapes one sees at a distance one notes how even the vividness of claret-leaved palms merges itself into and blends with that governing and general colourlessness.

The veldt, like all things in nature which are great and prevalent, has its own personality. There is a lore of the veldt, a veldt-craft which comes quickly to some men and never to others, though they spend all their lives upon it. It seems to call for a mind of a special sort, for there are some who become wise in it with little experience, as though the art were formed upon some code and they had chanced upon the key. But there were never such masters of veldt-craft as the old transport riders, the men whose prime dated from before the day of the railways. Some of them are at work yet at their old trade; their loaded ox-waggons yet set out on the trek, elaborately slow and laborious, hauling tediously and at vast leisure from outspan to outspan, regardless of time; but their number diminishes. There was one of them—we called him Kafir Jack; I never knew his surname—whom I fell in with on his way with three waggons from King William's Town to Kokstad in Griqualand, and for some days we travelled together. He was a perfect type of his class. Sixty years old, he was as upright and slender as a man of thirty, with a thin, pensive, gentle face and eyes of hard stone-blue. He was scorched and tanned brick-red by various weather, and he sat his untidy pony as other men sit in an arm-chair—leaning back, with short stirrups, like a Boer. He had no conversation, but liked to be talked to; and as he rode, he stared always ahead, watching the veldt expertly, almost warily, reading it off as he went by its familiar signs. He knew when buck were moving ahead, when locusts were coming, what that aasvogel (vulture) was watching, whether it would rain that night. He knew everything; it was printed for him in a wind-furrow in the grass, a shadow against far hills, or the taste of the wind on his lips. He was hale, clean in body, gentle and courteous, with a record from the days of the Kafir Wars; but in his knowledge of the veldt, so uncannily sure, there was something reverend.

That was in the south; the north has another fashion of travel. From Salisbury, in Rhodesia, week by week, the careless languid men "pull out," making north to the Zambesi, to

ancient Tete and the further lands of Central Africa, each with his little train of skinny kafirs to carry his gear ; and these go afoot. It is not far from Salisbury, as distances go in Africa, to the tsetse belt, which no known beast of burden, save the human ones, can enter and live. It is strange travelling that ; none of it is monotonous, but the white man who guides and rules lives under a strain that never intermits till he comes back to a town again. He and his kafirs may be away for a year or three years ; and throughout that time he is the head and source of authority, protector, caterer, doctor and master. He must keep his porters in food, in courage, in energy ; there will be sullen and dangerous tribes to pass through, and they look to him alone for succour. He will know and become familiar with the loneliness of the autocrat ; for save when he runs across some other white man, he will speak humanly to none. For him, his craft of travel on the veldt is blended inextricably with something like statecraft ; the man who is nothing of a diplomat does not set forth twice.

It is not easy to keep count of Rhodesian progress, for in that country public affairs have the specious insincerity of commercial negotiations. Rhodesia, its administration, its directors and its shareholders have something to sell and they are pushful salesmen—not altruists. Some five years ago, when I left Rhodesia, there were signs that any change must of necessity be a change for the better. I have no claims to speak as an expert ; but I remember yet, and with some remains of resentment, how we lived on things which came up-country in tins, from butter to vegetables ; how the veldt was infested with tick, which carried Texas fever among cattle and practically killed them all off ; how a newly imported horse would often die in a week ; how nobody had any money. I was then the subsidised pamphleteer of an association to promote the reform of railway tariffs, which were devised to compel importers of goods to use the twelve hundred miles of railway to Cape Town, instead of the short line to the port of Beira. In those days, too, the directors' report was conceived in a vein of assured optimism ; it made the quaintest reading possible for the folk of Rhodesia, who had formed the impression that the land was dead, Chartered shares worthless, the Chartered Company a structure of mere Jingoism and impassioned finance, and the tick the only thriving thing between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. The bombast of the report, too, reflected none of the struggles of the officials on the spot to lift the country out of its quag of general depression. Charged with being responsible

for the importation of the tick, which was said to have travelled to Rhodesia with some cattle imported by the Company, they sent for Dr. Koch, of tuberculosis fame, to come and find them a remedy for the pest; he came, and was portentously costly, but his labours were barren. Then, in an imaginative moment, the Administration sent Colonel Flint, of the British South Africa Police, to India to fetch camels, in the hope that these might furnish a substitute for the extinct trek-ox and the late lamented horse. I did not see how that experiment turned out, but public opinion inclined to back the tsetse fly and the tick.

III

Some of us have cause to be thankful that a knowledge of statistics is not necessary to a comprehension of South Africa. Figures of the gold output, of the labour-supply, of imports and exports—these have their place in Blue Books; and not a few of South Africa's troubles are due to government by Blue Book. For when the last table is compiled, the last place of decimals worked out and set down, there remain outside the estimate the local colour and current of life, that correspondence of motive and method which lies at the root of nationality. If one were to found one's information on the Blue Books, South Africa would be seen as an insignificant fringe to Johannesburg, a mere setting to that badly discredited jewel; whereas, in point of fact, Johannesburg remains a foreign body, present, conspicuous, but unassimilated. It serves the cause of bald expediency; it is the last ditch in which the old financial oligarchy is dying hard. What Johannesburg says to-day, South Africa will repudiate to-morrow. The growing spirit of democracy, which one marks throughout South Africa, can never tolerate that antiquated tyranny of corruption which made Johannesburg what it was at its best; with the union of the States, the mining industry will be balanced against other interests; it will cease to be supreme, and things will fall into a sane proportion. It is not conceivable that under a constitution which will admit of the government of South Africa as a whole, the country can remain the paradise of the speculator and the purgatory of the merchant. And in any adjustment of affairs upon a basis of the most restricted democracy, Johannesburg must suffer. It may mine, but it cannot rule. All this, of course, is very perfunctory and slight, perhaps even rather apocalyptical; but the newer spirit in South Africa is a thing

of cautious growth ; it displays itself rather in tendencies than in enactments ; it reveals itself to one's consciousness rather than to one's observation.

It will be interesting to see, when the federation of the States is accomplished, and the whole sub-continent comes within the scope of a single legislature, what Colonial self-government has done towards training statesmen. I have in mind Natal, with its population of sixty thousand Europeans, and twenty or thirty times as many natives, and a rococo Parliament, modelled after Westminster, to make laws for them. I recall yet the Session of the Legislative Assembly which first saw the House equipped with a mace, a full-bottomed wig for the Speaker, and wigs of minor state for the clerk and the official shorthand writers ; that was a great day in the history of Natal. There was further a commodious Press gallery, a galaxy of Ministers, a fervent Opposition, and even a Socialist party of one member. Everything, in fact, was made to scale ; Westminster has gained no more telling testimonial than the constitution of the legislature of Natal. It is true that for a time there was found no issue to create an official Opposition, but at last there arose a sort of miniature Liberalism over the question whether the main line of Government railway should be doubled or whether an alternative line should be built. Elections were fought on it ; it sundered brother from brother ; and it set one-half of the House facing the other across the gangway as Government and Opposition. For the first time Natal heard of whips, of caucuses, of all the apparatus of Party politics, and it enjoyed them with the same zest as that with which it relished its mace, its sergeant-at-arms, and the Speaker's full-bottomed wig. It was a Ruritania in full going order, with everything handsome about it, but a nursery for Parliamentarians rather than for statesmen. It instanced how easily forms and formality can afford a refuge to minds that fear progress ; it smothered our one Socialist. He was one Henry Anketill, a follower and (I believe) a friend of Henry George. He could speak ; he had a certain warmth of words and a vast voice that boomed mightily in that handsome chamber and ricochetted in echoes from its walls. But the wigs and the mace and the rest of the properties were symbols of the local soul, of an impermeable complacency of Conservatism ; for Anketill, it was like wading in treacle.

Cape Colony, with a like handicap in the shape of a legislature designed on English lines to do African work, was at least ahead of Natal, in that it had real and living issues to work out. The

racial question was for ever vexed. The indigenous Dutch possessed a powerful organisation in the Afrikander Bond, which maintained close relations with the Government of the Transvaal, and joined the two Boer Republics with the Colony in calculated and skilful opposition to the politics of Cecil Rhodes, the Rand mine-owners and the Chartered Company. It was the one thing in South African politics which was national and native, the only force which worked towards the union of the States and a South African nationality. We were taught to look on it with loathing, to be horrified at the very existence of an association that hampered the frontier-stretching strides of "the Empire Builder." Africa is the home of a certain crudity of sentiment that knows no mean between extremes, nothing milder than a "loyal Imperialist" on the one side and "a traitor to his country" on the other. The "loyalist," to express himself, requires rhetoric, a volunteer corps, and something handy to hate; the "traitor" is distinguished by an indifference to "the flag" and a disposition to take his own line. It is a state of mind peculiarly amenable to guidance by the politician, and until the war it was almost the only weapon of the Progressive against the Bond. I think people in this country can hardly understand how fervent we were, with what a pitiful blindness of faith we trusted those who talked to us. More, we were ready, we were eager, to fulfil those aspirations that were set before us, shrined in phrases of general currency—to "carry the flag to Pretoria," to "cut the claws of the Bond," to "flock to arms." There was never an afterthought; none dreamed of the day when all should join to realise the Bond's vision of a United South Africa; it was all ferocity, noise and hysteria. But at least it was meant, and on the endearing sincerity of our youth, the leaders and rulers of the country cut their teeth. The contest that brought to light such men as W. P. Schreiner, John Xavier Merriman, Hofmeyer and Sir Gordon Sprigg—and these are but the most obvious names—was not entirely futile; its by-products, at least, are worthy.

IV

There was a spot in the Transvaal, due east from Heidelburg, where the waggon road lifted itself upon a high *nek* that joined a pair of hills; and from its highest point one looked forward over a great basin of land, ringed in by the flanks of mountains. In the middle of it, the solitary interruption to the suave mono-

tony of veldt, there stood a clump of tall gum-trees, and among them one saw the dull sheen of an iron roof. It was the house of Pietrus Johannes Coetzee and his third wife and most of his children, lodged in the place of his choice, a half-day's ride from his nearest neighbour. He was a gaunt old man, not far from eighty years of age, and standing six foot four in his veldtschoen, a Boer of the Boers. He had taken part in the Great Trek; had known the northward and eastward pressure that kept the Boers moving in search of land and independence; had fought the kafirs and the Zulus and the English, and when the war broke out, he rode forth with his commando again, to be killed (I think) at Elandslaagte. From his stoep, that overlooked the kraals, he showed me with pride that there was no other house to be seen in all the wide view of kopjes and veldt; his travels were ended in the security of solitude. It was the thing for which he had always been seeking, and in the search he had spent half his life on commando and on trek, serving strenuously the cause of the little community of which for the time he was a member. He seemed to me, in his history, to epitomise the Boer spirit and the ideal Boer state—common action for a common cause, individualism for individual needs. In his home, he was remote from the law and its agencies; he ruled like a patriarch, by virtue of the singleness of his aims and the sound instinct of authority that was inherent in him. If one had asked him whether his kafirs were slaves or free, I doubt if he would have been able to give a plain answer; such questions never arose in the small empire of which he was the head. It never happened that a kafir called his soul his own, so the point was not decided; but had it arisen and clamoured for a settlement, I can imagine the fine loftiness with which Oom Piet would have judged it.

The old Boers were a democracy of aristocrats, and the guiding motive that carried them from the Great Trek to the last war was the preservation not so much of their national independence as of their individual position. President Kruger's *régime* met their intimate needs, for it was elastic; it was administered with reference to particular cases, and it never happened that a sound Boer, farming his own land and ruling his own family, found the law of the land a rigid bar to anything he chose to undertake. He was tributary to the Republic rather than subject to it, and if this arrangement facilitated corruption at Pretoria through the lack of any popular control of officials, it was the money of the Uitlander that paid for it. Though education suffered, and the small arts and customs of civilised

life lapsed, so that many Boers lived like savages, they had at least the chief of their desires, and if it be objected that thereby the cause of civilisation was weakened, it is to be remembered that the Boers, like most pioneers, were refugees from civilisation.

None the less, when the Boer did emerge from his solitude and embarked upon life in towns, he showed a marked aptitude for affairs. The lazy, complex politics of South Africa, with their burden of hidden interests and shady causes, gave him work after his own heart; he was the equal on their own ground of the Hollander of Pretoria, the Jew of Johannesburg and the De Beers wire-puller of the Cape. Moreover, he was to be found on every side of a question, and even Paul Kruger had his rivals and opponents. It is well with the people which can match its emergencies with men, and the history of the Boers might be told in a catalogue of the leaders who have come to light at each turn of their career, down to the Boer general who turned politician at short notice to lead the government of the conquered Transvaal. Hitherto they have shaped their lives to the country they lived in, and if now, for the peace of their souls and the ease of their bodies, they are to be compelled to shape the country to their lives, there should result a new fashion in communities.

V

In the years before the war, commerce and speculation went commonly hand in hand, and nearly everybody gambled. The men one knew as rich, who stood before one as indications of what the country could give to those it favoured, were all men whose fortunes were founded on lucky chance, and the country was not yet so fully exploited as to forbid hopes that one might also turn a winning card. At any rate, it was a chance reserved which one kept one's eye on, and nurtured with modest speculations in mining shares as often as one could afford it. The craze went its farthest lengths in Johannesburg, naturally; there, the chance word of a millionaire overheard in a Commissioner Street bar would send clerks and shopmen racing to their brokers; but in other towns also, towns outside the Transvaal where the tumult from "between the chains" was never heard, the practice was all but general. The dreary "shop" of the Stock Exchange was the prevalent topic, and clerks on twenty pounds a month were holders of options and calls. The share market was a sink for the money that should

have been spent up-country in keeping the little towns alive, for South Africa, as an agricultural and industrial country, has reached a very low standard of development. But the habit of gambling gained its clearest manifestation in the popularity of the " sweeps," the great racing lotteries which were conducted in Johannesburg, and later in Durban, and sold their tickets at a pound apiece in scores of thousands throughout the country. Chief of these was Phillips' Sweep, a huge enterprise which offered, and paid, prizes ranging as high as five and six thousand pounds, with dozens of lesser prizes at the same time. To win the chief prize in Phillips' Sweep was the single hope of thousands of men, who saw it in the light of their only chance to profit by their stay in the colonies. Two big winners I knew personally. One was a reporter, who gained a prize of two thousand pounds and spent it in less than a month, returning then to his work like one refreshed by a holiday. He followed the common course of winners of whom I have heard, but the other diverged. He was a man in a small town of the Cape Colony ; a wastrel and a weakling of a very abject kind. He worked from time to time as a hotel tout, as a billiard-marker, as any of those inconsequent menial things one sees about public houses ; and to him came a big prize—*the* big prize, upwards of five thousand pounds. Every one looked forward to seeing an orgy of weak and silly unthrift and drunkenness ; it was what he had led his acquaintances to expect. But the real effect of the money was much more picturesque than that. From the moment the man saw the announcement of his winning number, he changed. It was like one of those dramatic conversions one reads about in reports of revival meetings, for he was, in every salient respect, another creature. He fished up from the recesses of his being a reserve that was proof against every assault, a sobriety of countenance and speech, even a certain asceticism of life. I knew the man personally at the time ; I never saw a case in the least like it. He squandered nothing, and when a few weeks had passed, in which he seemed to realise the thing that had happened to him, he left the town unostentatiously, returned to England, and was lost to sight.

South Africans used to tell each other that no man who lived in the country long enough to learn the *Taal* would ever leave it for good. But that was not the South Africa of to-day. Since that saying was true, the vulgarity of war has broken the old spell and tainted the old memories ; there is no longer the year-long languor of quiet, the decent, easy prosperity, the sense of neighbourhood to the untrodden wild. A thousand little

claims endeared the land to the Afrikander, things trivial and familiar, fashions of speech, small amenities of intercourse, tiny details of daily traffic which grew upon one and anchored one. They have not survived that irruption of khaki and cockneyism which made history in 1899 and the two succeeding years; and the task of restoring them must be gradual and long.

There is, I gather, a scheme afoot for re-naming the Transvaal. It is suggested that it might be re-christened Kingsland. It needed only that.

The Nature of a Crime

By Ignatz von Aschendrof

II (*continued*)

The Deity is after all the supreme Artist—and the supreme quality of Art is surprise. Imagine then the feeling of the Deity towards some of those who most confidently enter his temples. Just imagine his attitude towards those who deal in the obvious platitudes that "honesty is the best policy," or "genius the capacity for taking pains." So for days the world appears to them. Then suddenly: honesty no longer pays; the creature, amassing with his infinite pains, data for his Great Work, is discovered to have produced a work of an Infinite Dulness. That is the all-suffering Deity manifesting himself to his worshippers. For assuredly a day comes when two added to two no longer results in four. That day will come on April 5 for Edward Burden.

After all he has done nothing to make two and two become four. He has not even checked his accounts: well: for some years now I have been doing as much as that. But with his *fiancée* it is different. She is a fair, slight girl with eyes that dilate under all sorts of emotion. In my office she appears not a confident worshipper but a rather frightened fawn led before an Anthropomorphic Deity. And, strangely enough, though young Burden who trusts me inspires me with a sardonic dislike, I felt myself saying to this poor little thing that faced me: "Why: I have wronged you!" And I regretted it.

She, you see, has after all given something towards a right to enjoy the Burden estates and the Burden wealth; she has given her fragile beauty, her amiability, her worship, no doubt; of the intolerable Edward. All this is payment in the proper coin: so she has in a sense a right. . . .

Good-night, dear one, I think *you* have it in your power—you *might* have it in your power—to atone to this little creature. To-morrow I will tell you why and how.

III

I wrote last night that you have something in your power. If you wished you could make me live on. I am confident that you will not wish it : for you will understand that capriciously or intolerably I am tired of living this life. I desire you so terribly that now, even the excitement of fooling Burden no longer hypnotises me into an acceptance of life without you. Frankly I am tired out. If I had to go on living any longer I should have to ask you to be mine in one form or other. With that and with my ability—for of course I have a great ability—I could go on fooling Burden for ever. I could restore : I could make sounder than ever it was that preposterous "going concern," the Burden Estate. Unless I like to let them, I think that the wife's solicitors will not discover what I have done. For, frankly, I have put myself out in this matter in order to be amusing to myself and ingenious. I have forged whole builder's estimates for repairs that were never executed : I have invented whole hosts of defaulting tenants. It has not latterly been for money that I have done this : it has been simply for the sheer amusement of looking at Edward Burden and saying to myself :

"Ah : you trust me, my sleek friend. Well . . ."

But indeed, I fancy that I am rich enough to be able to restore to them all that I have taken. And, looking at Edward Burden's little *fiancée*, I was almost tempted to set out upon that weary course of juggling. But I am at the end of my tether. I cannot live without you any longer. And I do not wish to ask you. Later I will tell you, or no—I will tell you now.

You see, my dear thing, it is a question of going one better. It would be easy enough to deceive your husband : it would be easier still to go away together. I think that neither you nor I have ever had any conscientious scruples. But, analysing the matter down to its very depths, I think we arrive at this, that without the motives for self-restraint that other people have we are anxious to show yet more self-restraint than they. We are doing a certain work not for payment but for sheer love of work. Do I make myself clear ? For myself I have a great pride in your image. I can say to myself : "Here is a woman : my complement. She has no respect for the law. She does not value what a respect for the law would bring her. Yet she remains purer than the purest of the makers of law." And I think it is the converse of that feeling that you have for me.

If you desire me to live on, I will live on : I am so swayed by you that if you desire me to break away from this ideal of

you, the breath of a command will send me round to your side.

I am ready to give my life for this Ideal : nay more, I am ready to sacrifice you to it, since I know that life for you will remain a very bitter thing. I know, a little, what renunciation means.

And I am asking you to bear it—for the sake of my ideal of you. For, assuredly, unless I can have you I must die—and I know that you will not ask me to have you. And I love you : and I bless you for it.

IV

I have just come in from *Tristan and Isolde.*

I had to hurry and be there for the first notes because you—my you—would, I felt, be sitting beside me as you have sat so often. That, of course, is passion—the passion that makes us unaccountable for our actions.

I found you naturally : but I found, too, something else. It has always a little puzzled me why we return to Tristan. There are passages in that thing as intolerable as anything in any of the Germanic master's scores. But we are held—simply by the idea of the love-philtre : it's that alone that interests us. We do not care about the initial amenities of Tristan and the prima-donna : we do not believe in Mark's psychologising : but, from the moment when those two dismal marionettes have drained unconsideringly the impossible cup, they become suddenly alive, and we see two human beings under the grip of a passion—acting as irrationally as I did when I promised my cabman five shillings to get me to the theatre in time for the opening bars.

It is, you see, the love-philtre that performs this miracle. It interests—it is real to us—because every human being knows what it is to act, irrationally under the stress of some passion or other. We are drawn along irresistibly : we commit the predestined follies or the predestined heroisms : the other side of our beings acts in contravention of all our rules of conduct or of intellect. Here, in Tristan, we see such madness justified with a concrete substance, a herb, a root. We see a vision of a state of mind in which morality no longer exists : We are given a respite, a rest : an interval in which no standard of conduct oppresses us. It is an idea of an appeal more universal than any other in which the tired imagination of humanity takes refuge.

The thought that somewhere in the world there should be something that I could give to you, or you to me, that would

relieve us each of all responsibility, would leave us free to do what we wish without the drag, of the thought of what we owe, to each other, to the world. And after all, what greater gift could one give to another? It would be the essential freedom. For assuredly, the philtre could do no more than put it into a man's power to do what he would do if he were let loose. He would not bring out more than he had in him: but he would fully and finally express himself.

Something unexpected has changed the current of my thoughts. Nothing can change their complexion which is governed not by what others do but by the action which I must face presently. And I don't know why I should use the word unexpected, unless because at the moment I was very far from expecting that sort of perplexity. The correct thing would have been to say that something natural has happened.

Perfectly natural. Asceticism is the last thing that one could expect from the Burdens. Alexander Burden, the father, was an exuberant millionaire, in no vulgar way of course; he was exuberant with restraint, not for show, with a magnificence which was for private satisfaction mainly. I am talking here of the ascetic temperament which is based on renunciation, not of mere simplicity of tastes, which is simply scorn for certain orders of sensations. There have been millionaires who have lived simply. There have been millionaires who have lived sordidly—but miserliness is one of the supreme forms of sensualism.

Poor Burden had a magnificent physique. The reserved abilities of generations of impoverished Burdens, starved for want of opportunities, matured in his immense success—and all their starved appetites too. But all the reserve quality of obscure Burdens has been exhausted in him. There was nothing to come to his son—who at most could have been a great match and is to-day looked upon in that light, I suppose by the relations of his future wife. I don't know in what light that young man looks upon himself. His time of trial is coming.

Yesterday at eight in the evening he came to see me I thought at first he wanted some money urgently. But very soon I reflected that he need not have looked so embarrassed in that case. He was mysteriously solemn in the preliminaries too. And presently I discovered that it was not money that he was in need of. It looked as though he had come, with that characteristic gravity of his—so unlike his father—to seek absolution at my hands. But that intention he judged more decorous, I suppose, to present to me as a case of conscience.

Of course it was the case of a girl—not his *fiancée*. At first

I thought he was in an ugly scrape. Nothing of the kind. The excellent creature who had accepted his protection for some two years past—how dull they must have seemed to her—was perhaps for that reason perfectly resigned to forego that advantage. At the same time she was not too proud to accept a certain provision, compensation—whatever you like to call it. I had never heard of anything so proper in my life. He need not have explained the matter to me at all. But evidently he had made up his mind to indulge in the luxury of a conscience.

To indulge that sort of conscience leads one almost as far as an indulged passion, only, I cannot help thinking, on a more sordid road. A luxury snatched from the fire is in a way purified, but to find this one he had gone apparently to the bottom of his heart. I don't charge him with a particularly odious degree of corruption, but I perceived clearly that what he wanted really was to project the sinful effect of that irregular connection—let us call it—into his regulated, reformed, I may say lawfully blessed state—for the sake of retrospective enjoyment, I suppose. This rather subtle, if unholy, appetite, he was pleased to call the voice of his conscience. I listened to his dialectic exercises till the great word that was sure to come out sooner or later was pronounced.

"It seems," said he, with every appearance of distress, "that from a strictly moral point of view I ought to make a clean breast of it to Annie."

I listened to him—and, by Heaven, listening to him I *do* feel like the Godhead of whom I have already written to you. You know, positively he said that at the very moment of his "fall" he had thought of what *I* should think of him. And I said :

"My good Edward, you are the most debauched person I have ever met."

His face fell, his soft lips dropped right down into a horseshoe. He had come to me as one of those bland optimists *would* go to his deity. He expected to be able to say : "I have sinned," and to be able to hear the deity say : "That's all right, your very frank confession does you infinite credit." His deity was, in fact, to find him some way out of his moral hole. I was to find him some genial excuse ; to make him feel good in his excellent digestion once more. That was, absolutely, his point of view, for at my brutal pronouncement he stuttered :

"But—but surely . . . the faults of youth . . . and surely there are plenty of others ? . . ."

I shook my head at him and panic was dropping out of his eyes : "Can't I marry Annie honourably ?" he quavered. I

took a sinister delight in turning the knife inside him. I was going to let him go anyhow : the sort of cat that I am always lets its mice go. (That mouse, by-the-by, has never again put in an appearance.)

"My dear fellow," I said, "does not your delicacy let you see the hole you put me into ? It's to my interest that you should not marry Miss Maloch and you ask me to advise you on the point."

His mouth dropped open : positively he had never considered that when he married I lost the confounded three hundred a year for administering the Burden Trust. I sat and smiled at him to give him plenty of time to let his mind agonise over his position.

"Oh, hang it," he said. . . . And his silly eyes rolled round my room looking for that Providence that he felt ought to intervene on his behalf. When they rested on me again I said :

"There, go away. Of course it's a fault of your youth. Of course every man that's fit to call himself a man has seduced a clergyman's daughter."

He said :

"Oh, but there was not anything common about it."

"No," I answered, "you had an uncommonly good time of it with your moral scruples. I envy you the capacity. You'll have a duller one with Miss Maloch, you know."

That was too much for him to take in, so he smoothed his hat.

"When you said I was . . . debauched . . . you were only laughing at me. That was hardly fair. I'm tremendously in earnest."

"You're only play-acting compared with me," I answered. He had the air of buttoning his coat after putting a cheque into his breast-pocket. He had got, you see, the cheque he expected —my applause of his successful seduction, my envy of his good fortune. That was what he had come for—and he had got it. He went away with it pretty barefacedly, but he stopped at the threshold to let drop :

"Of course if I had known you would have been offended by my having recourse to Annie's solicitors for the settlement . . ."

I told him that I was laughing at him about that too.

"It *was* the correct thing to do, you know," were the words he shut the door upon. The ass. . . .

The phrase of his—that he had thought of me at the moment of his fall gives you at once the measure of his respect for me. But it gave me much more. It gave me my cue : it put it into my head to say that he was debauched. And, indeed, that is debauchery. For it is the introduction of one's morals into

the management of one's appetites that make the indulgence of them debauchery. Had my friend Edward regarded his seduction as the thing he so much desired me to tell him that it was ; a thing of youth, high spirits—a thing we all do—had he so regarded it I could not really have called it debauchery. But—and this is the profound truth—the measure of debauchery is the amount of joy that we get from the indulgence of our appetites. And the measure of joy that we get is the amount of excitement : if it brings into play not only all our physical but all our moral nature then we have the crucial point beyond which no man can go. It isn't, in fact, the professional seducer, the artist in seduction that gets pleasure from the pursuit of his avocation, any more than it is the professional musician who gets thrills from the performance of music. You cannot figure to yourself the violinist, as he fiddles the most complicated passage of a concerto, when he really surmounts the difficulty by dint of using all his knowledge and all his skill—you cannot imagine him as thinking of his adviser, his mother, his God and all the other things that my young friend says he thought about. And it is the same with the professional seducer. He may do all that he knows to bring his object about—but that is not debauchery. It is, by comparison, a joyless occupation : it is drinking when you are thirsty. Putting it in terms of the most threadbare allegory—you cannot imagine that Adam got out of the fall the pleasure that Edward Burden got out of his bite of the apple.

But Edward Burden, whilst he shilly-shallied with " shall I ? " and " shan't I ? " could deliciously introduce into the matter *all* his human relationships. He could think of me, of his mother, of the fact that potentially he was casting to the winds the very cause for his existence. For assuredly, if an Edward Burden have a cause for existence it is that he should not, morally or physically, do anything that would unfit him to make a good marriage. So he had, along with what physical pleasure there might be, the immense excitement of staking his all along with the tremendous elation of the debate within himself that went before. For he was actually staking his all upon the chance that he could both take what he desired and afterwards reconcile it with his conscience to make a good match. Well : he has staked and won. That is the true debauchery. That, in a sense, is the compensating joy that Puritanism gets.

V

I have just come in. Again you will not guess from what! From choosing a motor-car with Burden and his *fiancée*. It seems incredible that I should be called upon to preside at these preparations for my own execution. I looked at hundreds of these shiny engines, with the monstrously inflated white wheels, and gave a half-amused—but I can assure you a half-interested—attention to my own case. For one out of these will one day—and soon now—be arrested in a long rush, by my extinction. In it there will be seated the two young people who went with me through the garages. They will sit in some sort of cushioned ease—the cushions will be green, or red, or blue in shiny leather. I think, however, that they will not be green—because Miss Maloch let slip to me, in a little flutter of shy confidence, the words: "Oh, don't let's have green, because it's an unlucky colour." Edward Burden, of course, suppressed her with a hurried whisper as if, in thus giving herself away to me, she must be committing a sin against the house of Burden.

That, naturally, is the Burden tradition: a Burden's wife must possess frailties: but she must feign perfection even to a trusted adviser of the family. She must not confess to superstitions. It was amusing, the small incident, because it was the very first attempt that little Miss Maloch has ever made to get near me. God knows what Edward may have made me appear to her: but I fancy that, whatever Edward may have said, she has pierced through that particular veil: she realises, with her intuition, that I am dangerous. She is alarmed and possibly fascinated because she feels that I am not "straight"—that I might, in fact, be a woman or a poet. Burden of course has never got beyond seeing that I dress better than he does and choose a dinner better than his uncle Darlington.

I came, of course, out of the motor-car ordeal with flying colours—on these lines. I lived, in fact, up to my character for being orthodox in the matter of comfort. I even suggested two little mirrors, like those which are so comforting to us all when we sit in hansom cabs. That struck Burden as being the height of ingenuity—and I know it proved to Miss Maloch, most finally, that I am dangerous, since no woman ever looks into those little mirrors without some small motive of coquetry. It was just after that that she said to me:

"Don't you think that the little measures on the tops of the new canisters are extravagant for China tea?"

That, of course, admitted me to the peculiar intimacy that

women allow to other women, or to poets, or to dangerous men. Edward, I know, dislikes the drinking of China tea because it is against the principle of supporting the British flag. But Miss Maloch, in her unequal battle with this youth of the classical features slightly vulgarised, called in me to show a sign of sympathy—to give, at least the flicker of the other side—of the woman, the poet, or the pessimist among men. She asked me, in fact, not to take up the cudgels to the extent of saying that China tea is the thing to drink—that would have been treason to Edward—but she desired that her instinct should be acknowledged to the extent of saying that the measures of canisters should be contrived to suit the one kind of tea as well as the other. In his blind sort of way Edward caught the challenge of the remark and his straight brows lowered a very little.

" If you don't have more than three pounds of China tea in the house for a year it won't matter about the measures," he said. " We never use more at Shackleton."

" But it makes the tea too strong, Edward," she said.

" Then you need not fill the measure," he answered.

" Oh, I wish," she said to me, " that you'd tell Edward not to make me make tea at all. I dread it. The servants do it so much better."

" So," I asked, " Edward has arranged everything down to the last detail ? "

Edward looked at me for approval and applause.

" You see, Annie has had so little experience, and I've had to look after my mother's house for years." His air said : " Yes ! You'll see our establishment will be run on the very best lines ! Don't you admire the way I'm taming her already ? "

I gave him, of course, a significant glance. Heaven knows why : for it is absolutely true that I am tired of appearing reliable—to Edward Burden or to any one in the world. What I want to do is simply to say to Edward Burden : " No, I don't at all admire your dragging down a little bundle of ideals and sentiments to your own fatted calf's level."

I suppose I have in me something of the poet. I can imagine that if I had to love or to marry this little Maloch girl I should try to find out what was her tiny vanity and I should minister to it. In some way I should discover from her that she considered herself charming, or discreet, or tasteful, or frivolous, beyond all her fellows. And, having discovered it, I should bend all my energies to giving her opportunities for displaying her charm, her discreetness or her coquetry. With a woman of a larger and finer mould—with you—I should no doubt bring into play my

own idealism. I should invest her with the attributes that I consider the most desirable in the world. But in either case I cannot figure myself dragging her down to my own social or material necessities.

That is what Edward Burden is doing for little Miss Maloch. I don't mean to say that he does not idealise her—but he sees her transfigured as the dispenser of his special brand of tea or the mother of the sort of child that he was. And that it seems to me is a very valid reason why women, if they were wise, should trust their fortunes cold-bloodedly and of set reason to the class of dangerous men that now allure them and that they flee from.

They flee from them, I am convinced, because they fear for their worldly material fortunes. They fear, that is to say, that the poet is not a stable man of business : they recognise that he is a gambler—and it seems to them that it is folly to trust to a gambler for life-long protection. In that they are perhaps right. But I think that no woman doubts her power to retain a man's affection—so that it is not to the reputation for matrimonial instability that the poet owes his disfavour—the fear in marriage. A woman lives, in short, to play with this particular fire, since to herself she says : " Here is a man who has broken the hearts of many women. I will essay the adventure of taming him." And, if she considers the adventure a dangerous one, that renders the contest only the more alluring, since at heart every women, like every poet, is a gambler. In this perhaps she is right.

But it seems to me that women make a great mistake in the value of the stakes they are ready to pay in order to enter this game. They will stake, that is to say, their relatively great coin—their sentimental lives ; but they hoard with closed fingers the threepenny bit which is the merely material future.

They prefer, that is to say, to be rendered the mere presiding geniuses of well-loaded boards. It is better, they think, to be a lady—which you will remember means philologically a " bread-cutter "—than to be an Ideal.

And in this they are obviously wrong. If a woman can achieve the obvious miracle of making a dangerous man stable in his affections she may well be confident that she can persuade him to turn his serious attention to the task of keeping a roof over her head. Certainly I know, if I were a woman, which of the two types of men I would choose. Upon the lowest basis it is better for all purposes of human contacts to be married to a good liar than to a bad one. For a lie is a figurative truth—and it is the poet who is the master of those illusions. Even in the matter of marital relations it is probable that the poet is as

faithful as the Edward Burdens of this world—only the Edward Burdens are more skilful at concealing from the rest of the world their pleasant vices. I doubt whether they are as skilful at concealing them from the woman concerned—from the woman, with her intuition, her power to seize fine shades of coolness and her awakened self-interest. I imagine the wife of Edward Burden saying to him : " You have deceived me ! " Imagine then the excellent youth crimsoning, stuttering. He has been taught all his life that truth must prevail though the skies fall—and he stammers : " Yes : I have betrayed you." And that is tragedy, though in the psychological sense—and that is the important one—Edward Burden may have been as faithful as the ravens who live for fifteen decades with the self-same mate. He will, in short, blunder into a tragic, false position. And he will make the tragedy only the more tragic in that all the intellectual powers that he may possess will be in the direction of perpetuating the dismal position. He will not be able to argue that he has not been unfaithful—but he will be able to find a hundred arguments for the miserable woman prolonging her life with him. Position, money, the interests of the children, the feelings of her family and of his—all these considerations will make him eloquent to urge her to prolong her misery. And probably she will prolong it.

This, of course, is due to the excellent Edward's lack of an instinctive sympathy. The poet, with a truer vision, will, in the same case, be able to face his Miss Maloch saying : " You have deceived me ! " with a different assurance. Supposing the deflection to have been of the momentary kind he will be able to deny with a good conscience since he will be aware of himself and his feelings. He will at least be able to put the case in its just light. Or, if the deflection be really temperamental, really permanent, he will be unable—it being his business to look at the deeper verities—to lie himself out of the matter. He will break, strictly and sharply. Or, if he do not, it may be taken as a sign that his Miss Maloch is still of value to him—that she, in fact, is still the woman that it is his desire to have for his companion. This is true of course, only in the large sense, since obviously there are poets whose reverence for position, the interest of children or for the feelings of their friends and relatives may outweigh their hatred of a false position. These, however, are poets in the sense that they write verses : I am speaking of those who live the poet's life ; to such, a false position is too intolerable to be long maintained.

But this again is only one of my innumerable side-issues :

let me return to my main contention that a dinner of herbs with a dangerous man is better than having to consume the flesh of stalled oxen with Edward Burden. Perhaps that is only a way of saying that you would have done better to entrust yourself to me than to— (But no, your husband is a better man than Edward Burden. He has at least had the courage to revert to his passion. I went this afternoon to your chemists and formally notified them that if they supplied him with more than the exactly prescribed quantity of that stuff, I, as holding your power of attorney, should do all that the law allows me to do against them.)

Even to the dullest of men, marrying is, for the most part, an imaginative act. I mean marrying as a step in life sanctioned by law, custom and that general consent of mankind which is the hall-mark of every irrational institution. By irrational I do not mean wrong or stupid. Marriage is august by the magnitude of the issues it involves, balancing peace and strife on the fine point of a natural impulse refined by the need of a tangible ideal. I am not speaking here of mere domestic peace or strife which for people that count are a question of manners and mode of life. And I am thinking of the peace mostly—the peace of the soul which yearns for some sort of certitude on this earth, the peace of the heart which yearns for conquest, the peace of the senses that dreads deception, the peace of the imaginative faculty which in its restless quest of a high place of rest is spurred on by these great desires and that great fear.

And even Edward Burden's imagination is moved by these very desires and by that fear—or else he would not have dreamt of marrying. I repeat, marriage is an imaginative institution. It's true that his imagination is a poor thing but it is genuine nevertheless. The faculty of which I speak is of one kind in all of us. Not to every one is given that depth of feeling, that faculty of absolute trust which *will not* be deceived, and the exulting masterfulness of the senses which are the marks of a fearless lover. Fearless lovers are rare, if obstinate, and sensual fools are countless as the grains of sand by the seashore. I can imagine that correct young man perfectly capable of setting himself deliberately to worry a distracted girl into surrender.

VI

I don't know why, to-night in particular, the fact that I am a dead man occurs to me very insistently. I had forgotten this for two whole days. If any one very dear to you has ever been *in extremis* at a distance and you have journeyed to be at the last

bedside, you will know how possible this is—how for hours at a time the mind will go wandering away from the main fact that is drawing you onwards, till suddenly it comes back : some one is dying at a distance. And I suppose that one's I is the nearest friend that one has—and my I is dying at a distance. At the end of a certain journey of days is the deathbed to which I am hurrying—it is a fact which I cannot grasp. But one aspect grows more clear to me every time that I return to this subject.

You remember that, when we have discussed suicide, we have agreed that to the man of action death is a solution : to the man of thoughts it is none. For the man of action expresses himself in action and death is the negation of action : the man of thought sees the world only in thoughts and over thought death exercises no solution of continuity. If one dies one's actions cease, one's problem continues. For that reason it is only in so far as I am a man of action that I shall be dying. You understand what I mean—for I do not mean that it is my actions that have killed me : it is simply because I have taken refuge from my thoughts in action, and because after May 5 that refuge will be closed to me, that I take refuge in a final action which, properly speaking, is neither action nor refuge.

And perhaps I am no man of action at all, since the action in which I have taken refuge is properly speaking no action at all, but merely the expression of a frame of mind. I have gambled, that is to say : I have not speculated. For the speculator acts for gain : the gambler in order to interest himself. . . . I have gambled—to escape from you : I have tried to escape from my thoughts of you into divining the undivinable future. For that is what gambling is. You try for a rise : you try for a fall —and the rise or the fall may depend on the momentary madness of a dozen men who declare a war, or upon the rain from heaven which causes so many more stalks of wheat to arise upon so many million square inches of the earth. The point is that you make yourself dependent upon caprice—upon the caprice of the weather or upon the movements in the minds of men more insane than yourself.

To-day I have entered upon what is the biggest gamble of my whole life. Certain men who believe in me—they are not Edward Burdens, nevertheless they believe in me—have proposed to me to form a corner in a certain article that is indispensable to the daily life of the City. I do not tell you what it is because you will assuredly witness the effects of this inspiration.

You will say that, when this is accomplished, it will be utterly uninteresting. And that is literally true : when it is

done it will be uninteresting. But in the multiplicity of things that will have to be done before the whole thing is done—in the waiting for things to take effect, in the failures perhaps more than in the successes, since the failures will imply new devisings—in all the meticulous thought-readings that will be necessary, the interest will lie, and in the men with whom one is brought into contact, the men with whom one struggles, the men whom one must bribe or trick.

And you will say: How can I who am to die in fourteen days embark upon an enterprise that will last many months or many years? That, I think, is very simple.

It is my protest against being called a man of action, the misconception that I have had to resent all my life. And this is a thought: not an action: a thought made up of an almost infinite number of erring calculations. You have probably forgotten that I have founded two towns, upon the south coast: originated four railways in tropical climates and one in the West of England: and opened up heaven knows how many mines of one kind and another—and upon my soul I had forgotten these things too until I began to cast about in my mind. And now I go to my death unmindful of these glories in so far as they are concrete. In that sense my death is utter: it is a solution. But, in so far as they are my refuges from you they remain problems to which, if my ghost is to escape you, I must return again and again.

In dying I surrender to you and thus, for the inner self of myself, death is no ending but the commencement of who knows what tortures. It is only in the latent hope that death is the negation of consciousness that I shall take my life. For death, though it can very certainly end no problem, may at least make us unconscious of how, eventually, the problem solves itself. That, you see, is really the crux of the whole thing—that is why the man of action will take refuge in death: the man of thought, never. But I, I am the man of neither the one nor the other: I am the man of love, which partakes of action and of thought, but which is neither.

The lover is, perhaps, the eternal doubter—simply because there is no certain panacea for love. Travel may cure it—but travel may cause to arise homesickness, which of all forms of love is the most terrible. To mix with many other men may cure it—but again, to the man who really loves it may be a cause for a still more terrible unrest, since seeing other men and women may set one always comparing the beloved object with the same thing. And, indeed, the form that it takes with me—for with me love takes the form of a desire to discuss—the form that it takes with

me renders each thing that I see, each man with whom I speak, the more torturing, since always I desire to adjust my thoughts of them by your thoughts. I went down the other day—before I had begun to write these letters to you and before I knew that Death impended so nearly over me—to the sea at P——. I was trying to get rid of you. I sat in the moonlight and saw the smacks come home, visible for a minute in the track of the moon and then no more than their lights in the darkness.

The fishermen talked of death by drowning mostly : the passage of the boats across that trail of light suggested reflections, no doubt trite. But, without you to set my thoughts by, I could get no more forward : I went round and round in a ring from the corpses fished up in the nets to the track of the moon. And since walking up and down on the parade brought me no nearer to you, I did not even care to move : I neither meditated nor walked, neither thought nor acted. And that is real torture.

It was on the next morning that I heard that young Burden desired that his *fiancée's* solicitors should scrutinise the accounts of the Burden Trust—and Death loomed up before me.

You will ask : Why Death ? Why not some alternative ? Flight or prison ? Well : prison would mean an unendurable travelling through Time, flight an equally unendurable travelling through Time with Space added. Both these things are familiar : Death alone, in spite of all the experience that humanity has had of Death, is the utterly unfamiliar. For a gambler it is a *coup* alluring beyond belief—as we know neither what we stake nor what we stand to win. I, personally, stand to win a great deal, since Life holds nothing for me and I stake only my life—and what I seek is only forgetfulness of you, or some sort of eventual and incomprehensible union with you. For the union with you that I seek is a queer sort of thing ; hardly at all, I think, a union of the body, but a sort of consciousness of our thoughts proceeding onwards together. That we may find in the unending Afterwards. Or we may find the Herb Oblivion.

Either of these things I desire. For, in so far as we can dogmatise about Death we may lay it down that Death is the negation of Action but is powerless against Thought. I do not desire Action : and at the same time I do not fear Thought. For it is not my thoughts of you that I fear : left alone with them I can say : " What is she more than any other material object ? " It is my feelings that wear out my brain—my feelings that make me know that you are more than every material object living or still, and more than every faith dead or surviving. For feeling is neither Thought nor Action : it is the very stuff of Life itself.

And, if Death be the negation of life it may well be the end of consciousness.

The worst that Death can do to me is to deliver me up for ever to unsatisfied longings for you. Well, that is all that Life has done, that is all that Life can do, for me.

But Life can do so much more that is worse. Believe me when I say that I dread imprisonment—and believe me when I say that I do not dread disgrace. For you know very well that it is true when I say that I positively chuckle at the thought of the shock my fall would give to all these unawakened intelligences of this world. You know how I despise Edward Burden for trusting in me; you know how I have always despised other people who trusted in established reputations. I don't mean to say that I should not have liked to keep the game up; certainly I should, since in gambling it is more desirable to win than to lose. And it is more amusing to fool fools than to give them eye-openers. But I think that, in gambling, it is only a shade less desirable, *per se*, to lose than to win. The main point is the sensation of either; and the only valid objection to losing is that, if one loses too often, one has at last no longer the wherewithal to gamble. Similarly, to give people eye-openers is, *per se*, nearly as desirable as to fool them. It is not *quite* so desirable, since the game itself *is* the fooling. But the great objection in *my* case is that the eye-opener would once and for all put an end to the chance of my ever fooling them again.

That, however, is a very small matter and what I dread is not that. If people no longer trusted me I could still no doubt find an outlet for my energies with those who sought to take advantage of my abilities trusting to themselves to wrest from me a sufficient share of the plunder that they so ardently desire, that I so really have no use for.

No, I seek in Death a refuge from exposure not because exposure would cripple my energies: it would probably help them: and not because exposure would mean disgrace; I should probably find ironical satisfaction in it—but simply because it would mean imprisonment. That I dread beyond belief: I clench my fingers when, in conversation, I hear the words: "A long sentence." For that would mean my being delivered up for a long time—for ever—to you. I write "for ever" advisedly and after reflection, since a long subjection, without relief, to that strain would leave upon my brain a wound that must prove ineffaceable. For to be alone and to think—those are my terrors.

One reads that men who have been condemned for long

years to solitary imprisonment go mad. But I think that even that sad gift from Omnipotent Fate would not be mine. As I figure the world to myself, Fate is terrible only to those who surrender to her. If I surrendered, to the extent of living to go to prison, then assuredly the future must be uniformly heavy, uniformly doomed, in my eyes. For I would as soon be mad as anything else that I can think of. But I should not go mad. Men go mad because of the opportunities they miss : because the world changes outside their prison walls, or because their children starve. But I have no opportunities to miss or to take : the changes of the world to me are nothing, and there is no soul between whom and starvation I could stand.

Whilst I am about making this final disposition of my properties—let me tell you finally what I have done in regard to your husband himself. It is a fact—and this I have been keeping up my sleeve as a final surprise for you—that he is almost cured. . . .

But I have just received an incomprehensible note from Edward Burden. He asks me for some particulars as to his confounded estate and whether I can lend him some thousands of pounds at short notice. Heaven knows what new scrape this is that he's in. Of course this may precipitate *my* crash. But, whatever happens, I shall find time to write my final words to you—and nothing else really matters. . . .

VII

I haven't yet discovered what Edward Burden is doing. I have found him a good round sum upon mortgage—the irony of the position being that the money is actually his own whilst the mortgage does not actually exist. He says that what he is doing with the money will please me. I suppose that means that he's embarking upon some sort of speculation which he imagines that I would favour. It is odd that he should think that I find gratification in his imitating myself.

But why should I concern myself with this thing at all ? Nothing in the world can ever please or displease me any more For I have taken my resolve ; this is my last night on earth. When I lay down this pen again, I shall never take up any pen more. For I have said all that I can say to you. I am utterly tired out. To-night I shall make up into a parcel all these letters—I must sit through the night because it is only to-morrow morning that I shall be able to register the parcel to you—and registering it will be my last act upon the habitable globe.

For biting through the glass in the ring will be not an action, but the commencement of a new train of thought. Or perhaps only my final action will come to an end when you read these words in Rome. Or will that be only thought—the part of me that lives—pleading to you to give your thoughts for company. I feel too tired to think the matter out. Do you consider the problem for me : finishing with your serene wisdom this, the last of our colloquies.

Let me, then, finish with this earth : I told you when I finished writing last night, that Robert is almost cured. I would not have told you this for the sake of arrogating to myself the position of a saviour. But I imagine that you would like the cure to go on and, in the case of some accident after my death, it might go all to pieces once more. Quite simply then : I have been doing two things. In the first place I have persuaded your chemists to reduce very gradually the strength of the chloral, so that at present the bottles contain nearly half water. And Robert perceives no difference. Now of course it is very important that he should not know of the trick that is being so beneficently played on him—so that, in case he should go away or for one reason or another change his chemist, it must be carefully seen to that instead of the pure chloral he obtains the exactly diluted mixture. In this way he may be brought gradually to drinking almost pure water.

But that alone would hardly be satisfactory : a comparatively involuntary cure is of little value in comparison with an effort of the will. You may, conceivably, expel nature with a fork—but nothing but a passion will expel a passion. The only point to be proved is whether there exists in your husband any other passion for the sake of which he might abandon his passion for the clearness of vision which he always says his chloral gives him. He has not, of course, the incentives usual to men : you cannot, in fact, " get " him along any ordinary lines. . . . But, apart from his physical craving for the drug he *has* that passion for clearness of intellect that he says the drug gives him—and it is through that that, at last, I have managed to hit his pride.

For I have put it to him very strongly that one view of life is just as good as another—no better, no worse, but just the same. And I have put it to him that his use of chloral simply limits for him the number of views of life that he might conceivably have. And, when you come to think of all the rhapsodies of his that we have listened to, I think that that piece of special pleading is sufficiently justified. I do indeed honestly believe that, for what it is worth, he is on the road to salvation. He means to

make a struggle—to attempt the great feat of once more seeing life with the eyes that Fate originally gave to him.

This is my legacy to *you:* if you ask me why I have presented you with this man's new identity—since it *will* mean a new identity—I must answer that I simply don't know. Why have we kept him alive for all these years? I have done it no doubt because I had nothing to give you. But you? If you have loved me you must have wished him—I won't say dead—but no more there. Yet you have tried too—and I suppose this answer to the riddle is simply the answer to the whole riddle of our life. We have tried to play a supremely difficult game simply because it sanctified our love. For, after all, sanctification arises from difficulties. Well, we have made our way very strait and we have so narrowed our door of entrance that it has vanished altogether. We have never had *any* hope of a solution that could have satisfied us. If we had cared to break the rules of the game, I suppose we could have done it easily enough—and we could have done it the more easily since neither you nor I ever subscribed to those rules. If we have not it was, I think, simply because we sought the difficulty which sanctifies. . . . Has it been a very imbecile proceeding? I am very uncertain. For it is not a thing to be very proud of—to be able to say that, for a whole lifetime, one has abstained from that which one most desired. On the other hand, we have won a curious and difficult game. Well—there it is—and there is your legacy. I do not think that there is anything else for me to write about. You will see that, in my will, I have left everything I possess to—Edward Burden. This is not because I wish to make him reparation, and it's not because I wish to avoid scandal; it is simply because it may show him—one very simple thing. It will show him how very nearly I might have made things come right. I have been balancing my accounts very nearly, and I find that, reckoning things very reasonably against myself, Edward Burden will have a five-pound note with which to buy himself a mourning-ring.

The being forced to attend to my accounts will make him gasp a good deal. It will certainly shake his belief in all accepted reputations—for he will look on the faces of many men each "as solid as the Bank of England," and he will think: "I wonder if you are like ——?" His whole world will crumble—not because I have been dishonest, since he is cold-blooded enough to believe that all men may be dishonest. But he will tremble because I have been able to be so wildly dishonest and yet to be so successfully respectable. He won't ever dare to "expose" me, since, if he did that, half of the shares which he

will inherit from me would suffer an eclipse of disreputability, would tumble to nothingness in value—and would damage his poor pocket. He will have to have my estate set down at a high figure; he will have to be congratulated on his fortunate inheritance, and he will have, sedulously, to compound my felony.

You will wonder how I can be capable of this final cruelty—the most cruel thing that, perhaps, ever one man did to another. I will tell you why it is: it is because I hate all the Edward Burdens of the world—because, being the eternal Haves of the world, they have made their idiotic rules of the game. And you and I suffer: you and I, the eternal Have Nots. And we suffer, not because their rules tired us, but because, being the finer spirits, we are forced to set to ourselves rules that are still more strict in order that, in all things, we may be the truly gallant.

But why do I write: "You will wonder how I can be capable of this." You will have understood—you who understand everything.

* * * * * * *

Eight in the morning.—Well: now we part. I am going to register the parcel containing all these letters to you. We part: and it is as if you were dropping back—the lost Eurydice of the world—into an utter blackness. For, in a minute, you will be no more than part of my past. Well then: good-night.

VIII

You will have got the telegram I sent you long before you got the parcel of letters: you will have got the note I wrote you by the same post as the letters themselves. If I have taken these three days to myself before again writing to you it has been because I have needed to recover my powers of thinking. Now, in a way, I have recovered them—and it is only fair to say that I have devoted all my thoughts to how the new situation affects you—and you in your relations to me.

It places me in your hands—let that be written first and foremost. You have to decree my life or my death. For I take it that now we can never get back into our old position: I have spoken, you have heard me speak. The singular unity, the silence of our old life is done with for good. There is perhaps no reason why this should not be so: silence is no necessary part of our relationship. But it has seemed to make a rather exquisite bond between us.

It must, if I am to continue to live—it must be replaced by some other bond. In our silence we have seemed to speak in all

sorts of strange ways : we have perhaps read each other's thoughts, I have seen words form themselves upon your lips. But now you must—there is no way out of it—you *must* write to me. You must write to me fully : all your thoughts. You must, as I have done, find the means of speech—or I can no longer live. . . .

I am reprieved !

I don't know if, in my note to you, I explained exactly what had happened. It was in this way. I was anxious to be done with my world very early and, as soon as eight o'clock struck I set out for the post office at the corner to register that parcel of letters for you. Till the task was accomplished—the last I was to perform on earth—I noticed nothing : I was simply in a hurry. But, having given the little fagot into the hands of a sleepy girl, I said to myself suddenly, " Now I *am* dead ! " I began suddenly, as they say of young children, to " notice." A weight that I had never felt before seemed to fall away from me. I noticed, precisely, that the girl clerk was sleepy, that, as she reached up one hand to take the parcel over the brass caging, she placed the other over her mouth to hide a yawn.

And out on the pavement it was most curious what had befallen the world. It had lost all interest : but it had become fascinating, vivid. I had not, you see, any senses left, but my eyesight and hearing. Vivid : that is the word. I watched a newsboy throw his papers down an area and it appeared wonderfully interesting to discover that *that* was how one's papers got into the house. I watched a milkman go up some doorsteps to put a can of milk beside a boot-scraper and I was wonderfully interested to see a black cat follow him. They were the clearest moments I have ever spent upon the earth—those when I was dead. They were so clear because nothing else weighed in my attention but just those little things. It was an extraordinary, a luxuriant feeling. That, I imagine, must have been how Adam and Eve felt before they had eaten of the fruit of knowledge.

Supposing I had not tacitly arranged with myself that I would die in the chair I always sit in—supposing I had arranged to die in the street, I think I should have still walked home simply to dally longer with that delightful feeling of sheer curiosity. For it was sheer curiosity to see how this world, which I had never looked at, really performed before utterly unbiased eyes.

That was why, when I got home, I sent away the messenger that brought to me Edward Burden's letters ; there was to be no answer. Whatever Burden's query might be I was not going to commit myself to any other act. My last was that of sending off the parcel to you.

My opening Burden's letter when the messenger had gone was simply a part of my general curiosity. I wanted to see how a Burden letter would look when it no longer had any bearings at all for me. It was as if I were going to read a letter from that dear Edward to a man I did not know upon a subject of which I had never heard. I should be able to look at it absolutely impersonally.

And then I was reprieved!

The good Edward, imagining that I was seriously hurt at his having proposed to allow his wife's solicitors to superintend my stewardship—the good Edward in his concern had positively insisted that all the deeds should be returned to me absolutely unchecked. He said that he had had a hard fight for it and that the few thousands that he had borrowed from me had represented his settlement, which he had thus paid in specie. . . .

It chimed in very wonderfully with his character, when I come to think of it. Of course he was disciplining Miss Maloch's representatives just as he had disciplined herself in the matter of the China tea of which I have written to you. And he had imagined that I was seriously hurt! Can you figure to yourself such an imbecile?

But, if you permit me to continue to live, you will be saving that poor fool from the great shock I had prepared for him—the avalanche of discovery, the earthquake of uncertainty. For he says in that so kind way of his, that, having thus shown his entire confidence in me—in the fact, that is, that Providence is on the side of all Burdens—he will choose a time in the future, convenient for me, when he will go thoroughly with me into all his accounts. And inasmuch as his wedding tour will take him all round the world I have at least a year in which to set things straight. And of course I can put off his scrutiny indefinitely or deceive him for ever.

I did not think all these things at once. In fact, when I had read his letter, so strong within me was the feeling that it was only a mental phenomenon, a thing that had no relation with me—the feeling of finality was so strong upon me that I actually found myself sitting in that chair before I realised what had occurred.

What had occurred was that I had become utterly and for good your property.

In that sense only am I reprieved. As far as Edward Burden is concerned I am entirely saved. I stand before you and ask you to turn your thumb up or down. For, having spoken as I have to you, I have given you a right over me. Now that the

pressing necessity for my death is over I have to ask you whether I shall plunge into new adventures that will lead me to death or whether I am to find some medium in which we may lead a life of our own, in some way together. I was about to take my life to avoid prison : now prison is no more a part of my scheme of existence. But I must now either have some means of working towards you or I must run some new and wild risk to push you out of my thoughts. I don't, as you know, ask you to be my secret mistress : I don't ask you to elope with me. But I say that you *must* belong to me as much in thought as I have, in this parcel of letters, been revealed and given over to you. Otherwise, I must once more gamble—and having tasted of gambling in the shadow of death, I must gamble for ever in that way. I must, I mean, feel that I am coming towards you or committing crimes that I may forget you.

My dear, I am a very tired man. If you knew what it was to long for you as I have longed for all these years, you would wonder that I did not, sitting in that chair, put the ring up to my teeth, in spite of Burden's letter, and end it. I have an irresistible longing for rest—or perhaps it is only for your support. To think that I must face for ever—or for as long as it lasts—this troublesome excitement of avoiding thoughts of you—that was almost unbearable. I resisted because I had written these letters to you. I love you and I know you love me—yet without them I would have inflicted upon you the wound of my death. Having written them I cannot face the cruelty to you. I mean that, if I had died without your knowing why, it would have been only a death grievous to you—still it is the duty of humanity and of you with humanity to bear and to forget deaths. But now that you must know, I could not face the cruelty of filling you with the pain of unmerited remorse. For I know that you would have felt remorse, and it would have been unmerited since I gave you no chance or any time to stretch out your hands to me. Now I give it you and wait for your verdict.

For the definite alternatives are these : I will put Burden's estate absolutely clear within the year and work out, in order to make sober money, the new and comparatively stable scheme of which I have written to you : that I will do if you will consent to be mine to the extent of sharing our thoughts alone. Or, if you will not, I will continue to gamble more wildly than ever with the Burden money. And that in the end means death and a refuge from you.

So then, I stand reprieved—and the final verdict is in your hands.

An Experience

By Gertrude Bone

I love the Lord because my voice
  And prayers He did hear.
I, while I live, will call on Him
  Who bow'd to me His ear.

Of Death the cords and sorrows did
  About me compass round ;
The pains of hell took hold on me,
  I grief and trouble found.

Upon the name of God the Lord
  Then did I call, and say,
Deliver Thou my soul, O Lord,
  I do Thee humbly pray.

God merciful and righteous is,
  Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek ; I was brought low :
  He did me help afford.

O thou my soul, do thou return
  Unto thy quiet rest ;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
  His bounty hath exprest.

It is not as the revelation of a soul that these pages are written (there is no soul that has ever been uncovered to the eyes of men, nor would be to God's, were it not for His constraint), but solely as an "Experience," in which bygone word is bound up a meaning of selection, matter recovered, as it were, from a drift of superfluities, its only test of virtue being, that to oneself it has been, or is, vital, animating, interesting.

On a day when quite early the denuded topmost branches of the trees are blanched against the profound blue of the sky, and the shrill air seems to vibrate with the calls of the birds and the grass to quiver with the passage of the insects, when everything is in full life, vivid, tense ; then, from no one knows where, soft white clouds float in succession within the blue, seeming to embody themselves before one's actual sight, everywhere, coming to the moment, like accusers to the unwary, or guardians

maybe to the innocent. That is how this experience suddenly became embodied before me, foolishly unaware.

It had happened to me to have passed through youth, to have reached the point at which recollection becomes memory and one becomes adult, to have stood within reach of stress and hardship, to have endured the anguish of the final hour of bereavement, yet never to have looked on the intolerable spectacle of Death.

I remember, even to the laughter of my baby, every detail of the endless summer's day, when, without the falling of any shadow or cooling of the heat, I first became aware of his thrust against me.

We were setting out to gather wild flowers before the hay was cut. The sunshine was suffusing everything—the sky pouring it down, the whitened fields radiating it, the air saturated and heavy with it. The long ripe hay was soundless and unstirred. The pale uplands reflected the clouds like a lake and the shepherds lay face downwards in the windless heat on the hills. The earth seemed to be stationary in eternal sunshine.

We took our cans and went out for the flowers. The postman met me at the door and gave me a letter.

"Wait until I've read this," I called, and they stayed at the door. It was written by my father, tranquil, even cheerful. "He had learnt that he had but a short time to live; not much pain yet, but later mortal anguish; no one must grieve for him; One is greater than we are; 'I have all things and abound.'" My baby climbed on to my knee to rub away the tears of bewilderment. He began to cry too, so we laughed to comfort him—lamentable laughter—and took him out to gather the flowers, still unwithered. The heat had driven every one indoors but the shepherds, and there was no one to be seen as we climbed the Downs in that terrible sunshine, I, weeping the feeble tears of a sick woman, my baby laughing as he dragged his little windmill over the rough road. Some one among us found a new flower. "Isn't it vervain?" "Wasn't vervain supposed to be a remedy for the King's evil?" "A remedy? Is there then no remedy to cure *this* sickness or to heal hearts that are bruised?" At night I went out alone into the summer evening in the bitter hour of twilight and thought what this meant.

To the oldest and most accustomed affection there was fixed then its duration. A period was set—to be awaited and expected—to the most stable affection the world had given me. The sense of the strongest and most protecting presence I knew was to be withdrawn. During the whole of my life I recall no

moment in which I was necessary to my father, nothing that he ever needed which I alone could do. His strength was always more than mine, his courage higher, his joy stronger. Now, when his weakness might be helped and his pain softened, I must be separated from him. Even my words failed me. All I could give him then, as it was all I could ever give him, was a certain capacity for loyalty which is rooted in my nature. There was no expression of it possible, but he knew, he understood, and sent me messages.

My brother then went and I was left—unable to travel, my father unable to come to me. The others watched his exhausted but gallant journey. Each day of the unbroken sunshine I waited and lived for the letter that came.

"He is wonderful. He has never even groaned. He forgets nothing and no one. He has never once omitted to thank for any service we do for him. He allows us to write to his friends; to the poor people he sits up to write himself lest they should feel overlooked. A poor woman came to see him when he lay almost past speech. His lips moved, 'See that she has money given her for her fare home.' The doctors say that he is in the greatest anguish. He never groans or stirs. 'I have all things and abound,' he whispers."

There was no respite. Every day the letters grew shorter. The agony never ceased. His strength was wrung from him cruelly and with the extreme of slowness. He wrote with difficulty a few lines to me.

"With mercy and with judgment
My web of life He wove."

Then the letters slowly drew away from hope.

"No, there is nothing you can do or send. There is nothing even we can do. We can only wait. He fears the night."

All that night I lay awake praying in vain, "O God, let this night be short," and in the morning I had another letter.

"To-day the glass of water fell from his hand," and at that my heart let go its last hope. O merciful God, then, then, at last it was I who feared the morning.

Was this then, this ebbing and end of hope, what Death meant? Was this what was endured every hour, in every corner of the world? All day in the company of my broken spirit was the imagination of a world void of his strengthening presence. Yet that night, for the first time for many weeks, I slept in forgetfulness of the shadow, and it seemed as though in the quiescence of sleep my mind had been quickened into

an intense expectation; not as though I had awakened even in spirit, but as though through the trance of sleep I had become aware of entering a churchyard in the sunshine. How I was conscious with this precision I cannot tell, for I saw no graves, nor head-stones, nor any building; only a level green space filled with sunshine. Yet here, I knew, was a sacred enclosure. I felt within this quiet place, so emptied of animation, the serenity and safety of the Dead and the influence and domination of a Temple. As I remained standing, wrought upon, as it seemed, by the blitheness of the sunlight, my feet appeared to be directed towards a path, though I saw none, nor was the grass in any place trodden; yet it seemed a way over which many had travelled, for I followed it with certainty, even with gaiety, until I reached a lighted place which had the semblance of a doorway. Here, as I paused before the prohibition which it set, were flowers, climbing, twisting, wreathing themselves about it, lighting the untroubled shadow with colour and splendour such as I had never seen in the world before, moving by excess of their own life and not by any wind of heaven, giving such a sensation of life, prodigal, exuberant, sufficient, that I felt a sudden leap of my spirit towards joy, and I became aware of a conversation and an authoritative voice which named the flowers—" Morning Glories." " The flowers of Paradise," I said with rapture and awoke in hope though I knew there was none.

That morning I had a letter beyond whose first words I did not read. " It is all over now and the great good man lies at rest." And then in my fear of Death, I found that it was not the heedless still figure that I feared, but its disappearance. When the last letter came I fell prostrate, without hope, without succour.

" We left him in the churchyard in the sunshine. We sang over him the hymn he liked best,

" ' My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine.' "

All that I saw was his great strength sapped slowly and with agony, his brightness and beauty stripped from him, the labour he spent himself for, stopped, and himself discharged before his time.

That night then I received the bitter possession of one near to me Dead. It was as if I too had received mortal hurt. I looked out at the courageous stars steadfast and deep in the element under which for the first time my Dead was lying, beyond possibility of help or recovery and beyond complaint,

since this was the heavy inheritance of all men. The unvarying variety of this deed of death in no way appeased the resentment, the questioning. But to endure was from of old the honourable way. So much of one's own life torn out of one's heart and buried in one grave among thousands. The others had endured and I the thousandth could not cry out. The stars were there, and the summer, with its windless night and silent trees, lay untroubled without, and in the midst of that serenity lay my father, as serene and painless as they. "The great good man lies at rest." The one thing possible to do, if doing would avail, would be to cut off remembrance sharp, as death had severed life. Let me take then these things that remind and recall, and setting them in order, bury these also with the face, the eyes, the lips that will respond no more.

The winter passed and the springtime came, the season in which one's heart most bitterly laments the Dead. Walking on the high floor of the Downs, with a courageous wind blowing in from the sea like a good spirit, my thoughts sought about for a companion. "With what buoyancy my father would walk here. How gaily and brightly we should travel," and then as if the earth had given way beneath me, I remembered the darkened house, the churchyard and the Dead.

One day in springtime, a day when the birds were sending long calls over the fields, and the light through the haze seemed to collect and settle in selected spots as if it were exhaled from the earth, I stood observing a ploughed field like the shaggy coat of a friendly animal winter-roughened. From this broken earth the larks rose singing and the plough which had torn its sods apart lay upon it.

The furrows lay in patient order with one side turned towards the sun. I recalled the epitaph, "O earth! lie lightly upon Glaucus, he weighed but lightly upon thee," and as I watched the soft, lighted rows lying like a covering, I was in love with the earth, and perceived not only its surface, but its depth, its safety, its fruitful heat, lying upon the Dead lightly, deep and steady as the sea. Like a rough mother toiling all day, yet never too heavy-laden to take a child on her knees and still its fret.

"It is to this," I said, "to the kind healing of Nature, the great calm of the sky and stars, the courage of the hills, the perennial joys of Spring, and the returning fruition of the earth that I must look. Hence springs repose of spirit. For the first time I saw beyond the grave to the earth which goes on with its pleasure as well as its pain.

AN EXPERIENCE

I said I had forgotten; I said I had buried; but pain which is as fruitful as joy, grew underground. At times it thrust upwards a shoot, but I cut it off. I said, "It is not there, it is not alive. I am happy in the love of the living, in the world of people about me." But one day in summer, on a Sunday morning, when I was sitting by the resting sea, this weed of Death shot upwards again, branch, flower and fruit, and I could see the havoc it had wrought. Why, with the love of those so near, of my own veritable flesh, should this old accustomed love be so terrible in the breaking? As I thought, it seemed that this pain of Death was the one in all the world which might not be set aside without assuagement and I took it up again in heaviness to look at it.

We walked from the sea to a place where the Downs fell from their height to a hollow in which was a little Saxon church. The sheep-bells without, accented the chanting from within, and, looking into the valley, we could see where the Dead were lying gathered round the church, the most enduring thing in their short sojourn. Was this a parable then? Was the faith which the church embodied, the faith in which my father died, the place to draw near with one's Dead? I tried to recall what I knew of this faith. I took a Bible and sat down to read. Accustomed words, meaning nothing. Obviously it was not here that I must look. A faith that had for me no savour of meaning, could not heal, could not save. The pain and the necessity of Death still ached at my heart.

One day, late in the year, again on Sunday, the desire to be near some one who believed as my father believed came so powerfully upon me that, fatigued though I was by walking, I went into a church in the country. I remember the disappointed moment when I opened the door. Sheaves of corn, fruit, flowers—a harvest festival. Nothing could be here in the midst of this ordered rejoicing that had to do with me or my need. But it was a quiet place. I remained. I heard listlessly. I turned at the sermon to the psalm of harvest.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Then, by the arresting of all my thoughts, by the sudden stilling of all the tumult of my mind, I knew that at last, not from within, but from without, a Voice had spoken, and I, by constraint of good manners which forbade me to leave the building, and by the need of my soul to hear more of that Voice, sat with quiet heart to listen.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God."

There was then for me in religion no comfort, no invitation to rest, no assurance of peace, but an unloving command.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God."

I cast about to escape this bondage. Why, with this need and pain, must I be distressed still more? Was it the desire of escaping from the misery, or of escaping from the command, which urged me to ask direction from the man who spoke the message?

Kind, wise, just, but no turning aside from the command!

"Go to God, not to me."

"I cannot move, I am bound hand and foot."

"He healed impotent folk also."

"How can I? I have no sense that perceives Him."

"It is a Venture. Venture then without perceiving."

"It is impossible."

"No, not impossible, if you let God have the glory."

I did not understand, but again, insistent, not to be gainsaid, was God forced upon me.

"I cannot go to God."

"It is necessary."

Then at the strength of the power that rose up in me to resist, I knew that at the bottom of all things, beyond even my own acknowledgment, I was afraid of God.

Again, "You are not willing? It is possible to be made willing."

Ah! here is half a hope. "I want peace. I need rest. Make me, O God, willing to be led in the way of them." I said it and began to fear, but I said it again.

"Make me willing to draw near to Thee."

"Ask for the Holy Spirit who alone can avail."

"I do not understand."

"There is no need to understand. Ask! If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more your Father."

I went away neither understanding, seeing, nor feeling. I was not willing to come near God. His power terrified me. His compulsion filled me with anger. Why should I, who had not asked or sought Him, be seized in so mighty a grasp and forced step by step, unwilling and fearing, into this darkness? I turned about to make terms. I offered Love.

"Do I need thy love?"

"I will give service."

"*Canst* thou?"

"Intelligence."

"That also is in My Hand."

"What then?"

With a strong Hand He laid hold on my will, on myself.

"This alone of all gifts I will take," and my heart sprang up from its lowliness.

"Ah! *that is mine!*" I replied, and He withdrew.

I was alone in the darkness with my possession. Was it then that all my trouble was not want of faith or love or the heavy judgment of God upon me, but just the old ignoble pain of disobedience? Then I found that in shaking off the grasp of God I had loosed my hold again and utterly of hope, which had made the darkness not wholly despair. It closed about me now, not with gloom but with menace and isolation. It was as if I had pulled my own Death upon me and was afraid too late. No right! No complaint! My own hands had done it. The weights of Death were upon my eyes and his heaviness upon my feet. I was held down, impotent, terrified, unwilling. This power that I had raised up was inexorable. It was ruthless. It was destroying; and I had no ground of anger against it. I myself had done it. I was alone. I was cut off. For this there was no help.

So for two days I remained, and then a little book was put into my hands. What distasteful phraseology! what trite use of a bygone method of expression! Had I come to reading this?

As well this as anything! I read on. "Spend weeks, months, learning, reading, seeking." How impossible! As well tell the Dead to arise and praise Him; and even while I said it, a tremor of life passed through the Dead, for my eyes caught a phrase, "The faithfulness of God." Here then was one thing saved from the wreck. Here was the one thing I had never doubted, which I now believed. I repeated it aloud. "I believe in the faithfulness of God."

I was powerless; I had nothing; but the faithfulness of God still existed and I became aware of One drawing near. I turned to answer Him.

"I have nothing, not even the will to believe."

"Thou hast nothing. Thou never hadst anything. But thou hast called upon My faithfulness and I have heard."

"I have nothing."

"Thou hast nothing. Then take, take everything from Me. Take Love first. My Love that has borne with thee, that has given thee no rest, that has stripped thee of all else to fill thee with this.

"Thou hast no room in thy starved heart for more? Not yet?

"Take again then of My Love. Let it nourish thee until thou hast strength to see what I must show thee.

"Hast thou taken of My Love for thy need? Then do this thing which I ask thee. Obey in this. Let slip thy pride which would hold thee from doing it. Thou hast My Love for thy strength and thy need. 'Seek first the Kingdom.'"

I obeyed with slow feet, but returned obedient.

"That was well! I have another deed to do, harder still. My Love has no limit, no measure, and it is thine. Take for thyself."

I obeyed, and returned quicker.

"Now come with me and I will show thee. Dost thou see One suffering in darkness and anguish? Get up on thy feet and come."

"No, on my knees! on my face! My Lord and my God!

"'My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine.
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.'"

The Holy Mountain

By Stephen Reynolds

(Author of "A Poor Man's House")

XVII

Sir Pushcott Bingley went to bed with a more than half-formed plan in his mind for using Alec Trotman and Ramshorn Hill to his own purpose and profit. A capitalist, both in brains (of a sort) and money, he was now preparing to create an investment. The matter required care and swift action. He slept badly and awakened with a most metallic taste in his mouth. He solemnly warned himself against the Famous Grocer's whiskey.

Several other people in Trowbury slept indifferently well that night—Mrs. Trotman, Alec, poor Julia worst of all. The disappearance of Ramshorn Hill had never touched her so nearly as the hysterical chatter of Miss Starkey.

She was, as has been said, a good woman; of a sentimental unreasoning goodness perhaps; but fundamentally good in intention for all that. Life behind drapers' shops, with its silliness, its pathos, and sometimes its rank beastliness, had sharpened her native sensibilities. That she was inclined to suspiciousness and jealousy is excusable, seeing that those are traits less of the individual than of the race. In regard to joy, she was not a miser with a hoard, but a very poor person, compelled to be thrifty. Her appreciation of what she supposed to be good was strong, however limited in breadth; and it was founded on all sorts of curious things, such as sermons, proverbs, paternal sayings, cheap novels and the influence of a school teacher whom she had dearly loved in her happier younger days. Her dislike of evil, on the other hand, and her great interest in it, was wide in scope and was founded on experience rather than on opinion and theory. Women in her position see many more problem plays than the keenest of theatregoers.

The result of this outlook, combined with an almost sleepless night, was quite characteristic. She decided that she neither could nor would ever marry Alec Trotman. She imagined

herself saying fine pathetic things to the traitorous Miss Starkey, and giving up Alec with a lofty contempt for his weakness together with absolute forgiveness of his sin. Separating the sin and the sinner is a task peculiarly congenial to such women. At the bottom of her mind, below anything she was able to put into definite thought, Julia hated Miss Starkey and loved Alec. Consciously, she did precisely the opposite ; she disliked Alec and pitied Miss Starkey ; and took up for herself the position of Julia, Saint and Martyr. A good laughing talk with a worldly acquaintance and due consideration of the polygamous instincts of menfolk in general, and of lady-killing youth in particular, would have done her much service. But such a view was beyond the powers of her unaided self, and therefore she wept silently in her bed and twisted and turned about whilst the other young ladies slept and sighed and snored and snuffled around her.

It is sufficiently wonderful that the fight between her goodness and her vital instincts ended in a truce. To disbelieve Miss Starkey's ravings had not entered her mind.

Over breakfast she fainted. That worried and wronged lady, Mrs. Clinch, with whom she was a favourite because she was not constantly giving notice to leave, prescribed a day's holiday. Mr. Clinch pooh-poohed the idea. Fainting was nothing in young girls, he said ; they were always doing it ; they did it on purpose. Mere laziness ! But when Mrs. Clinch pointed out that she had no time for nursing and that another young lady was leaving within three days, after which additional work would fall on Miss Jepp, then with a *damn* to save his dignity he reluctantly consented.

Julia set out for Miss Starkey's.

A cordial "How are you, dear ?" and a gentle kiss were present in her mind. She intended to play the saint in a perfectly thoroughgoing manner. This course, however, was nipped in the bud by Miss Starkey's appearance and manner. She was no longer hysterical and clinging : she was cool, collected and desperate ; apparently herself again. She at any rate had slept.

"However did you get here at this time of day ?" she asked ; and then, without waiting for a reply, she continued : "After you went last night, Mrs. Smith came up and gave me a week's notice, saying that *her* house has always been *most* respectable. *You* didn't tell her anything, did you ?"

"I only told her not to disturb you because you weren't well."

"Then she must have been listening again. I shall go before the week's up."

"But where are you going to, my dear?" asked Julia with some concern.

"That's what I don't know. And I don't care! I can't go home because of Mother. There's a clergyman's wife gives her something sometimes and *she'd* stop dead if she knew about me. Besides, my step-father would turn me out. He's always holy and righteous when he's not sober. I don't know where I'm going. And I don't care! Under a hedge. . . ."

"But we must do something."

"Anyhow, we can't talk about it here. That old woman will be eavesdropping again. Let's go out."

Julia could have wept—not wholly from a feeling of helplessness. It occurred to her to take a situation in another town, to run away from the whole affair; but a desire to stay by Alec, although she was quite quite sure she would have nothing further to do with him, and a notion that she ought to be good to Miss Starkey just because it was all Alec's fault, decided her to remain in Trowbury. In her heart of hearts, of course, she felt that Alec was more sinned against than sinning, and possibly a wish to save him from Miss Starkey had also something to do with her decision. At all events, she was worried and baited by fate to the point of feeling tragical and very nearly of fainting again.

Just as Trowbury is the market town for mile upon mile of downland, so the Downs are the place where Trowbury takes its—not recreation, for that to the semi-educated mind of the townsfolk implies some gaiety like dances, plays, fêtes or tea-fights—but Trowbury takes its sedate Sunday walks and airs its stuffy-minded population upon the Downs. Of the many pretty paths around, only those which lead to the hills are really footworn. It is the unconscious tribute of the town to something greater and more spacious than itself.

So it was natural that the two girls should insensibly direct their footsteps towards the hill sky-line. Having a momentous subject in waiting for discussion, they were almost silent. They were afraid of what they would have to say when they did talk. Two black figures, they were, on the white winding road—two spots of strife upon the tranquil hills.

When Miss Starkey remarked that they were nearing Ramshorn Hill the truth of it struck Julia almost with a shock.

"This," she said, not wanting to speak more to the point, "This is where me and Alec Trotman came last Sunday evening."

"Of course 'tis. You know, *I* know, dear."

"Who told you?"

"Young Trotman."

Julia became silent again.

They went and looked into the hollow, standing on the brink like two children, bowed wonderingly over a grave. It was great and horrible even by day. It caused them to feel reverent. It invaded their minds, diminishing their daily life and pre-occupations to something of small importance. On a sudden impulse they kissed each other.

"You will be late for dinner," said Miss Starkey with characteristic inconsequence.

"Never mind. I needn't go back at all to-day if I don't like —not till shut-up time, I mean."

Instead of taking a quick path to Trowbury, they descended towards Mrs. Parfitt's cottage.

Not far from it, Julia stopped suddenly in the middle of the trackway. She brightened up. "I think I know," she said. "You wait outside, Edie. I won't be long."

Nurse Parfitt met her with a "La, my dear! how be 'ee?" The old woman had a swarm of questions ready, many of them with stings in their tails. Julia, however, went straight to the point dragging Mrs. Parfitt willy-nilly after her.

Had Mrs. Parfitt a spare room in her cottage?—Yes, a tiny one she had never properly furnished, where she hung up her little bit of washing on wet days.

Would Mrs. Parfitt take a lodger?—Well, she'd never thought much about it.

Yes, but would she?—She didn't know, but she *was* a bit lonesome, especially on dark winter nights. She thought she would, if she could get one so far from town.

Julia knew of a lodger. Julia would make sure the payment was all right.

Was the lodger Julia herself then?

No, but it was a very dear unfortunate friend who had nowhere else at all to go to.

But Mrs. Parfitt had been thinking that a young man lodger would be nicer—out all day and more protection, like.

Julia rose to the situation. She had never known herself so skilful in acrobatic argument. By whatever way Mrs. Parfitt tried to escape from her half-given promise, there she found Julia stationed with a plea directed at her charity, at the increasing wrongness of things since the old woman was young, at her womanliness, at her loneliness, at her pride in the Trotman

family. For in the heat of words, Julia had mentioned her suspicion of Alec and Miss Starkey. She gave the old woman to understand that it was Alec's fault. (Mrs. Parfitt would have been proud beyond measure had it not been so irregular. As it was, she could not conceal her pleasure in the notion that Alec had got a child.) It must never be mentioned, urged Julia, or it would ruin Alec ; and if Miss Starkey stayed on in the town, he would probably be ruined that way too. Only Nurse Parfitt —no one else—could save the honour of the Trotmans, and at the same time befriend the poor girl (*alias* the said hussy) who was at that very moment waiting outside the cottage because she didn't know how good and kind Nurse Parfitt would be.

" There, my dear, you've been and quite got over poor old me. Go an' fetch her in, to be sure. You be a good girl, that you be, to offer to pay and all. I'll be bound I'd never ha' done like you if I'd a-been the young man's young 'oman. There's things as us females can't put up wi', religion or no religion, I say ; an' I hope you won't never be sorry, my dear."

Julia kissed the stubbly old face. She did not say, however, that she had decided not to embark on married life with Alec at the oars.

She fetched in Miss Starkey. Mrs. Parfitt looked her up and down like a suspicious bird, and wished her a very good day. But when Miss Starkey heard what had been arranged, and wept, this time healthily, then the old body's motherliness bobbed uppermost. She kissed the girl and fondled her with hard wrinkled hands, and took off her outdoor things, and tried to console her with freely expressed opinions on the nature and ways of menfolk. Moral faddiness does not usually obtain any great hold in cottage life.

Mrs. Parfitt had not much food in the house, but what there was the three of them ate with better appetites than they had had for some time. They sat together far into the afternoon hatching protective lies that nobody not a fool could possibly believe.

XVIII

The copy of the *Evening Press* bought by Julia and Miss Starkey on their way back from Mrs. Parfitt's, reminds one of nothing so much as of a brass band tournament. Its separate instruments were not at all bad, for the Halfpenny Pressman was a clever enough journalist even though he did squat by the roadside and sentimentalise over life and death. But the total

effect—the total effect was in the highest degree astounding. And like the noise of brass band tournaments, it occupied that evening to the exclusion of all else the brains, or rather the mental ears, of everybody within earshot, of a couple of millions of English newspaper readers; and, moreover, after the music had ceased, it left in the mind a horribly sticky residue, a persistent after-echo of blaring sound.

Ramshorn Hill was now first called, in huge capitals, THE HOLY MOUNTAIN—a name very cleverly pirated from one of the obscure and despised religious journals. Other headlines were :

TROWBURY'S WONDER-WORKER

THE MAYOR'S SON

A MIRACLE

THE ACTON TRAGEDY

THE CONNECTION

ADAMANTINE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS

A BISHOP ON THE MIRACLE

FULL DETAILS

EYE-WITNESSES' ACCOUNTS

Sir Pushcott Bingley and the Halfpenny Pressman had indeed done their work most excellently well. Julia did not think very highly of a photograph of Alec Trotman, but she was extremely proud of an interview with him in which Alec, at ordinary times so wordless, was made to speak like a voluble yet modest commercial traveller.

One scientist questioned whether some undiscovered action of the law of gravity had not been at work, whilst another opined that an unknown property of radium, accidentally stumbled upon by Mr. Alexander Trotman, had been the cause of the apparent miracle. A Fellow of the Royal Society reserved his opinion for the next meeting of that society. Science, in fact, was as helplessly conjectural as it usually is when confronted with something of greater magnitude than a laboratory experiment.

Religion, on the other hand, maintained its accustomed certainty and disagreement. A minister of the Free Churches confidently expected the end of the world, basing his declaration on certain verses of the *Book of Revelations* and the composition of

the Cabinet. Another asserted that the Higher Criticism was now finally bankrupt, because if the modern miracle was true, why should not also the miracles of Holy Writ be true ? Yet another thanked God for all His mercies—which was all he desired to say until he knew more about it. The most practical suggestion religion had to offer was that a world-mission or revival should be held on the top of the Holy Mountain, in the eye of the modern Babylon. By such means the message of God through His churches was to resume its sway in the hearts of men, and doubtless the Lord would bless our England for initiating an international soul-revival, if indeed he had not in his loving kindness expressly designed that our England should be so privileged. Commercial prosperity and the solution of the unemployment problem would follow.

It was suggested that the stability of the Holy Mountain should be efficiently tested, and, if found good, that the National Observatory should be removed thither from Greenwich, or that an entirely new observatory should be built there and equipped by some Yankee millionaire with money to spare for the Old Country. To this the editor of the *Evening Press* appended a note saying that a progressive industrial city in the north had recently erected two costly observatories on the tops of new public buildings, and had found the instruments quite useless on account of the dirtiness of the city's atmosphere. Many other suggestions were aired in the correspondence columns, including one, that a stream flowing down the hill might supply hydraulic and electric power to the whole of London. How the stream was to be got to the top of the Holy Mountain the correspondent —a distinguished author with a book about to appear—did not explain.

Julia and Miss Starkey read through the paper very carefully. They even examined the cricket news for possible references to Alec Trotman. They were so astonished by it all that they sank their own troubles and spent the remainder of the evening, until it was time for Julia to return to the Emporium, in talking over and over again Alexander Trotman and his miracle ; in playing at bat and ball with the tittle-tattle of his life and the details of his ways.

But Julia Jepp was noticeably reticent with regard to what had really happened when she and Alec were on the Downs.

XIX

On Wednesday morning Alderman Trotman went out before breakfast and himself purchased a copy of the *Halfpenny Press*. The merest peep at its news-page showed him that the Mayor of Trowbury's son was the topic of the day. He returned to the shop, asked if the *Halfpenny Press* was not having a good sale, and bought two more copies. Another early bird at the news-agent's saluted him so respectfully that he walked the length of Castle Street with the two copies under his arm and the third half-open in his hands. With what dignity he walked! He forgot to bully his household for breakfast, and even let his wife help the rashers as well as pour out the Famous Blend of tea.

A shaft of morning sunshine, filtering in through the grubby window-pane, lit up the peaceful motes that danced in the air. Mrs. Trotman had dusted the room betimes. Other signs were not wanting that something extraordinary was agog. She had donned her mayoral costume—the one she wore for opening bazaars and giving away prizes—and had waved her hair with the curling-tongs. She had laid out upstairs her husband's church-parade tail-coat—two clean linen shirts in one week!—and she had brought down his top-hat, that was usually reserved for Sundays and funerals, and had hung it in the passage.

For Sir Pushcott Bingley, Bart.—the Director of the *Halfpenny Press*—was expected at the Famous Grocery Establishment, on business.

"What time did Sir Pushcott say he was coming?" the Alderman asked in a mellower voice of command than he was accustomed to use over breakfast.

"Indeed, I don't know, dear," answered his wife. "You must wait," she added with an elegant tranquillity.

"H'm! Listen to this. . . . And this. . . ."

Mr. Trotman had never before troubled to read aloud from his morning paper, unless it were an occasional Stock Exchange quotation when an astute investment of his was going up in price. Now, however, he read on and on whilst his goodwife purred to hear him. It was perhaps as well that he did not grasp the full purport of what he was reading.

Sir Pushcott Bingley's plan for rewarding first Sir Pushcott Bingley and then the mover of the Holy Mountain was very subtly foreshadowed in the leader for the day. The man who could move mountains, it said, was an invaluable asset to any imperial nation. Compared with him, the government dealt

in molehills. Such an eminence, overhanging the metropolis of the Empire, would be of incalculable benefit in the case of invasion by a foreign power. The man who could move mountains might well prove the saviour of the nation, and his services should at any cost be strictly reserved for the British Empire. No penny wise, pound foolish, policy! No driving him into the hospitality of alien arms. The chain of evidence which proved the Mayor of Trowbury's son, Mr. Alexander Trotman, to be the mover of the Holy Mountain was unbreakable. Skilled research by Special Commissioners of the *Halfpenny Press* was still in progress. The young man himself, with characteristic modesty, seemed as yet hardly aware of the miracle he had wrought. Which was not to be wondered at. But he was in complete accord with " A Country Pastor " (see Correspondence) and desired nothing so much as that religion, which had inspired his work, should be the first to reap the benefit. Christianity was the foundation of British greatness and prosperity. Religion before warfare! The Prince of Peace before the warrior! "Let us sweep aside," continued the leader, "all petty questions as to the proprietorship of Ramshorn Hill and of the ground at Acton on which it stood. A thing is sanctified by its use. How can a grateful nation reward such a man? How can a nation in its gratitude make the best use of his wondrous work?"

In another column, Mr. Trotman read that the *Halfpenny Press*, ever to the forefront in voicing popular sentiment and ideals, was now, as always, prepared to lead at whatever expense. It would increase its size temporarily and would open its correspondence columns to the hundreds of men and women who were prepared to help the nation in its task. Moreover, an article by Mr. Alexander Trotman himself would appear in the next day's issue, and it was possible, indeed, that he would even deliver an address at a public meeting to be convened for that purpose in London.

Mr. Trotman read to the end, then looked up. "They're smart, aren't they?" he observed judicially. "That's what I call very smart—*very!* I say, Lilian; send the girl for the *Penny Press* and the *Times*. I should like to see what they say.—Where's Alec?"

"I've taken him up a cup of cream cocoa. It will do him good after last night. The child's run down."

"Better see he runs down from his bedroom pretty soon. I want him. Cream cocoa! I wish *I* could drink cream cocoa. Liver, liver! And he's got that article to do before

Sir Pushcott comes, and I expect he'll want my help. He never was a good hand at writing."

"Oh, I'm sure he is! He got a prize for writing at school."

"He's never been any good since, anyhow. I *could* write when I was his age. D'you remember my letters to you? Have you got 'em treasured up with your marriage-lines? Eh?"

Mrs. Trotman blushed.

"Here," said her husband. "Let's see."

He was referring not to those love-letters which had brought to his wife's face one of her rare blushes, but to the newspapers just brought in by the servant. He spread out the ponderous *Times* in front of him. "The damn thing's all advertisements and government twaddle!" he snarled. He folded it up and passed it to his wife to look at.

Small wonder, indeed, that he was disappointed. The *Times* contained merely a note to the effect that no one had explained satisfactorily the upheaval in Acton, and another note to the effect that no one had explained satisfactorily the disappearance of Ramshorn Hill in Wiltshire; which was, the *Times* observed, very remarkable. Apart from these two highly restrained paragraphs, there was nothing at all about the momentous subject, except a full-page advertisement which stated with obese circumvention, among a mass of statistics and testimonials, that the *Times*, having ever before it the duty of educating, instructing and amusing the public, had decided to offer on the instalment system a limited number of copies (apply early!) of the latest edition of the magnificent translation of the monumental scientific work of the eminent Herr Professor Dr. von Bocktrinker, on *Earthquakes and Earth-Disturbances*, in six volumes—a mass of popular erudition which no enlightened man could afford to be without. One shilling with the Order Form appended, and sixpence a month (one-fifth [of a penny *per diem*) would secure this priceless possession to the purchaser and his heirs for ever. It would [pay for itself in thirteen days.

The *Penny Press*, on the other hand, was exceedingly interested in what it supposed to be "a widespread seismic disturbance having its twin centres beneath Acton and Wiltshire." Alderman Trotman appreciated to the utmost a long dignified letter, from the head of an Oxford college, replete with profound commonplaces about the unprecedented in life and in fiction, the intentions of a Beneficent Deity, and the possible effect on industry and scholarship. There was also (but this only roused the Mayor's

contempt) an article by a professional pathosmonger describing the unhappy fate of the unfortunate families of Acton.

"O'erwhelmed beneath a million tons of earth!"

An article illustrating by means of elaborate diagrams the geological formation of Acton and of the chalk Downs was followed by an announcement that the publication of a scientific inquiry, instituted by, and at the expense of the *Penny Press*, was pending.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Trotman. "These other rags ain't got a spice of go. Sir Pushcott Bingley's the man.—Just go'n tell Alec to hurry up down."

XX

The Mountain-Mover—Chop-Allie Trotman—came downstairs about nine o'clock.

"Well, my boy," said his father. "How are you this morning? Fit?"

So surprised was Alec at his father's politeness, a thing unexperienced by him since he won a prize at school for good (*i.e.*, colourless) conduct, that he could only mumble, "I don' know," and make an effort to escape the paternal presence.

"Now, my boy, you know you've got that article to write for Sir Pushcott Bingley. Better start at once, hadn't you? No time like the present, that's the motto of a successful man. Ask Sir Pushcott if it isn't. Get a pen and ink and some paper, and sit down to it. Let's see what you can do. I never spared expense over your schooling as I've often told you and your mother. D'you think you can make something of it—*How I moved the Hill—How I did a Miracle*—or something of that sort?"

The paternal affability was too much. Alec looked up furtively at his smiling father. He mumbled again, "I don' know," and slouched round the room for writing materials. It was not a voluble, scarcely a promising, beginning. It is to be feared, indeed, that the Mountain-Moving Wonder-Worker although the son of a Famous Grocer, was not in all things the equal even of the *Halfpenny Press* man.

"Get at it, my boy," his father repeated, "or else Sir Pushcott will be here before you've begun. I'm just going down to the Blue Boar to inquire for Sir Pushcott and see when he is coming. Get at it. Be businesslike. Sit down. See if you can get it done by the time I come back."

Alec did try to be businesslike; or rather, he tried to begin

doing what the Director of the *Halfpenny Press* demanded. For he too, in spite of his apathy in regard to everything unconnected with Miss Julia Jepp, was slightly carried off his feet by Sir Pushcott's wealth, energy, motors and greatness. No sooner did the Mayor perceive that his son had really "got at it," than he bustled away, beaming with gratified excitement, to the Blue Boar bar, where he certainly inquired after Sir Pushcott Bingley and as certainly partook with pleasure of a sleever of brandy and soda.

As for Alec : like many a better man before him, he remained seated, ready and waiting for inspiration, in front of a fair white sheet of paper—white except for the imprint of the Famous Grocery Establishment. There is, as we know, a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to victory. But what man can say that those who content themselves with floating on that tide are not wiser than those who try to swim in it ; kicking themselves out to sea instead of allowing themselves to be cast up on the golden strand. That must be the secret of masterly inactivity, which often enough is nothing but incapacity in the retrospect. To-day you cannot do something ; to-morrow you will have the sense not to have done it. Alec practised such masterly inactivity. He did nothing ; that is, he left time and tide to do everything.

But along came Mrs. Trotman—a kicker-out in the waves of fate if ever there was one.

"Alec, my dear, you must begin. Your father will be so angry and say it's my fault. Now—there's a dear. . . ."

"All right. I'm going to. I'm thinking what to put."

'Twas not true. He was thinking what not to put—what he couldn't put—Julia Jepp—a well-remembered kiss. He plucked up desperation and began floundering :

"How the Hill Moved.

"I went up over the Downs last Sunday evening with a friend and when we got up there I wished Ramshorn Hill was in London near Acton as I am going to near Acton and I wanted to go walking on it because I like the Downs. And when I looked the hill was gone which I have heard it is gone to near Acton but I do not know."

Poor Alec ! his mountainous ideas were like cat's meat—calves' lights—pulmonary tissue, if the expression is more acceptable—and shrank to a rag in the boiling. One page of

commercial note-paper filled, and three words on the next! But he kept at it; he drew whirligigs on the blotting-paper and inked his fingers pulling the pen to pieces. He could have wept from sheer helplessness, and might have done so had he not read his little article again and thought it by no means so bad after all.

In that state of mind, common among literary men, did his father find Alec.

"Now then, me boy!" said the Mayor as if he were carving a sirloin chosen by himself at the butcher's.

Alec let him take the sheet of note-paper, and Mr. Trotman perused the article. He re-perused it. "But, Alec," he said, "this won't do at all. You're not writing a letter to your mother. You want to be smart for the *Halfpenny Press*—stuff it with facts and be picturesque. Make it like an advertisement. D'you see? And what's this about a friend. I haven't heard anything about a friend! Who was it? Eh?"

Alec hung his head and was silent.

"Oh, well, never mind! *I* will help you. Get a clean piece of paper and I'll dictate while you take it down. Sir Pushcott dictates all his important articles, I expect. Now then! Head it. . . . H'm!"

'Mendment Trotman lighted one of his seven remaining sixpenny cigars and looked as if infinite wisdom was being conceived within him.

"Ah! I have it. That's better. Much! Head it, *How I Moved the Holy Mountain.* That's what they call it. A taking title, that. Always approach your subject gently. Worm your way in, my boy. It reads better. Put . . . Are you ready? Put:

"'Though I received from my father, the present Mayor of Trowbury, the best education that could be got—procured, I was—I was—absolutely'—yes—'absolutely unaware of my power to move mountains, and I am completely unable to decide whether my power'—ah!—'to do so, is'—ah!—'inherited or acquired.' Got that? 'On Sunday last, the seventeenth instant, together with a friend, it being a beautiful evening, I repaired to the Downs near the progressive market-town of Trowbury. . . .' Who did you say was with you? Eh?—What's that?"

It was Mrs. Trotman at the door.

"Sir Pushcott Bingley's coming. Make haste."

"All right. Be quiet. I'm dictating. Show him up to the drawing-room. I'll be there in a minute.—Now Alec,

d'you think you can go on like that ? Put some go and smartness into it. Tell them everything. Everybody's ready to tell everybody everything nowadays. *That's* a good sentence. . . . Let 'em see your fighting weight on paper."

Mr. Trotman strutted away with the gait of a man of importance. How unusually jolly he was ! He felt quite national —veritably *in medias res.*

Alec was left to himself, seated before the hatching article. But he was no hen, nor yet an incubator ; he was only the Mountain-Mover. In about ten minutes, he got up and went out.

XXI

Mr. Trotman found Sir Pushcott Bingley in the drawing-room, not seated and rather pale in face.

" I should," he said, " have been earlier, but business . . ."

" Oh, don't mention it, Sir Pushcott ! " exclaimed Mrs. Trotman with one of her sweetest smiles.

" Not at all, my dear sir," added Mr. Trotman blandly.

" I should like to have a chat with you about this extraordinary affair of your son's."

" You think . . ."

" It might perhaps be made very advantageous to him."

" You think, Sir Pushcott . . ."

" And, indeed, to all of you."

" Really, Sir Pushcott . . ."

" Or, on the other hand, it might involve you in extremely awkward legal consequences—interference with landed interests and so forth, you understand."

" He might be summoned for moving the hill ? " asked Alec's mother.

" Exactly. Somebody else's hill—Crown land—and the owners of the present site of the hill in Acton—a mass of litigation. . . ."

" Oh, what *can* we do, Sir Pushcott ? " exclaimed Mrs. Trotman in accents of ladylike despair. " It's like stealing ! "

" Precisely, Mrs. Trotman ; or worse."

" Oh ! Sir Pushcott ! "

" In any case your son can do nothing, defensive or aggressive, without capital—a large sum of money."

Mr. Trotman had been listening intently with his most intelligent expression on his face. " All my little capital is invested in the development of my business," he hastened to say.

"But for Alec!" Mrs. Trotman began.

"Impossible, Lilian. Quite! Sir Pushcott Bingley—a business man—will understand. . . ."

"Yes, certainly."

"I," continued the Director of the *Halfpenny Press*, "I happen to have both capital and influence. Possibly I can help him to do something. . . ."

"Oh! Sir Pushcott!"

The Trotman's, had they been as wise as they thought themselves, would have taken warning from the extreme impassiveness of the Director's face. His eyes, even, hardly moved. They simply looked. "Something very advantageous," he said, "possibly. Perhaps it would be better to see the young man himself. Alec, is it not?"

"Alexander, after the hero. 'Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules. . . .'"

"Ah, yes; of course."

Forthwith there was a hue and cry after the hero throughout the Famous Grocery Establishment. The uncompleted articles lay on the table in the dining-room, but Alec, he was nowhere to be found. The Mayor and Mayoress were full of apologies. Alec was unsettled, they said; and Mr. Trotman showed signs of preparing to air his intellects before the Director of the *Halfpenny Press*, whilst Mrs. Trotman was looking for her boy. Sir Pushcott, however, with that practical sense which ever distinguished him, insisted that the whole of the household should join in the search; by which means Mr. Trotman was got rid of. "Time, no doubt, is precious to you, Sir Pushcott," remarked Mr. Trotman as he left the drawing-room.

Alexander Trotman was found in the Station Road. There is no record of what his father said as to the idiocy of neglecting great men and great opportunities. Suffice it to say that the Mayor acted a whole town council towards his son, whom at length, in no very supple frame of mind, he led into the presence in the drawing-room.

"Now, Mr. Alexander," said the Director of the *Halfpenny Press*, "I have been talking to your father and mother, and we think that you and I may be able to arrive at an agreement—a sort of partnership—which may turn out greatly to your advantage."

Mrs. Trotman gave vent to a series of exclamatory expressions from which stood out the words: "Partnership—Sir Pushcott Bingley—Alec dear!" Mr. Trotman looked more businesslike than ever; as if he had an amendment or two in his pocket. But Alec, he looked guilty and rather sullen.

"The revivalists at the Crystal Palace are anxious to hear you next Sunday evening; in fact, some monetary result is assured you, even if my plan for your advantage miscarries. I should be glad to take you to London with me; this afternoon if you can be ready; as soon as my car returns from Town."

"Oh! Alec!" Mrs. Trotman exclaimed again. "Go to London with Sir Pushcott! In his motor-car!—Of course he can be ready, Sir Pushcott. I can send some more clean things on after him."

"But first of all we may as well sign our agreement of partnership."

Sir Pushcott Bingley produced a long envelope.

"I don't like agreements," said 'Mendment Trotman. "They only make work for lawyers."

"Read it, sir. I fancy there is nothing in it you can find fault with."

The document purported to be a memorandum of agreement between Alexander Trotman, Esquire, of Castle Street, Trowbury, on the one part, and Sir Pushcott Henry Bingley, Baronet, of 104 Park Lane, London, W., Newspaper Proprietor, on the other part.

In effect, it stated that in all matters relating to the ownership and development of the Hill, lately arisen in or appeared at or removed to Acton, near London, the said Alexander Trotman and the said Sir Pushcott Henry Bingley were to be partners with equal rights in all profits, proceeds and benefits arising therefrom, the said Alexander Trotman in consideration of his having removed the said Hill, heretofore called Ramshorn Hill, from Wiltshire to Acton, and the said Sir Pushcott Bingley in consideration of his supplying the capital for the due development of the said Hill under the joint ownership or tenancy of the said Alexander Trotman and the said Sir Pushcott Bingley.

Nothing was said about possible damages or responsibilities; nothing as to how the ownership or tenancy of the hill was to be acquired. The document was, in fact, totally invalid, almost farcical; one of those deeds which only stand until lawyers have been paid to prove that they don't stand. With the horses of capital, a coach and four might have been driven through it; but, as Sir Pushcott Bingley well knew, that capital was precisely what the Mountain-Mover and his relatives lacked.

Alderman Trotman adjusted his eye-glasses, held the document at arm's-length as if it were a grocery sample, read it through twice to himself and once aloud. When that ceremony was

ended, his wife said in tones of rapture: "How lovely!—But I don't understand it a bit."

"Be quiet, Lilian," said the Mayor shortly.

Then turning to the Director of the *Halfpenny Press*: "This, sir, is a very serious matter."

"How? Why? It's plain and brief."

"I never believe in signing important documents without due deliberation. I do not pretend to expert legal knowledge, but I have been the means of saving the Council from . . ."

"Pig-headed provincial" was the phrase that flashed through Sir Pushcott Bingley's mind. He stood up and spoke. "Listen to me, please. You can do nothing, not even defend yourselves, without capital and influence. You have neither."

"Considerable influence here," the Mayor was heard to say.

"Which you will carry with you no further than the railway station, believe me. I, on the other hand, have both influence and capital to apply to this business. Your son's action is, as I have said, fraught with the gravest legal consequences, only to be avoided by capital and influence. In a matter like this, they are nine-tenths of the law. You stand to gain much or to lose everything; or at least, your son does. You can choose. You can have my help or go without it. Those are my terms."

"Do you wish to threaten me, sir?" asked the Alderman in his best municipal fighting tones.

"Don't talk nonsense," rejoined the Director of the *Halfpenny Press* with a laugh that disconcerted Mr. Trotman far more than all the talk. "Besides, it is your son who has to decide."

"My son will do what I tell him."

"Is your son of age?"

"Alec came of age last January—the 16th," said Mrs. Trotman.

"Then your son can do as he likes.—Now, Mr. Alexander."

Alec had been a confused spectator of the scene. Business, especially legal business—something more than the sale of half a pound of the Famous Blend—was utterly beyond him, so closely and tenderly had he been fed and nurtured at the Famous Grocery Establishment. Lately, however, he had grown in at least one direction. He was beginning to have a mind of his own; a mind bolstered up by the image of Miss Julia Jepp; a young mind, and therefore obstinate rather than forceful in getting its own way. A spice of his father's overreaching business methods suddenly appeared in him. He walked forward with a firm timidity which would have been rather fine in a handsomer young man.

"Shall I," he demanded, "get cash out of it?"
"Of course," said Sir Pushcott kindly.
"Enough to live on?"
"Certainly."
"Enough to get married on?"
"*Alec!*"
"ALEC!"
"Enough and a good deal more probably."
"Give it here then, please."
"Alec!" commanded Mr. Trotman.
"Alec! listen to your father," cried Mrs. Trotman.
"Be quiet," said Alec. "I shall!"
Whereupon he signed the document.
Sir Pushcott Bingley hastened to add his signature, said he would call for Mr. Alexander and his luggage in the early afternoon, and departed to his rooms at the Blue Boar. When the Mayor atempted to expostulate with his son, Alec sulked; when the Mayoress followed suit, Alec merely said, "Shut up! It's done, isn't it?" and walked out.

The question of the legality of the deed itself not occurring to them, Mr. and Mrs. Trotman were obliged to admit that it *was* done.

They should have said, "Alec has outgrown us."

XXII

Men of a certain type, when cornered, have a merciful habit of thinking afterwards that their failures were in reality rather clever successes. They do this to such a degree that frequently they are able to indulge in a slightly contemptuous, even kindly, feeling towards those who have got the better of them. Thus they make the best of their bad jobs; idealise them, in short, which is a very human thing to do. Mr. Trotman did it. When his wife said, "I suppose it *is* all right?" he replied with a snap:

"Of course it is. Sir Pushcott Bingley's a smart man, I can tell you, and smart men like being treated smartly. I can always do business with a businesslike person. If it had been Clinch or Ganthorn, we should have wrangled for a week and have had heavy lawyers' bills into the bargain."

Since Alec's clothing was already prepared for a much less promising journey to London, the packing went on apace. A little bustling on the part of Mrs. Trotman, a little hustling of the servant, who for some reason not known was so well-disposed to

Master Alec that she sniffed a tear or two—and the portmanteau was tumbled downstairs into the passage. Mr. and Mrs. Trotman completely forgot about the *Halfpenny Press* article. Alec took care not to remind them.

Mrs. Trotman would have liked to give her son many a warning about the naughty city of London, had not a rather curious hearsay knowledge of its moral byways, a characteristic virtuousness of tongue, and a strange feeling that her boy was now a man, prevented her from speaking freely. She therefore requested the Alderman to talk to him, indicating, as marital intimacy allows, about what.

Had she heard what her husband did in fact say, she would have been troubled, He told the young man never to miss the main chance, and, since morality means money—had meant it, in the case of the Famous Grocery—to look after his morals. He instructed him to hold his own with all men, and in any difficulty to write home for his father's advice. He thought that Alec, if his handwriting improved—" Buy a copybook, my boy ! "—might be given a berth on the *Halfpenny Press*, or as private secretary to Sir Pushcott. (For Mr. Trotman's imagination was incapable of following out the possible results of the partnership, and with a tradesman's sagacity he wanted Alec to look after the bird that was supposed to be in his hand rather than the flock of birds that was undoubtedly in the bush.) So pleased was the Alderman at talking without let or hindrance, that he finally exhorted his son to beware of women. There was, he hinted, a weakness for women, a sort of inextinguishable gallantry, in the Trotman family.

" My father always used to say that my mother trapped him against his will, and I'm certain your mother married me five years before I wanted to. We had a hard pull for a long time with the double expenses and yourself, Alec. Your mother hadn't a penny to her name. Now you, Alec,"—the Mayor spoke with ineffable sententiousness—" don't you marry for money ; I don't mean that : you go where the money is."

Alec thought his father very smart indeed ; clever, yet more than clever. . . . *Smart* is the word. When afterwards, in homesick moments, he pictured to himself the Famous Grocery, he saw his father standing monarchically in the dining-room and saying those smart things.

The Trotman family was in a highly disturbed condition when the great motor-car drew up in Castle Street at about a quarter past two. The head of the household was drinking spirits in the dining-room. The mother and son were wandering up

and down the stairs with frequent looks at the trunk, squat obstinately in the passage. Time after time they had been at the point of beginning one last affectionate conversation; time after time they sheered off again. Alec had the lump in his throat. His mother wept outright.

Sir Pushcott Bingley was well received. Whiskey and the above-mentioned reaction against stupidity had removed all traces of anger from Mr. Trotman's mind. Alec was quite ready, was going out to the door, when the Alderman suddenly thought of the article, that is to say, of his own version of it. Sir Pushcott glanced down it in a professional manner, and remarked that modern education was playing the devil with the youth of the country. He caught sight of the other piece of paper, picked it up, and read that too.

"My son's idea of it," remarked the Mayor jocularly.

"It's direct at any rate," said Sir Pushcott. "It does say something. The other is like a leader in the *Penny Press*—all wind and good intentions. You must get Fulton to help you with the article, young man. He'll write it up for you, and then you can sign it."

The Mayor's face was not pleasant to see. His article! Alec's better! Words rose within him like a little fountain, and as harmlessly fell back again. Only his wife knew what was going on in his mind, and prognosticated what was to come forth from his mouth when Sir Pushcott Bingley's restraining presence should be removed from the Famous Grocery.

A man was called out from the hinder part of the shop to place the portmanteau on a spare seat in the body of the car. Alec bade his parents good-bye absent-mindedly. His defiance of his father seemed to have given him reserve. His mother kissed him secretly and pressed into his hand a little tin of meat lozenges. "For the journey, Alec dear." Mr. Trotman shook his son's hand with stage cordiality, told him to get on well, and said with a glanceat Sir Pushcott: "Write to the old folks at home, my boy."

Alec made a pretence of listening.

The Director of the *Halfpenny Press* and the Mountain-Mover settled themselves in the car. The chauffeur set the engine in motion. Mrs. Trotman waved her hand, gradually receding into the doorway as people ran out from their shops to the pavement. The car started—slowly, as befitted its long powerful unwieldiness.

Alec touched Sir Pushcott on the arm. "I want to go down the Station Road. Please turn round."

"What for?"

"I want to say good-bye to some one."

"Oh! . . ." A smile. "All right."

The gearing rattled; the car backed and jerked, then glided down the street.

"Stop there, please," said Alec, pointing to Clinch's gaudy Emporium.

They drew up at the main entrance where some one ever stands to throw open the door. On one side was a window full of the politer articles of ladies' underclothing, and on the other a collection of marvellous reductions in coats and hats. Alec noticed himself noticing them. He entered the shop and looked down the long aisle between the counters, each with an assistant behind it and some with buyers perched on chairs. One young man was bumping rolls of cloth about. A young lady was snipping up cloth for remnants. And there was Miss Julia Jepp, tall, ample and pale, standing at the end of the shop and rolling some salmon-coloured ribbon upon an oval white spool. Alec began impulsively to walk down the shop. Then he stopped short—a blushing wrapped-up figure in the midst of the summery Emporium. He went up to the tall frock-coated shopwalker, the silky gentleman with pins in his coat-lapel:

"I want to see Ju—Miss Jepp."

"Very good, Mr. Trotman. This way, if you please, sir.—Miss Jepp! Forward, please!"

A week ago Alec might possibly have been permitted to deliver a note when Mr. Clinch was known to be not about. Perhaps, even, he would have been directed to take that to the side-entrance.

The shopwalker showed them into a fitting-room. Surrounded by mirrors, stacks of white boxes, and black headless dummies, each with one fat leg to stand on and wire skirts, the lovers met to part.

"Mr. Trotman, you oughtn't to come here. . . ."

Chilly indeed!

"Julie, I'm going to have enough money for us to get married on. I am, I tell you, sure, certain."

Julia sighed. "Mr. Trotman," she said meaningly and sadly. "I have been and seen Miss Starkey."

"What's that to do with it?"

"I shall never marry you. Never!"

Here is to be perceived again the influence of the surreptitious novelette, read by the stump of a candle after lights-out.

"But, Julie! I thought . . ."

Alec grew flustered.

"I shall never marry. We can never be anything else but friends. We can be that, even after what has happened. You are young . . ."

"But, Julie, I'm going to have plenty of money. Sir Pushcott Bingley says so. What d'you mean?"

"Alec," said Miss Jepp with a religious solemnity, "search into your own conscience and you will know why.—Now you must go. Write to me if you like, and I'll write back. God bless you!"

She led the helpless Alec to the door. He walked back, up the shop, shamed now by the inquisitive eyes around.

The shopwalker had afterwards considerable pleasure in holding a bottle of salts under Miss Jepp's nose. Meanwhile the motor-car, with a dejected young man seated all of a heap in it, swung past the Famous Grocery Establishment and up Castle Street.

Sir Pushcott Bingley spoke pleasantly to Alec, who made no answer. His eyes were watery, as if the rush of air was inflaming them.

Faster and faster went the motor-car, up the London Road, up to the foot of the Downs. Soon it was going full speed ahead. Over the winding white road of the Downs it whizzed, followed and veiled by a cloud of dust. The dry sunshine lit up the slopes of the hills, heightened the larks' song, and glinted on the broken sides of Ramshorn Hollow, as it was already beginning to be called.

A moment or two, and there was nothing on the road but a hay-wain, a shabby dog-cart, a tramp, a smell of burnt petrol and a haze of dust. The young man whose airy fabric had exploded, the Mountain-Mover, the Wonder-Worker, the jilted, had left Wiltshire for London.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

BOOK II

I

If the average father in one of his semi-pious moods, when he feels a paterfamilias to the marrow of his bones, can only be enticed into talking, it will be found that he knows a deal more about his very average son's misdeeds than the son himself. He will, especially if it is the son that has irritated him into frankness, produce more allegations of wrong-doing than a policeman who is prosecuting for promotion. The cause, which is fairly plain, though it seldom occurs either to the fathers or to the sons, is that every father has been also a son. Hence a mother's homily never stings like a father's; never hits so many nails crookedly on the head.

Alderman Trotman, for instance, set himself hard at work picturing all the things his sole son, Alexander, would do in London if—and Mr. Trotman could not imagine it otherwise—he was at all the bright young fellow his father, the respected Mayor of Trowbury, had been before him. Mrs. Trotman, on the other hand, indulged on her son's behalf in vague grandiose dreams of spangled wickedness.

The lives of those aforesaid average young men seldom appear in print without, at least, the addition of a fog of romance and reticence. For literature has its hypocrisies no less than the unco guid, and being man-made will never allow man to be quite the animal, thwarted animal, that he not infrequently is. Perhaps it is just as well. The young man's misdeeds lightly come and lightly go: print would make them top-heavy. It is only right that he should find out the lurking-places of the world, the flesh and the devil, in order that he may know how to avoid them after he has settled down, a respectable married man in a red-brick villa. His instinct is doubtless right. "Enough's as good as a feast," says the well-tried proverb. "You cannot know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough," says the good philosopher. At the same time, the spectacle of old men scenting out the young men's imprudences is not pleasant; it is too much like that of toothless curs nosing about for carrion.

Alderman Trotman had a fine nose for the hunt. He set his memory and imagination to work, and communicated the results, with marital candour, to the wife of his bosom. He told her what young men had been used to do in London in his day, delicately hinting that he himself, though buck enough not to

lag behind, had yet pulled up when with unusual wisdom he had seen the worthlessness of it all. Alack, Mother Trotman, how wert thou frightened for thine Alexander !

In the upshot, Mrs. Trotman convinced her husband that he was a very light to lighten the Gentiles. He wrote, with the palpitating mother at his elbow, a long letter to Sir Pushcott Bingley, pointing out that Alexander had been most carefully brought up ; that his education had been the best (and most expensive) procurable ; and that the boy had had little or no experience of great cities. Would Sir Pushcott keep an eye on him, not allow him out late o' nights, nor let him taste strange liquors, and oblige his Very Obediently, James Trotman ? That was written on borough notepaper, headed with the Trowbury arms stamped in black. Mrs. Trotman sent a perfumed little heliotrope note to Alexander Trotman, Esqre., c/o Sir Pushcott Bingley, Bart., begging him never never to do anything he would not like his mother (in her official capacity) to see him do.

And Alec—Alec was a good boy. He had only the defects of his one quality. It needed not the image of Julia to keep him in the straight and narrow path. He was far too timid among human beings to stray far from it. He stuck to Sir Pushcott Bingley, whom he did know, until the enterprising baronet was tired of him, and instructed the *Halfpenny Press* man to act as male chaperon. When the fumes of Sir Pushcott's wine began to mount into his head, he thought himself unwell, and drank peppermint water on top of vintage claret. He was better used to his mother's cream cocoa and his father's fruity port.

One sin only can be laid to his charge : the food was good and he overate himself.

II

It is the prerogative of the press to supply cheaply simple thoughts for empty heads. Not for nothing have generations of people called themselves lost sheep. When the press goes *Baa !* the vast flock of sheep, the nation, goes *Baa !* after it, and the press goes *Baa !* again. And so we say that the press both leads and reflects the opinion of the people.

This the Director of the *Halfpenny Press* was well aware of, for he had, in his own mind at all events, no illusions whatever about his profession. It was his brilliant idea to make Alexander Trotman bleat, and to surround him with such an echoed bleating that the whole empire should utter one united *Baa !*

And incidentally contribute to the fat and honourable purse of Sir Pushcott Bingley, Bart.

Alec's article, *How I Moved the Holy Mountain*, duly appeared in Friday's *Halfpenny Press*. Needless to say, it was like neither his own first attempt nor his father's. It was a model of succinct journalistic autobiography : modest but not shy ; emphatic but not very boastful ; proud but not vain ; coloured but not smudged ; detailed but not diffuse. It was, in short, one of the very best things that had ever come in haste or at leisure from the *Halfpenny Press* man's pen ; and to it was appended a photographic reproduction of the signature of Alexander Trotman.

There was excitement in Trowbury ; a double excitement and a generous admiration. Chop-Allie Trotman, whom they all knew, though they had not usually taken much notice of him, had moved Ramshorn Hill, had really done it, and had also written a column in the *Halfpenny Press*. Different people felt differently as to which was the greater achievement. On thinking it out, no doubt, the moving of Ramshorn Hill ; but then the other achievement, the article, was easier to grasp mentally, for it came well within the great *Baa !* tradition. Chop-Allie's own words about himself, mightily headlined and heavily printed, in the great daily paper. . . . Who'd ha' thought it ! Every one objected to some item or other ; every one could have shown him how to put this or that a little better ; yet then and thenceforward the young man, the Mountain-Mover, became for Trowbury " our fellow townsman." He was honoured in his own country.

About Ramshorn Hill, on the other hand, and the Holy Mountain. . . . Well, Trowburians knew all about that. They had known all about it from the first, being nearest. And after all, the article did not say how the Holy Mountain was really moved. Mr. Alexander Trotman, they learnt, was to say more, was to describe the whole affair fully, on the morrow, Saturday, at the Crystal Palace. Faith, he said, faith had done it. Very curious. . . . Faith is not a marketable commodity. An advertisement of the CRYSTAL PALACE EMPIRE MISSION REVIVAL MEETINGS was inked over the whole of the front page of the same *Halfpenny Press*. Who was going ? How were they going to go ? Was there an excursion up ?

Mr. Clinch of the Emporium strolled down to the railway station. He saw the station-master as if by accident. " It would pay your company to run cheap trains," he volunteered. Mr. Ganthorn gave a precisely similar piece of advice, as regards

motor-'buses, to the manager of the Trowbury Garage and Motories Co. Ltd. It was more to these gentlemen to go on the cheap than to go at all. They desired their spoke in the wheel.

III

Mr. Trotman was accustomed to buy all the newspapers now. Reading them gave him spasms of admiration and of contempt. He felt at times quite sub-editorial, ready to teach any ignorant pressman his business. His praise of the *Halfpenny Press* was without bounds; his disdain of the *Penny Press* and the *Times* was the disdain of a famous grocer. On the Friday morning he read Alec's article twice through, and glanced over the other news. Then he handed the newspaper to his wife.

"Very good! Excellent, by Jove!" he exclaimed.

"It doesn't seem to me much like Alec," Mrs. Trotman remarked, placing the paper on the table and reading by snatches whilst she poured out her husband's third cup of tea. "It's not Alec's way of saying things."

"Damn sight better! He's done what I——"

"James!"

"Much better. The boy's improving. He's got something in him. I always thought so. Where's my cap and shop-slippers?"

Mrs. Trotman tilted back her chair and reached out to the bell. "Your master's cap and heavy slippers. Now then! don't stand mooning there! Your master's cap and slippers. Look alive!"

The Mayor slopped up the street to a little shop, the counter of which was entirely occupied by swollen bundles of the *Halfpenny Press*, by a largish pile of the *Penny Press* and by a genteel packet of the *Times*. Hung round the window, with pencils, pens, indiarubbers and cheap notepaper, were copies of some of the other surviving journals—the *Christian Endeavourer*, the *Food Reformer*, *Health and Disease*, the *Police News*, and a late invention of Sir Pushcott Bingley's to make the man in the street and the slut in the alley imagine that they were outdoing Scotland Yard in the detection of crime, namely, *Murder Will Out*.

The woman who kept the shop was unfastening a third bundle of the *Halfpenny Press*. Mr. Trotman asked for two copies, and then peeping into the window, his eye fell on the back cover of the *Christian Endeavourer*.

Burlington Fine Arts Club.

17, Savile Row, W.
May, 1908.

THE Members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club have the honour to invite

W. Elkin Mathews & friend

to see a Collection of ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, now in the Gallery of the Club.

Admission between the hours of 10 and 5, and on Sundays from 2 to 7 p.m.

The Exhibition will open on Tuesday, 19th May, and close on Sunday, 19th July.

Introduced by Sydney C. Cockerell

N.B.—This Invitation is NOT TRANSFERABLE and must be produced on entering the Club.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

THE CONEY ISLAND MISSIONERS' MONSTER SERVICE
CRYSTAL PALACE, SATURDAY, JULY 23
At 8.15 P.M.:

MR. ALEXANDER TROTMAN

will explain

HOW HE MOVED

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

COME AND HEAR THE MOUNTAIN-MOVER
THE MODERN MIRACLE

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out, saith the Lord."

Reserved Seats (a limited number), One Guinea, Five Shillings, and One Shilling.

"I'll have that too," said Mr. Trotman.

"Yes, your worship. That'll be two ha'pennies and fourpence: fivepence, please. The *Christian 'Deavourer* is fourpence instead of threepence this week."

"Why's that?" asked his worship.

"Well, you see, sir, I don't quite know," replied the old woman plaintively. "Sometimes they puts the price up and I don't see it and I sells out all I've got at a loss before I finds out. It depends on the sermons in it, I think, or else the serial. In this week, they find the murderer of Dyllys Davies, and so it's fourpence. But 'tisn't right"

"I should think not!" said the Mayor. "Most unbusinesslike."

He himself went home to carry out a piece of the businesslike enterprise he so admired. Having cut out the advertisement of the mission and a copy of Alec's article, he pasted them with his own hands on each window of the Famous Grocery. "Two birds with one stone," he murmured. "Jim," he called, "put those American cheeses and that bacon on the counter. We ought to be able to get rid of 'em to-day."

Whereupon he went off to the Blue Boar bar.

Miss Cora Sankey's voice was as cheerful as ever when she piped out: "'Morning Mr. Trotman. How's the Wonder-Worker?"

"Who d'you mean?"

"Why your son, of course."

"My son is in town—in London—at present. He went up with Sir Pushcott Bingley in the motor."

"He-he-he! And you not up there to look after him! Don't I wish I was there! I'd snap him up. I say, is it true he's made fifteen hundred pounds over the business?"

"He's minding his business."

"HE-He-he-he-he! Funny man! That's just exactly what he ain't done, isn't it? Chip of the old block!"

Mr. Trotman turned to Mr. Ganthorn who was also waiting on my Lord Alcohol. "Good-*morning*, Ganthorn."

"I say, Mr. Mayor, are you all mad together? Hanged if I should like to be mixed up with such a pack of yellow press lies! Is the world coming to an end? Is it, I say?"

Mr. Trotman drank up in a gulp and walked out. It was an outrage on his feelings, this. Yet what headway could he hope to make against plain unbelief? You can argue, he thought, with a truthful opponent, whether he is right or not; but with a liar. . . . Unless you lie too, you are lost.

The crowd around the windows of his shop recompensed and mollified the Famous Grocer. People might say what they liked about his modesty and good taste. The upper hand was his. He was above taste and suchlike. As he passed by they said, "There he is!" One man raised a cheer for "our mayor." Another, a base fellow, said "Yah!" It was like the progress of a Cabinet Minister into No. 10 Downing Street. It was, indeed, the grand climax of Mr. Trotman's private and public life, two sides of a man's existence which seldom enough have one and the same apotheosis.

Breakfast was not cleared away. Mrs. Trotman was still sitting over the tea-cups with the *Christian Endeavourer*. "They say here," she read, "that Alec's miracle is to be made sacred to the cause of religion."

"Is it?" said the Mayor with elaborate coolness. "No doubt Sir Pushcott will do what is best."

Mr. Trotman wrote out a shilling telegram to Alec, telling him that his father and mother would both be present at the Crystal Palace.

In less than an hour they received the reply: "Don't letter follows."

"We should make him nervous," said his mother.

"I'm not certain *I* shan't go incognito," said his father.

IV

Saturday evening, the evening for Alec's lecture, or sermon, or discourse—call it what you will—was come.

Never had there been such a well-advertised religious attraction in or near London. Progressively, for some years, the religious bodies had been losing their hold on the people. Freedom of worship, which each deplored and each took advantage of, had been followed by an even greater freedom in thought. Hardly could five hundred men and women be gathered together who wished to worship a Supreme Being in exactly the same fashion, with exactly the same accretions and excrescences on primitive pagan ceremonial, so superficially complex and muddled with whimsicalities had the modern religious mind become. The greatest eccentricities were tolerated, provided they amused more people than they annoyed. Indeed, they were applauded and paid for if they captivated the classes or entertained and brought together the masses over whom religion pure and simple had no longer any power. Priests and pastors consigned people to hell when they dared, and called them to heaven when they didn't. They hurt nobody and their blandishments attracted nobody except the already faithful. The churches lived on themselves, ever praying God and the heathen to enter; who both held aloof. No one, not even the bishops whose incomes were assured them, thought the Sermon on the Mount sufficiently practical for modern needs. Something more in the nature of music-hall attractions was desiderated. The up-to-date advertisement agent was called into consultation, his tricky methods being re-named, for the occasion, "psychology of the crowd." The end was to justify the means. "Better heaven in a motor-'bus than hell in a carriage and pair!" was a catchword that spread from pulpit to pulpit like an infectious disease, and thanks to a careful education by the press in illogicality, it occurred to few people that there might be other ways of getting to either place.

Being desperate, all the sects in the land, with the exception of the Catholics, the Quakers and the Christian Scientists, joined in a vast revival mission. "Now or never!" was their watchword. Newspapers lent their aid, thereby gaining a considerable increase in advertisements and circulation. All was well that was to end well.

Englishmen not being sufficiently businesslike, a party of thirteen Yankee revivalists who had met with astounding success on Coney Island, especially amongst the niggers, was hired to

come and convert London, and to deliver it up once more unto the churches, washed in the tears of repentance and hysterics. So swift was the movement, so noisy and so well engineered, that the State Church itself forgot for a moment that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. It ceased its dignified whimper on the subject of infidelity, and drew into line. It determined once and for all to become popular.

A prominent financier, as an unacknowledged penance for the misery created by his operations on the money-market, arranged with the railway companies that every one who wished to travel to the Crystal Palace Empire Mission should be conveyed, third class, free of charge. He was afterwards knighted. And the railway companies, by running a small proportion of third-class carriages, and those of the horse-box variety, induced so many people to travel first class, in order to avoid the crush, that an appreciable percentage was added to the year's dividend.

The revival itself, however, like so many before it, fell somewhat flat. Neither the huge admonitory texts hung from the walls and roof, nor the assembled people, succeeded in making the Crystal Palace other than a huge glass barn, more suitable for dog-shows than God-shows. London was prepared to be amused. It was prepared to sing when the hopping, bawling men on the platform, erected in front of the great organ, called upon it to sing. It was prepared to kneel on one knee on clean hassocks. It had no objection to repenting in the quietude of its own mind, provided the insanitary sackcloth and ashes were not insisted on. And it did not mind putting its hand in its pocket, to do the thing properly. But be publicly converted. . . . No! London preferred to 'eave that to those who made a pastime or profession of it.

The mission languished. The divine spark, the precise line of enterprise, was wanting.

What joy there was, therefore, among the faithful when Sir Pushcott Bingley notified privately by telephone from Trowbury to the wire-pullers of the Empire Mission that Mr. Alexander Trotman, the Worker of the only authenticated Modern Miracle, might haply, at a cheap rate, appear at the Revival to support the distinguished revivalists and to give a short account of how he moved the Holy Mountain! Strong support on the part of the *Halfpenny Press*, hitherto cool for want of advertisements, was guaranteed.

"Done!" said the chief missioner through the telephone. "He'll have to speak with the magnogramophone. When can we take his record?"

"Make it yourselves," replied Sir Pushcott, "but let me hear a proof cylinder."

A godsend! A godsend!

London was plastered with bills. Sandwich-men disorganised the traffic. The *Halfpenny Press* agreed to act as ticket agent. London was about to capitulate before the onslaught of the intrepid revivalists. "That a young man of unique genius," said Saturday morning's *Halfpenny Press*, "should be powerful enough to move mountains and unselfish enough to lay his work and his genius at the feet of religion is an event of paramount national importance, worthy of national recognition."

In the correspondence columns, a certain John A. Jenkins of Upper Norwood suggested that the Holy Mountain be offered, as a national thanksgiving, to him who had moved it.

Sir Pushcott Bingley had not hitherto exhibited Alec to the multitude, much less invited people to meet him at dinner. The public appearance of the Mountain-Mover was to be dramatic; and besides, he was not a very presentable young man. On Saturday evening, attended only by the *Halfpenny Press* man, they travelled together to the Crystal Palace High Level Station. A few loungers, recognising them at Victoria, raised a faint cheer. That was all.

At the Crystal Palace they were received by a bevy of men in low collars and white ties, who combined a busy practical manner with an inspiring amount of sanctimoniousness. "We shall be ready (D.V.) in about fifteen minutes," said one of them to Sir Pushcott Bingley.

A young man with light curly hair, a pale pushful face and a tie the ecclesiastical colour of the day, drew Alec aside. "We are *so* thankful to you," he said in soft, peculiarly suspended tones. "Through you the Lord's Will *will* be done. Whom the Lord hath sent . . ." He looked like a High Church curate and snuffled like a hell-fire ranter out of the pulpit.

An old bishop of the Evangelical type, who seemed very worried and confused, clasped Alec's hand in both his own—tremulous wrinkled hands they were—murmuring hurriedly, "God bless you, my boy!" The gentle-faced old man was out of place at the Palace; flustered, weary, nearly overcome; and there was something in his voice and manner which brought tears to Alec's eyes. Perhaps he was reminded of Nurse Parfitt, perhaps of a nice old clergyman at Trowbury who used to give him sweets and, in spite of Mrs. Trotman's polite anger, had persisted in doing so.

The vigorous young man, the Reverend Algernon Jones,

easily snatched Alec away from the old helpless bishop. "Perhaps you would like to see the service, on-ly the con-gregation must not see *you*, else they would at-tend to nothing else. They are praying now, and then they will sing a re-vival hymn. Keep your overcoat on and come up here. Pull down your hat a little —so."

They ascended to a gallery whence they could take a full view of everything: of the revivalists, backed by a half-moon of serious-faced clergy, on the platform before the great organ; of the semi-circle of plush-covered reserved seats (one shilling, five shillings, and a guinea), guarded by a crimson rope from the inferior souls to be saved; and of the multitude which, for conversion purposes, was admitted free, stretching on either side to the uttermost ends of the Palace. High on the glass walls texts were hung, and four revolving searchlights illuminated them in turn, so that they shone like the wall-advertisements of patent foods in the squares of great cities, and the strength of God was blazoned forth like the strength of concentrated ox. A fifth searchlight illuminated continuously an enormous text painted red, white, and blue, and hung in mid-air above the pipes of the organ. Alec read with a feeling very akin to fear: *If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place: and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you.*

Most noticeable of all was an apparatus placed in the centre of the hall. Four large shining funnels stretched out from it towards the four walls of the building. It stood over and above the people, burnished and still, a power sent from the inexorable law-ordered world of science to the emotion-tossed and wavering world of religion.

A few moments after Alec and the Rev. Algernon Jones had arrived in the gallery, prayer came to an end. The congregation arose from its knees, or from a crouching position, as the case might be. What Alec saw was numberless white faces, and hymn-papers like butterflies—a multitude of insignificant human beings affixed to a multitude of significant hymn-papers. The searchlights turned to notices placed on either side of the platform—HYMN No. 7—then turned to the revivalists and remained playing on them. The organ from a wild prelude in imitation of a storm sank to a weird catchy march.

The revivalists placed themselves in a row—black clothes, white ties, and strenuous faces, all in a row. Aided by professional singers artfully distributed among the audience, they began to sing in penetrating nasal voices a hymn that had been

concocted out of Robert Stephen Hawker's ballad, *The Silent Tower of Bottreau :*

> Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
> The boy leans on his vessel side ;
> He hears that sound and dreams of home,
> Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

The strains of the organ changed to an emphatic march in the minor. The revivalists made as one man a half-turn to the right. Keeping time with the music, they marched round the platform in a sort of goose-step or pedestrian cake-walk. As they tramped the searchlights followed them. And they sang in a loud voice, beckoning to the audience with their hands and white cuffs :

> " Come to thy God in time ! "
> Thus saith their pealing chime :

Then they turned right about face, marched the other way, and continued :

> Youth, manhood, old age past,
> " Come to thy God at last."

Those who could not enjoy the words of the ballad, because they could not catch them for the din, had at least unparalleled effects on the organ to amuse them. The revivalists went on with the same voices and the same ceremonial :

> But why are Bottreau's echoes still ?
> Her tower stands proudly on the hill ;
> Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
> The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
> " Come to thy God in time ! "
> Should be her answering chime :
> " Come to thy God at last ! "
> Should echo on the blast.
>
> The ship rode down with courses free,
> The daughter of a distant sea :
> Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
> The merry Bottreau bells on board.
> " Come to thy God in time ! "
> Rung out Tintagel chime ;
> Youth, manhood, old age past,
> " Come to thy God at last ! "
>
> The pilot heard his native bells
> Hang on the breeze in fitful swells ;
> " Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
> " We make the shore with evening's tide."
> " Come to thy God in time ! "
> It was his marriage chime :
> Youth, manhood, old age past,
> His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale :
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime :
"Come to thy God at last!"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word :
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime :
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell—
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep—
That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time!"
He read his native chime :
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rang out at last.

Redoubled storm effects on the organ shook the whole glass palace. It was as if the heavens were about to fall through the roof, or as if the whole vast edifice was going to ride off to hell like a witch on a broomstick. More and more had the audience joined in. The last verse was executed with an appalling roar, such that it seemed the revivalists must be crushed by the waves of sound advancing against them :

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves :
Those bells that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide :
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith the ocean chime :
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

The audience came to an end of the words on the hymn-paper. The organ hushed itself to a whining melody afloat in the treble ; then died out. "Come to thy God in time!" the revivalists continued, singing in unison, unaccompanied, and beckoning with a great sweep of the arms to the congregation.

Come to thy God in time!
Oh, that will be so fine!
Now make your anchor fast,
Come to thy God at last!

They bowed their heads; and suddenly, to an inarticulate screech of the organ, they stretched out their cuffs, as if to buffet or to embrace the multitude, and shouted:

"*Now—is—the time!*"

Silence! with the revivalists looking like broken monkeys on sticks.

Some among the audience fainted. Some shrieked. One or two had epileptic fits. Unconscious persons were hustled out of the doors by the stewards. 'Twas a magnificent success. The Holy Spirit, it was said, was in their midst.

The Crystal Palace Empire Revival Mission was catching on.

V

The revivalists pulled themselves together, hitched their disarranged coats into position, and stood expectantly in a row across the platform, as if to say: "We will do without your applause if we can have your selves. How long, O people, how long?" When the emotional disorder created by the hymn had somewhat died down, the chief revivalist took up a large megaphone, and waving it from side to side, like an elephant's trunk with a very swollen end, he spoke as follows:

"Dear brothers and sisters in Christ,—thank—you!—Mr. Alexander—Trotman [applause]—has come—amongst us tonight—to tell us—something—about that great deed—of faith—in God—which moved—the Hill—the Holy Mountain—from Wiltshire—to London [applause].—As Mr.—Alexander Trotman—could—not hope—to make—himself—audible—to so mighty—a—concourse,—he has spoken—his—address—into—the—magnogramophone,—a powerful—instrument—kindly—lent us—by Messrs.—Edwards and Bellay,—the celebrated makers of accoustical instruments.—You will see—the modern doer—of miracles—on the—platform,—but the magnogramophone—will speak—his speech—for him—so that—you—may all hear [applause].—All ye works—of the—Lord,—praise ye—the Lord!" [Prolonged and loud applause.]

Alec, accompanied by the *Halfpenny Press* man, walked on to the platform. The searchlights, which had been flashing about among the texts, turned their rays full upon him. That, together with the crackling applause, overwhelmed him so much that he blushed, closed his eyes, put his hands up like a man who has been hit and finds himself bleeding, and turned to go. He would have fled altogether had not one of the revivalists caught him by the arm and seated him forcibly in a chair, saying with a

strong Yankee twang, " Young man, sit there and do the Lord's work." Alec sat there, dumfounded, and the searchlights were turned away so that not even those in the guinea seats could see him quite plainly.

A cockney voice came from the other end of the palace : " Young feller, does your mother know you're out ? "

Instantly a revivalist picked up the megaphone and replied : " Sir, do you know that this may be the most solemn evening of your life ? "

" Ay, ay ! Yes, yes ! " groaned many of the faithful.

" Damn'd if I du ! " retorted a voice with a strong Devon accent.

" Throw them out ! Throw them out ! " was shouted.

Before there was time for a general laugh to gather force, the organ began to play, and the cockney and Devonian so in need of conversion were bundled out of doors.

" Now—dear—friends,—listen ! " shouted the megaphone.

The searchlights were shuttered and many of the electric lights switched off, until the Palace seemed like a vast glass cavern. In the centre, from the apparatus with the four shining funnels, there emerged a faint whirr of electrical machinery ; then a mechanical voice of that peculiar timbre which reminds one of cardboard.

It was like a voice from the other side of the grave. It made sensitive people shudder. Yet behold ! before the audience was Alexander Trotman, the owner in a sense of the voice, seated very awkwardly on the platform with the revivalists in a semicircle round him, and the respectable clergy who envied the revivalists' results but could not bring themselves to imitate their methods, seated in a larger semicircle round the revivalists.

" Friends," the machinery said, " I have come here to-night to tell you something about the Holy Mountain, as it is now called. How the hill, containing many thousand tons of earth, was actually transported, I cannot say. We do not know what actually *did* the miracles recorded in Holy Writ. All we know is what happened, and that the miracles were done. We must not inquire too closely into the workings of the divine Mind, into the actions of the divine Hand.

" We must have faith. Faith !

" All we know is, that a miracle needs faith for its accomplishment.

" And it was by an act of faith that I moved the Holy Mountain. It was not my strength, but His.

" Let me tell you how it happened."

(A threatening ebullition of applause was suppressed by the man with the megaphone.)

" I walked up to the Downs," the magnogramophone continued, " near Trowbury, my native place, last Sunday evening, with a young lady to whom I was tenderly attached. We had been to church, and had heard the preacher speak on those beautiful hopeful words, ' If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place : and it shall remove ; and nothing shall be impossible to you.' And when we were on the Downs with nothing but the free air between us and heaven, between us and God, I felt filled with prayer and faith. I guess I was lifted above myself.

" With faith I prayed that the hill before us, Ramshorn Hill, should remove to Acton, where I was about to go myself.

" Dear friends, it did remove.

" Great is the power of the Almighty ! "

The mechanical voice was drowned in a chorus of applause and ejaculations. " There is—something—more,—dear friends. Listen—to—the rest ! " shouted the megaphone man.

Two or three sentences being lost, the magnogramophone concluded with : " And I only hope to be able to devote the power God has given me, and the miracle I have wrought with God's help, to the sacred cause of a new, powerful and non-sectarian Christianity, without which our ever-glorious British Empire cannot hope to stand."

With a final whirr and click, the machinery ceased talking. The organ struck up another hymn. Unfortunately for the decorum of the revival, some coarse fellow in the audience began to sing *For he's a jolly good fellow !* The infection of it spread like the plague. Soon all those who were not laughing or crying, or drawing long faces, joined lustily in singing :

For he's a jolly good fel-low !
For he's a jolly good fel-low !
For he's a jolly good fel-l-low !
And so say all of us !

It rang through the huge glass Palace, defying the utmost efforts of the revivalists, who with much gesticulation attempted to sing hymns. It was repeated and repeated. Over and over again the audience roared it. Handkerchiefs waved. Hats flew. A rush to view Alec, on the part of the third-class people in the free seats, all but ended in panic.

At length, when the uproar had nearly ceased, owing to

the audience's attention being diverted to those who were taken ill, a revivalist addressed the people with the megaphone :

" Let—us—pray ! "

And the British audience, with propriety—in which lies safety — ever waiting somewhere at the back of its mind, squatted in prayer.

At this moment, Alec (the magnogramophone's address had surprised no one so much as its reputed author), Sir Pushcott Bingley and the *Halfpenny Press* man left the Palace. As they moved along the railway platform towards the special train which had been kept ready for them, a tall red-faced man, whose silk hat was exceedingly lustrous, planted himself before them.

" 'Evening, Sir Pushcott. Well ! Eh ? I'll give him three hundred a week for one appearance nightly at the Neapolitan."

" Oh ! " said Sir Pushcott in non-committal fashion.

" Will he sign the contract—three hundred pounds a week ? "

The music-hall manager was taking from the pocket of his fur-lined coat a paper and a fountain pen.

" No contracts," said Sir Pushcott.

" Well, will he come ? "

" He won't speak."

" Then what the devil's the good of him ?—Look here, Sir Pushcott, will he be the central figure in a patriotic ballet ? "

" Very well. £50 a night. No speaking. No formal obligation to appear : that'll be all right.—You'd better close with him, Mr. Alexander."

" All right," said Alec patiently.

He had a stomach-ache.

VI

Sunday morning in Trowbury (at Sir Pushcott Bingley's Alec lay in bed thinking about Trowbury) was very fair and restful. Rains in the night had cleaned and cooled the air. Only an occasional footstep, or some milk-cart rattling along behind a young horse, and the tinkling of single bells for early service, woke the stillness that did indeed seem to be hallowed. When Julia Jepp raised an upper window at the Emporium in the Station Road, she heard the clocks of the town one after another strike seven. The unpunctuality of the chimes, only one of which could possibly have been correct, gave her, who seldom had the opportunity of noticing such things, a very blessed sense of leisure. Sunday means so much to young people at Emporiums.

On a bed the other side of the room, a head, almost hidden

between a quantity of loose yellow hair and the bedclothes, stirred itself.

"*Do* shut that window, Miss Jepp."

"It's a lovely morning."

"There's such a thing as fresh air; but some people don't seem to think there's such a thing as draughts.

"All right," returned Miss Jepp with a touch of despondency in her tone.

It is not to be denied that Julia shut down the window more noisily than she need have done. Having slept badly, she welcomed the fresh cool air in her face. For several nights now she had slept badly. Years spent in drapery establishments had taught her to wade lightly down a stream of petty jealousies, spites and squabbles, which would have worried many a stronger and more fortunate woman to distraction. Miss Julia Jepp was notoriously a cool hand, and was also an object of admiration, strictly secret, on the part of the more hysterical; an admiration which chiefly showed itself in envy when things went well and calls for help when they did not.

Nevertheless, all in one week to concern herself charitably with Miss Starkey, and to break off an engagement which, though tacit, had been none the less a lantern to her thoughts . . . That was too much, even for Julia Jepp's equanimity. Though she felt proud and at times happy at being in the middle of things—real, live, romantic affairs;—though she certainly seemed less stagnant to herself; she was harassed and fevered, and therefore she was cross because the other inmates of the room would not let her remain, her head, bubbling with thoughts and schemes, poked out into the morning air.

She got back into bed, sneezed once or twice, and dreamed that she was preventing Edith Starkey from committing suicide.

At breakfast she rapped out a very caustic remark to the young lady who had wanted the window shut. That made her feel better. She decided to go to church in the morning and to go and see Miss Starkey, at Mrs. Parfitt's cottage, in the afternoon. It occurred to her that considering all that had happened, and what was about to take place, she ought in prudence not to have overmuch to do with the unfortunate girl. "Never mind!" she said to herself resolutely. The same motherliness which had first attracted her to Alec, now caused her also to go and see, and to scheme for, Edith Starkey.

At five minutes to eleven she found herself entering St. Thomas's Church. She had no qualms as to the appearance of her yellow costume. It fitted her perfectly. She followed the

verger up the carpeted aisle, went to the remotest corner of the pew indicated, knelt down, and prayed wordlessly.

It is a tendency of almost all grown-up people, when they are distressed, to revert to the comforters of their youth. So with Julia. As a girl she had not liked church any better than most children ; but to-day St. Thomas's, which reminded her of quiet childish hours and of one or two childish attempts to talk to God like real holy people, calmed her magically. The prosperity of the congregation, who looked as if they had never known what heart-fret was ; the noiselessness and the good manners ; the General Confession, which by including all sinfulness made each sin seem as nought ; the *Te Deum*, the hymns, and the deliberate voice of the preacher, not one of whose words could she recollect a moment after it had been spoken,—all this settled her thoughts and comforted her. And afterwards, to come out from the dim porch into the brilliant July sunlight, among the chattering people, greeting one another heartily ; to walk back in the sunshine withthe only good dinner of the week awaiting her. . . . A strength of purpose (in regard to Alec and Miss Starkey) and a feeling of Sunday peace, the calm of ceremonies that had been repeated from time immemorial, took possession of her mind.

In the late afternoon she walked slowly out, beneath a yellow parasol with lace trimmings, to see Miss Starkey. According to all expectation that young lady ought to have been tragic, or at least hysterical. Julia was almost shocked to find her tolerably comfortable ; a little discontented and querulous, but that mainly on account of the cottage's distance from town goings-on. She seemed entirely to have forgotten the scene which had taken place at her Trowbury lodgings. She talked about clothes, about Mrs. Parfitt, about the dust. She laughed gaily.

Mrs. Parfitt had taken to her. She said the young lady was cheery for a lonely old 'oman and praised the way she bore up under her bad luck.

At tea, Julia herself almost forgot the real state of affairs, until Mrs. Parfitt asked her : " Now do 'ee, my dear, tell I all you d' know about Master Alec. They says as he be givin' an entertainment at the Crystal Palace. I did go there meself before nursin' Master Alec. 'Tis a wonderful place, for sure ; all glass—clear as crystal—and they got a lucky-bag there what you dips into."

Julia repeated all she knew, but the subject of Alexander Trotman distressed even while it pleased her. She wondered above all how Miss Starkey could chatter about him so freely. She felt she had to get away from the cottage—there was no

guiding the old nurse's tongue;—and, though it went sadly against the grain to be seen in the town itself with Miss Starkey she proposed church.

"I'm chapel," said Miss Starkey.

"I've never been to chapel in my life."

"Let's go. I want to see a bit of what's going on."

"But I sha'n't know what to do in chapel," Julia protested.

"Oh, never mind that. No one does much. I'll poke you when you've got to get up and down."

They walked back to Trowbury—Miss Starkey seemed shamefully unashamed—and joined the people who were flocking into one of the chapels. The stern pale old men, successful tradesmen of a retired generation, the very provincially smart wives and the unnaturally decorous children were all rather alien to Julia. She was astonished at the earnestness and at the apparently soul-tearing groans of approval; most astonished at the extemporary prayers. The vigour of the service, the heavy ugliness of the building, made her feel light-minded by contrast—who had been so calmed by the morning's service at St. Thomas's. It made her serious, if it did not make her worship. It certainly increased her sense of the gravity of life. In other words, it upset her again, and it was distinctly a relief when, on regaining the street, Miss Starkey remarked flippantly: "There! That's the first time I've been to chapel for ages, and I daresay it's the last. Not bad, is it?"

Miss Starkey would again have talked about Alexander Trotman had not Julia revolted. The conversation flagged. Julia worried in silence. Though she ached to know something for certain, they were nearly at Mrs. Parfitt's gate before she brought herself to ask: "Edie, tell me who it was."

"Who what was?"

"Who he was—you know."

"Catch me!" said Miss Starkey. "*You* wouldn't."

The peaceful day had, of its very peacefulness, given Julia a hope that it was not Alec after all who was responsible for her friend's misfortune. But now . . . "Ah!" she said to herself, "she's forgotten that she let it out when she had hysterics the other night." And Julia imagined herself saying all sorts of tragic things to all sorts of people.

When she was in bed, she wept because she would not—could not, she put it to herself—marry Alexander Trotman.

(*To be continued*)

THE MONTH

EDITORIAL: *THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE—Little States and Great Nations; Labour Parties and Home Affairs; Spectacles and the Drama; The Counter-revolution in Turkey, by* H. N. BRAILSFORD; *The Rise of the Pan-Polish Party, by* G. W.; *Some Sidelights on Modern Greece, by* J. G. B. LYNCH; *An Answer to the Panama Canal Critics, by* PRESIDENT TAFT

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE

Little States and Great Nations

The joy felt over the settlement of the Balkan question had about it something sinister, something oppressive. The stock markets rose, an ideal fell. We heaved sighs of relief, and at the same time we felt as if we had seen a rabbit slaughtered by a burly poacher. And yet, no doubt, the settlement is in many ways a most useful piece of work. It is useful because it has relieved many apprehensions. It is the more useful in that it shows us where we stand. It shows us, in fact, that as between nation and nation we stand exactly where we did, exactly where we always have stood. It shows us that now, as always, treaties are things to be tranquilly broken, as soon as you have behind you a sufficiency of armed strength. And it is very well that this fact should have been reasserted.

We have been forgetting it of late. In a sort of general amiability, at any rate in our own grades of society and as between man and man, we behave with some chivalry, with some generosity, with some respect for law. We imagine that the nation has more than a little forgotten that there exists in the world the singular caste of diplomats. Earlier this caste was at once very prominent and very obscure. We used to be aware that our ambassador was a man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. We used to have at least a sense of the Diplomatic Bodies situated somewhere, as it were, in obscure tunnels, a host of clerks, of first secretaries, of chancellors of Embassies, all these unscrupulous, polished and unapproachable creatures, with their spies, their couriers, their cipher-codes and their misleading statements, that were all the more misleading in that they were sometimes true. All these people were present in our thoughts when we considered questions of foreign policy. They acted mysteriously, autocratically, and we never considered that we had any voice in the matter, though we certainly trusted that they would do their best for us.

NOWADAYS, or, at any rate, for the last few years, they and their functions have been very much obscured. There have been royal progresses, Parliamentary pronouncements of policy. There have been platform declarations and there have been the perpetual statements and counter-statements of the press. It was perhaps Bismarck who invented the press as a factor in international politics, or if, remembering Delane, we cannot say that he was the inventor, at any rate we can say that he first persistently, automatically and ceaselessly used it for his own purposes. And to this day the German press, obediently vocal or mute, like a pack of hounds, pursues the lines given it by its master. Witness the outpourings of unanimous sentiments from all the bureaucratic German press of to-day—the splendid protestations, the fine righteousness with which they declare that Prussia used no argument of force against Russia; that for the love of God or for the *beaux yeux* of the Austrian Kaiser, or out of sheer benevolence, or for a mere child's whim, Russia presented the Pan-Germanic Confederation with so many hundred miles of Slav territory; that this great Slav nation handed over to Pan-Germanism those two tiny States for the mere fun of the thing.

THERE is something almost heroic in this tribute that the German press pays to the spirit of Christian comity between nations. We wonder why they do it? They can't hope to take us in. They can't hope to take anybody in. They resemble those gentlemen who assure ladies that their only reason for refusing them the suffrage is the infinite respect that they have for the intuitive powers of the "fair sex." But just in fact as man has got woman down, and means to keep her there, so Prussia has got what Schopenhauer called *Christo-Germanisch Dummheit*—the idealistic conventions—down and means to keep them there. There is indeed no reason why Prussia should not declare herself for what she is. She has never been particularly Christian, she has never been really very Germanic—for the German is a kindly idealist, whereas the Prussian with his strong infusion of Tartar traditions has always been quite splendidly unaltruist, has always been quite splendidly a man of blood, iron and the mailed fist. In this, Prussia is perfectly within her rights. She stands very much where we did not so very long ago. She wants what we wanted then, what to-day we have got. Her splendid imperial vision is that of a Prussian empire, spreading from the German Ocean to the Black Sea, and of another empire, which we

for the moment possess, an empire "upon which the sun never sets." And since for the moment it is we who possess the only empire on which the sun does not go down, we, deeming ourselves friendly, gentle and innocuous men of wealth, consider that Prussia is a sinister, an immoral power.

But let it be set down at once that—whatever may be said for the advisability of this imperial idea—we originally took this empire. We took it from Great Moguls, from rajahs, from chiefs, from sultans, from wild islanders, from enfeebled races once martial or from races always feeble. And friendly, gentle and innocuous as we are, still each week sees us add our new colony to the empire. We add them, these new colonies, so gently and so quietly that each new annexation means only a tiny official announcement in the daily papers, an announcement of a name just glanced at and before next week forgotten. Has not, indeed, since the appearance of the last number of The English Review—has not the announcement been made that the British flag waves about the South Magnetic Pole ?

So that none of the old spirit is dead within us and we may well imagine the small rajahs, the small sultans, all the unannexed small nations of the far places of the earth, seeing us as sinister, as immoral and how infinitely more dangerous than the dreaded Prussia that we see, that Servia has seen. It is for this reason that the settlement of the Balkan question has proved so useful. It has proved that small States can expect no mercy. It should prove to us that if we sink to the level of a small State we need expect no better a fate than is that of Poland to-day, or a future no more splendid than that of modern Greece. The lessons of modern Greece and of Poland are significant enough. Poland, with its ancient glories, its romance, its chivalry, Poland, because it was once so formidable, is divided up, is held down, by three mighty Powers. Greece, because once she was the fair field of heroes, poets, and of wise men, has been artificially turned into a sort of Yellowstone Park, into a sort of Reserve where strange races quarrel futilely in a territory that appears not to be worth commercial exploitation. Greece indeed, we may say, is the ironic tribute that Europe pays to the Arts of peace.

Supposing now that England fell, as have fallen the Poland of chivalry and the Greece of sounding lines. We have so little

romance, we have so little of chivalrous appeal, we have so little of the arts. Perhaps the tradition of ours that most stands out in the eyes of Europe—of Europe strong and arrogant—is the tradition of comfort. Only for that part of Europe which is oppressed is England still the land of liberty, and nothing, perhaps, is more moving, nothing perhaps is more inspiring than to be down at the docks and to see, when emigrants land, the Russian and Polish fugitives kneel down and kiss the mud—the soil of freedom.

And indeed the English soil was the soil of freedom for all Europe until not so very long ago. We remember hearing a very old German lady of position whose feelings and whose ideas dated back to the days of the great Napoleon—we remember hearing her speak of England as *la grande nation* and the phrase was a very significant survival, a very interesting symptom of how the attitude of the Germans towards England has changed in the last half-century—of how the position of England in Europe has altered within those five decades. For, from the time of Napoleon until, let us say, 1870, England was *la grande nation*. It was the nation of Reform Bills, of Constitutional freedom, of Humanitarian ideals; it was the land that sent Byron to Greece, it was the land that gave hospitality to Mazzini, to Cavour, to Garibaldi—and even to Louis Napoleon; it was the champion of oppressed nationalities. Now all this is very much forgotten. So that to be in a country boiling from end to end with denunciations of England the oppressor, of an England apparently effete, hurling ineffectual legions against heroic burghers, to be in this hostile foreign land and suddenly to hear those words, *la grande nation*, was as if one received on one's parched tongue a single drop of cold water.

And what the Boer War so efficiently began, the Balkan settlement has consummately ended. Austria annexes two small States, Great Britain, France and Russia line up against Austria and Germany. Then the diplomatists get to work, the chancellories again become mysterious and awful places. Ambassadors put their heads together, gloom hangs over the stock markets. And suddenly: relief. Baron von Aehrenthal gains his cause, M. Iswolsky surrenders: the war-cloud rises from the face of Europe: the Servian Crown Prince, having become

a *persona non grata*, surrenders his rights, we return to a state of diminishing naval panic (one of the music-halls advertises as a turn "The Eight Miss Dreadnoughts") and to no interest whatever in Mr. Burns's Town Planning Bill.

PRESUMABLY in one way or the other, what with voluntary contributions and jugglings with the financial year so as to pacify the economists, the Ministry will give us our eight *Dreadnoughts*. But the spirit of the thing is altogether and radically wrong. Where England is perfidious, is "just here." England is enormously strong, yet the English are perpetually proclaiming themselves open to invasion. The Englishman has an enormous affection for his green, fertile and comfortable land. This he perpetually conceals in deference to social codes of mildness and the avoidance of ostentation. The tradition of empire-building persists and we ignore it. We discover the Magnetic Pole and we proclaim all day long that we are growing effeminate. The tables of public health give better showing every day and we proclaim that we are growing degenerate. And so Prussia sees us, according to our own showing; open to invasion, lacking in patriotism, our powers of acquisition dwindling, our hardihood all gone, our manhood degenerate. And by giving this impression we are to blame—we are capitally to blame. For we are encouraging aggression.

WE are encouraging aggression in a manner that is fatal to the peace of Europe. There was once a time when it was a proper, an amusing or a salutary thing to say that "Poor old England is going to the dogs." The saying was possibly salutary in Napoleonic days. It may even have been useful in the time of the Crimean War: with the coming of the electric telegraph and the popular press it has become criminal. For, for a wealthy, well-armed and strong man to walk along a thief-infested street and proclaim himself wealthy but unarmed and weak, is simply to invite armed assault. It directly invites the sharpening of knives, which otherwise would never be sharpened. And this is a crime. Still more is it a crime to indulge in the ecstasies of panic. For we may say that unless we had for many years past indulged ourselves in the exquisite but indecent pleasures of pessimism, of misgiving and outcry, no foreign Power would have even got it into his head that it could by any effort whatever measure its naval strength against ours.

And indeed, difficult as it is to come to any truth in these matters, it would appear that it is not in the capacity to build ships that we are defective but simply in that of producing gun-mountings. And apparently the Government has already suggested to manufacturers that in this direction, too, they should increase their plant. What is needed in the nation is a sense of responsibility, and a sense of responsibility, too, is what is needed in the Oligarchies that from time to time rule us. It is only with a sense of the deepest mistrust that at present we can view any utterance of the Ministry. It is only with a mistrust still more profound that we can view the press and music-hall-fomented ebullitions of patriotic fervour. Let us, in the name of peace, make quite certain how our house stands. Let us put it in order ; let us ensure that it shall remain in order and then, watchful but with a sense of national decency, let us proclaim, *urbi et orbi*, that we are quietly confident in our strength. Then let us be quiet about it.

LABOUR PARTIES AND HOME AFFAIRS

Of the other events of the month the Paris postal strike is the most significant, the most suggestive. It points the moral that even in the most highly organised of States the human factor cannot be ignored. Indeed, it proves that the human factor most of all must be considered. The ostensible cause of the strike was certain acts of impoliteness, certain favouritisms alleged to have been shown by the Minister in charge of postal services to various employees. But it seems likely that these acts, if they were committed, were merely the flimsy pretexts given by a demagogue for a rehearsal of one of those general strikes that are to bring about a revolution. The state of Paris does indeed seem to be singularly affrighting. Side by side with a gaiety of the most child-like there exists in the Parisian of the lower classes a black hatred for the *bourgeoisie*, a hatred caused by innumerable evidences of the unequal distribution of wealth. And the minds and ears of this blackly hating proletariat seem to have been captured in their entirety by a small syndicate of demagogues, who are typified to our imaginations by the name of "King Pataud." The threat of the Pataudists is to bring about upon the first of May a general strike, which will lead to a revolution in the capital. They desire to abolish the Parliamentary Republic and to institute in its place a "Syndical Government." And the "Syndical Government," as far as

we have been able to make out its aspirations and tenets, aims at establishing a very crude form of Anarchism.

That enormous disorganisation, great privations, great confusions and great struggles might, in the City of Paris, be the result of such a strike, we can well believe. It is not impossible that the city should fall into the hands of mob rulers, but that France should follow the lead of Paris is in the highest degree unlikely. It is true that in the North there is a very general discontent with the present Government, and it is true that the discontent in the Midi is hardly yet assuaged. But in the event of a general disorder in Paris the Republican Government would probably abandon the capital, and the old story of the Commune of 1870 would be re-enacted. It is perhaps inevitable but it is certainly very unfortunate that no popular movements can be brought to birth without these violences of feeling. A movement has its ideals, every ideal having in it something that is noble, and behind this ideal, beneath it, shoving, as it were, the triumphal car forward, there are these men of strong, of wilful, of acrimonious personality. It is too early to speak with reflection of the disturbances in Constantinople, but upon another page we print an article by a writer well acqainted with the personalities and aims of the Young Turks. The situation in Persia is unspeakable, but the position of our own Labour Party is worth consideration.

It is not too much to say that this party, which at the General Election appeared to be so minatory, so likely to become all-powerful in the near future, has lost appeal, has lost power and has lost its claim to voice the working people of the Kingdom. And the final exhibition, the singular if somewhat touching manifestations of the Labour Congress at Edinburgh, would seem to threaten a final rift and a loss of power that will be only reattainable after many years. From every point of view this disruption is undesirable. It is as undesirable from the point of view of those who oppose as from the point of view of those who uphold the Labour Party in this country. For the working-class vote in England is a very large one and with the spread of cheap literature it threatens to become a very emotional one. Now, as long as this vote is under the control of men of settled convictions, of known aspirations and of some idealism, those who oppose its policy know what they are opposing, those

who uphold it know what they uphold. And with this party united and powerful to the extent of the vote behind it, its leaders would have time to reflect, its opponents would be able to measure the forces requisite for opposition. Without this check of a strong party organisation the working class in England lies open to the excitation of any chance agitator, of any chance newspaper proprietor who can start panic or a parrot-cry for whatever wrong-headed or sinister motive.

Supposing, for instance, that England should be engaged in a long and arduous continental war. At present, times are upon the whole quite easy, and as between class and class there is very little hatred. But imagine a European war that should last for two or three years, with enormous dislocations of trade, with great rises in the price of food, with great bands of unemployed caused by the shutting down of factories and the interruption of communications. Imagine, that is to say, bands of unemployed to the tune, not of hundreds only but of thousands, with food at starvation price and the feeling of National disaster in the air. And imagine, then, some cry of class hatred thrown to this starving and multitudinous band. It is with some such picture as this in the mind's eye that we plead so earnestly for the erection of some standard of calmness, of aloofness, for some modification of the journalistic view which is all that the country and the politicians alike take of public affairs. To stand apart, to view with scepticism the news of the day, to avoid personalities, this is to-day the duty of every proper man.

In this turmoil of foreign events affairs at Home receive comparatively little attention. Yet the reappearance of Mr. Burns's Town Planning Bill and its consignment to a committee is, as we have already pointed out, a capital event—an event that must have a very great bearing upon the future health and, in consequence, upon the future fortunes of a nation that nowadays is very preponderantly composed of town-dwellers.

What lies behind the rise in the price of wheat is a fact which, comparatively speaking, has gone unmarked. Yet this again is a feature of the very greatest importance. At the present moment there is practically no foreign wheat to

come from anywhere — for the amount "cornered" by Mr. Patten must be relatively very small. The price of British wheat in various local markets ranges from 48*s.* at Guildford to about 41*s.* in various parts of Lincolnshire. A few farmers are reported to be holding supplies, but these can only be very few in number. And it should be remembered that wheat is a very curious commodity. Forming as it does the staple food-stuff of the poor, any rise in price increases the demand. For the poor man, faced with a rise in the price of his living material, cuts down his expenditure on meat and the more costly comestibles, and increases, in consequence, his bread bill, in order to fill the vacancy in his scale of diet. So that with no wheat to come in until the next harvest, the probability is that the price of wheat will remain at, or about, 48*s.* if it does not go higher still.

Wheat at 48*s.* means a loaf at from 6*d.* to 8*d.* and this is a serious fact for the consumer. But of late years there has been in nearly all agricultural products a marked tendency to hardening of prices—a tendency that may very well have remarkable consequences. For many years the farmer in England has struggled between lines of only just paying, or not paying at all. Now he appears to be approaching a time when his limits will be those of only just paying and paying well.

The farming prospects of the present year could not very well be better. The long dry spells of autumn and winter have been eminently propitious for sowings. The cold weather of the early spring has kept things back satisfactorily, minimising the risk of damage by frost to fruit and young things, whilst the spells of bright weather and of gentle rains during and after Easter have been almost exactly what was needed, though for light soils the weather has been a little on the dry side. So that upon the whole the prospects of the year are excellent. And for all that can be foreseen the tendency to harden in prices will be maintained. With the exception of Russia, whose agriculture has been entirely disorganised by internal disorders, it would seem that nearly all the ground of the world available for wheat is under cultivation. Small increases of supply may come from the Argentines and from Canada, but these will be hardly sufficient to meet the increases of population and demand that are taking place all over the world.

MANY factors do, of course, go to the causing of rural depopulation, but the main attraction of towns is always a financial one. The countryman settles in a town to some small extent because of the amenities of urban life, but mainly he is attracted by high wages. If incomes in rural districts should come to be increased to any considerable extent, the countryman would be able to make not only his living wage but a sufficiency from which to set aside enough to afford him reasonable relaxation at the times of year when work is slack. This, with a feeling of security, is all that the countryman asks. It is, indeed, all that is required to repopulate the many rural districts with small cultivators and with intensive farmers. The only danger would be that if farming paid really handsomely the large financiers might turn their attention to agriculture as an object of exploitation. In that case they might, employing huge capitals, take over great tracts of land, and, working almost entirely with machinery, reduce the amount of labour employed to something almost incredibly small. But of this there seems for the moment to be little prospect. F.

SPECTACLES AND THE DRAMA

His Majesty's: R. B. SHERIDAN: *The School for Scandal.*
The Alhambra: *Psyche:* a ballet.
The Empire: *Come Inside:* Revue.
The Kingsway: J. B. FAGAN: *The Earth.*
Stage Society Performance: Mr. GEORGE CALDERON: *The Fountain.*

WE owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Tree for the beautiful display of eighteenth-century dress and scenery which his revival of *The School for Scandal* at His Majesty's Theatre has afforded. The spectacle is in every way perfect and to a certain extent all that is required of so cold and so finished a play—a play so "machine-turned" in its accuracy, adroitness, and workmanship. In Shakespeare Mr. Tree's productions have always tried us: he obscures with his æsthetics all the verbal poetry. But *The School for Scandal* does not matter. A "classic" for the mediocre intelligence, durable, precise and wonderful, it is from those very qualities tiring. Its hardness and dazzling intricacy make us long for a little delicate subtlety to be suggested rather than blatantly present. From this standpoint it wears well, but we are glad that Mr. Tree selected it rather than *She Stoops to Conquer* with its so much more heart and its real feeling.

We wish that the producers of costume plays could be persuaded to give the performances in dumb show. Mr. Tree has got together a cast prodigal in picturesque ability, but the voices of nearly all the actors jarred : they missed nearly always any eighteenth-century intonation : cockney accents warred with tones hollow and theatrically traditional and there was need not so much for unison as for harmony in the sounds. It would be a step forward for Mr. Tree if in his next pageant he firmly insisted that all his actors imitated himself in this respect. In that way some sort of tradition would be established and realism—which in this sort of production does not matter—would just be let go by the board.

As a spectacle it was lovely : the minuet could not have been better painted by Fragonard : the dresses (Joseph Surface wore a "creation" in black velvet and Miss Wiehe looked what we believe is called a "dream" in a dress of brocaded roses)—the dresses gave us real joy, and far more the delicate and touching music of Purcell and Rameau and Bach. The acting did not matter very much. Mr. Tree delights in detail, admirable when carried to a certain point, but he carries his touches so far that his looking out for opportunities becomes a sort of nervous complaint and is the cause of his playing so slowly. The hard wit would have sparkled more if poured out faster.

Of how effective and how enjoyable a spectacle might be, the ballet at the Alhambra is sufficient evidence. This is the spectacle purely fanciful : Mr. Tree's is the spectacle *quasi*-historic. And the Alhambra ballet proves how well Mr. Tree would be doing if he left out altogether the verbiage of his plays and introduced perhaps one or two more minuets or dances proper to the period which he chooses to select. Apart from a rather unreasonable preponderance of a slightly unpleasant shade of pink, the Alhambra ballet is a series of beautifully painted pictures, and apart from the fact that Mlle. Britta was not too eminently adapted, charming as she is, to the part of Cupid, there was nothing at all in the series of classical tableaux which could be compared for disagreeableness to the jarring voices of Mr. Tree's performers. At the Alhambra we had a suggestion of light, of air, of marble temples, of the sea, and of classical motion. And we had a suggestion of the story of Psyche and Eros. It is strange how the Greek myths survive.

It is interesting to see how apparently difficult it is for the two sexes to equal each other in splendour of costume. At His Majesty's the palm had to be given to the men's dresses. And indeed in any period when men go in for display the women seem to sink into dull backgrounds. For instance, how much more graceful is Miss Ellis Jeffreys in everyday dress than when obscured as to her figure by the outline of panniers. At the Empire, on the other hand, it was distressing to see how plain was even the fanciful costume of a gentleman meant to vie with Mr. Seymour Hicks' when set beside moderately unexaggerated modern female costume. Otherwise the *Revue* at the Empire was as uninteresting as the ballet remains alluring. It was distressing to see Miss Kyasht dancing gracefully in rather vulgar surroundings. The great topics of the day—reviewed from the other side of the footlights—appear to be: (1) The opening of a great store; (2) Mr. Seymour Hicks; (3) President Taft; (4) Mr. Wilkie Bard; (5) Lord "Charlie" Beresford and Mr. Bottomley. Why could not the Empire employ some third-rate French Ironist—or, still better, Mr. Barry Pain—to write its *Revue* for it?

Miss Lena Ashwell has in the past deserved considerable credit for her attempts to produce strong plays and plays that differed from the run of commercial dramas: she has, however, fallen short of an absolutely high standard because she has been ignorant or oblivious of the fact that the indispensable complement of strength is inevitability. Without this, force is merely violence or eccentricity. *The Earth* fails as an exposure of the daily press, not simply because "people don't do such things" as the villain of the play. It fails because it does not carry the conviction that the conductor of a paper with wide popular appeal could possibly do such things. He could not. To edit such a paper a man must be of utterly commonplace mind. He could not therefore be a villain—for to be a villain requires imagination of a sort. A Napoleon of the English press might be thoughtlessly cruel, cruelly unimaginative. He might uphold mediocrity, vulgarity, shallowness or stupidity. He could not be a blackmailer, because it is one of the essentials of his necessary self-confidence that he should believe in his own rectitude. This he always does do, and this no blackmailer can. For that reason this strenuous play, spirited and skilfully constructed as it is, simply fails to carry conviction. We were glad to see that Mr. McKinnel did not play the villain's part slowly, as he played the chairman in Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife*. It would have been

a pity if this really intelligent actor of such good training had fallen definitely into that sad imitation of the "stars" of commercial drama. L.

Mr. George Calderon's comedy, *The Fountain*, which the Stage Society produced last month, has considerable intrinsic merits, if its extrinsic politics—those, that is, which tell upon the stage—are lacking in substance and illusion. The besetting sin of our modern stage is that so many of the plays presented never seem to "get on," and this was the fault of *The Fountain*. It opened very brightly, with conspicuous verve, directness and promise, and ended at the third act almost where it began, without anything in the nature of drama having taken place, *more* Mr. Bernard Shaw, of whose methods Mr. Calderon is evidently a disciple. It is a play of talk, witty talk certainly, but not constructive, as it were, to the play, which, after all, is the thing we go to see. None the less the play has undoubted merits, so much so that one would like to see it remodelled and dramatised, so to speak, to suit the stage requirements. For it is quite a good thing, and it would seem a pity that so much admirable work should fail for want of due appreciation of what we will call dramatic style and morphology. Mr. Calderon should certainly try again.

Mrs. Wren, the principal character, is a silly but dear little woman and, as such, has no corollary. In this part Miss Mary Jerrold gave a vivacious and distinguished performance. She can talk and move and suggest. She will certainly make herself felt. Mr. Lloyd was good, and Miss Nancy Price surprised everybody by a really dramatic impersonation of a typical East End virago. A. H.

The Counter-revolution in Turkey

By H. N. Brailsford

[Note.—This article was completed before the main body of the Young Turkish army had begun to march on Constantinople. It is an analysis of forces rather than a chronicle of events, and I have preferred to leave it as I wrote it. If it has over-estimated the force of the reaction in the capital, the hideous massacres of Armenians in the remoter provinces have shown that mutiny is not the worst of the evils with which the Committee has to deal. The conduct of the reactionaries in unchaining such forces and of the so-called "Liberal Union" in allying itself with them deserves a severer condemnation than the mutiny itself.]

Of all the means of fusing a nation a Parliament may be the most potent. It may also be of all the means of furthering disruption the most deadly. When the second Ottoman Parliament came together, it seemed to promise the creation of a united and progressive people. Parties could scarcely be said to exist in it. Of the fanatical old-world Turkey which massacred Armenians and obeyed a Palace gang, hardly a representative had been elected. It was jealous for its privileges and so determined to assert its rights against the Sultan that the deputies even refused to go through the formality of taking an oath of allegiance. Five months have passed and the Parliament is split into apparently irreconcilable factions. The Rump which remains after a sort of Pride's Purge, carried out by the clergy and the privates of the Constantinople garrison, has solemnly declared the fugitive deputies traitors, and on the ruins of its harmony the Sultan has for the moment re-established his personal prestige, if not his real authority. Yet this Parliament has had few acutely contentious questions before it. Its debates have been decorous, and in every decision which it has taken it has seemed to act with an approach to unanimity. What is it that has brought it in so brief a time, and with so few sharp issues to explain the cleavage, to the verge of civil war? Not the Ministerial crisis which ended in Kiamil Pasha's fall, for only eight deputies were found to vote for him against the dominant Young Turks. Not even the unpopular treaty with Austria, which only some forty deputies condemned by their

votes. The cleavage, passionate and fatal though it has been, is due to simpler and less easily definable causes than any issue that could be stated in debate. Parliaments are something more than a bloodless battle-ground for parties. They are also peculiarly close and intimate societies, in which men are forced into a daily relationship that may either forge a national unity, or foster the antagonisms that make a civil war. It is in the lobbies of this Ottoman Parliament, amid the small talk and the personal disputes of an enforced contact, that Old Turkey has discovered its lack of sympathy with the younger generation.

It needs but little imagination to conceive what the shock and conflict between these two tendencies must have been. On the one hand were the deputies of the Young Turkish party, men for the most part still young or in early middle life. Most of them had been refugees under the old *régime*, and usually they had spent their exile in Paris or Geneva. Steeped in the spirit of Republican France, proud to think of themselves as Europeans, many of them competent scientists or scholars, speaking and reading French as their real culture language, and nearly all of them lax or sceptical in their religious professions, they must have seemed to the old-world Asiatic Turk little better than foreigners and infidels. Their prophet is Comte, or Spencer, while his is Mohammed. It must have been with a shudder of anger and horror that these primitive old gentlemen, summoned from Anatolian villages, Kurdish castles and the holy cities of Arabia, discovered that Ahmet Riza, the man whom they had chosen for their President, is actually a declared Positivist and an opponent of revelation. Conceive, too, the indignation which the Moslem clergy must have felt—and a very large number of the deputies are hodjas or ulema—when they saw the Young Turkish deputies, nominal Moslems, drinking wine with Christians in cafés and hotels, or eating in public during the fast of Ramazan. If these holy men had been merely ignorant, they might perhaps have bowed humbly to the science and the experience of the Young Turks. But they also in their own way are scholars. They have been learning Arabic and Persian while the young men acquired French. They have mastered their law and their theology, spent long years over all the traditional philosophy which is taught in Mohammedan universities, and boast a degree which they think more honourable than any Parisian diploma. All their days they had been the oracles of their native place, accustomed to receive the salaam of Pashas and the obedience of unlettered citizens. It is easy to picture the stages of bewilderment, irritation and anger

through which the Old Turks must have passed during their enforced intimacy with Young Turkey. The baser passions of vanity and envy must have jostled with the nobler passions of moral reprobation and religious conservatism. One need not suppose that they are either fanatics or mere reactionaries. They probably condemn such excesses as the Armenian massacres and the rule of the late Palace gang with perfect sincerity. Most of them have been influenced by the " modernism " which for many years has been transforming Mohammedan theology. They are probably convinced that constitutional rule is in accordance with the Koran—some of them even imagine that the Koran is actually the source of the constitutional idea. There are texts which condemn despots and others which recommend in all grave matters the taking of counsel together. But between the devout though tolerant Moslem who bases the constitution on the Koran and the Sheriat (traditional canon law of Islam), and the freethinking young man who deduces it from Auguste Comte, lies all the antagonism of East and West, all the incompatibility of the Middle Ages with the Twentieth Century. The Anabaptists and the Fifth Monarchy men would have agreed on many points of practical politics with the Fabian Society of to-day. But one cannot conceive of a harmonious co-operation between them.

It would have required the exercise of infinite tact and much grace of compromise, if the Young Turks were to have managed an assembly composed of such diverse elements as these. They had to deal in the first place with the " Ahrar," or Liberal Union, a rival group of Turkish Progressives, as Western in spirit as themselves, and in some respects more radical. Then there were the Christian groups, more especially the Armenians, well-disposed to them at the start and easy to deal with, and the Greeks, more critical, suspicious, and exacting than the Armenians. Among the Moslem groups were the Arabs and Albanians, intensely jealous of any claim on the part of the Turks to the position of a ruling race. But the hardest problem of all was the handling of the clergy and the old-world country Turks who ultimately banded themselves together in the Mohammedan Union, which was the effective force behind the counter-revolution. The Young Turks have given proof of some of the rarest of all the political virtues, and their movement was as much a moral awakening as a political upheaval. In colleges and mess-rooms, which seethed with spies and adventurers, in a world where servility was the path to advancement and the ability to levy blackmail the recognised perquisite of

office and power, these young men had made a cult of patriotism, honour and disinterested service. There was no traitor in the ranks during all the months and years of secret preparation for the revolt, and when they triumphed, they vowed not to stain their victory by snatching office or promotion or spoil for themselves. Their moderation, their magnanimity, their self-control were beyond all eulogy. They practised that "republican virtue" which patriots have so often preached. But it is possible that these very qualities bred up in them a certain exclusiveness and even an intolerance of other points of view. They had learned to act together and to trust each other during this period of conspiracy; they had not learned to act with others. They had a definite programme and formed a somewhat dogmatic school of thought. They had "saved the fatherland" in an hour of crisis and peril. They very naturally came to think that on them and on them alone devolved the whole duty of guiding her destinies during the period of construction. Whom else could they have trusted to carry out the work? Not the various Pashas, the accommodating servants of the old *régime*, whom they raised to office. They are all opportunist placemen. Not the Liberal Union, a small group with no deep roots either among the people or in the army. Certainly not the Mohammedan Union, which stands for Asiatic ideals, and is capable of making terms with the Palace. Every governing party in every country is apt to think that its triumph alone can assure the general weal. The Young Turks had every excuse for cherishing this common illusion. They had won their victory rather by force than by persuasion, and it was by maintaining their power to impose their will that they proposed to rule. The leaders hardly aspired to become party chiefs or popular statesmen after Western models. I have indeed heard Ahmet Riza speak with a bitter contempt of the arts by which Western politicians advance their own careers by leading public opinion. "Give us five years," I have heard him say, "and then judge whether Turkey can reform herself." It was not an unreasonable claim. The Young Turks alone had made the revolution, and they had achieved a sufficient majority at the election which followed it. They conceived that they had won a "mandate" to govern Turkey for the duration of this Parliament, and on that assumption they acted making and unmaking Ministries, "lobbying" in the Chamber, and using their branches in the provinces to promote clean and strong administration as they understood it. Every British party which wins an election makes the same claim. It is the basis of all representative government as we know it. The Young

Turks had a "mission," they had a theory, they had, as they supposed, an unchallengeable force behind them, and I can well believe that they were impatient with critics, uncompromising towards opponents and possibly tactless in handling the Ministers, whom they regarded as their tools. Than Ahmet Riza I know no modern politician more magnetic, more attractive, more obviously endowed with the outward dignity which comes only of high ideals steadily pursued. His life is a record of courage, self-abnegation, faith and probity. His handsome presence symbolises, to all who have met him, the magnanimity and the chivalry of the man. But he is impetuous in controversy, frank and direct to a fault, and too much a man of principles to have developed an instinct for the compromises of practical politics. He is the Mazzini of the Turkish revolution, wiser, colder and more practical perhaps but with something of Mazzini's fervour and conviction—a man to inspire youth, to lead forlorn hopes, to direct revolutions and to shape the thoughts that make a nation, but a man too richly endowed for the colourless judicial functions of the Speaker's Chair. Nor should I guess from the reports of the debates in the Turkish Chamber that Ahmet Riza had ever thought of his functions as judicial. He was rather the leader than the President of the House, driving it forward on the fixed straight lines laid down by Comtist theory and the programme of the Committee of Union and Progress. In the House he was a "strong" President, outside it he was still an active member of the Committee, and a party chief who made on occasion party speeches of a somewhat decisive and polemical character. His friends looked up to him as a strong and resolute leader; his enemies, incapable of conceiving his selfless and disinterested character, had already begun to call him the Dictator. The pettiest and meanest jealousies were early at work in Turkish journalism, nor did they spare even the austere and unworldly figure of Ahmet Riza.

Thus to the almost inevitable conflict between the Old Turkey and the Young, there soon was added an even more bitter conflict between the Committee and the various Opposition groups. Of all the lessons which a people unused to Parliamentary government finds it hard to learn, the hardest is that a minority is expected to acquiesce in the rule of the majority. The Committee had the majority in the House and it alone seemed to be formidable outside it. The Liberal Union were in public its most determined critics. They had at their disposal a large number of newspapers. They cultivated close relations with the European colony in Constantinople and with the Greeks.

Above all, they were popular among financial circles, and their newspapers, richly endowed with the advertisements of European banks, never seem to have lacked for means. They allied themselves with Kiamil Pasha, a favourite of our diplomatic circles, and with Said Pasha, his rather undesirable son, a personage who stood accused under the old *régime* of some characteristic operations of political finance. The Liberals made speeches and wrote articles. It was the Mohammedan Union which acted. The Young Turks claimed to be for five years to come the constitutional governing body of Turkey, predestined to that eminence by their successful revolution, and authorised to hold it by the vote of the people. But the Mohammedan clergy, the hodjas (preachers) and ulema (doctors of the canon law) had also their legitimate claim to authority. It first dawned upon me that this claim underlay the activities of the Mohammedan League when I came upon this pregnant interruption in the course of debate a few days before the outbreak. The Chamber was discussing a proposal to impose flogging as a punishment for vagabondage. A Liberal orator spoke against it, citing the example of European States (as though that were decisive), arguing from humanity and personal dignity, and finally condescending to quote a saying from the Sheriat (religious law) which, as he thought, enforced his point. He was immediately interrupted by some gowned and turbaned personage, an alim (doctor of law) who sits for a remote constituency in Anatolia : " We are the doctors and professors of the Sheriat. We say that it authorises flogging. You must accept our decision." There, crude, peremptory, and harsh was the claim to supremacy. One might have supposed when the mutinous soldiers who made the counter-revolution demanded the observance of the Sheriat, that they were merely making the comparatively innocent stipulation that the affairs of the nation should be conducted with due piety, and with a regard for the fundamental principles of Islam. So much they certainly did mean. They were in revolt against their educated free-thinking officers, against the rebels who had coerced the sacred person of the Caliph-Sultan, against the too European Young Turks and the positivist Ahmet Riza. But their demand implied more than a return to sound Conservative Islamic principles. It is understood that of these principles the ulema are the only authorised exponents. The victory of the mutineers was a triumph for clericalism. It was the assertion of Asiatic theocracy against Western democracy. When the soldiers demand and the Sultan promises that legislation shall conform to the Sheriat, they mean in practice that Parliament must

bow to the decisions of the clergy. If a bench of bishops, so to speak, had been erected into a revising chamber above the Parliament, the claims of the clerical caste could hardly have been more explicitly recognised. Nor is this a novel claim. In every Moslem State the Grand Mufti or Sheikh-ul-Islam has an authority above the Sultan's. He can depose princes, forbid wars, veto laws, and settle every question of statecraft by a decision (fetva) based upon the sacred traditions and precedents. This power, in the hands of a strong and incorruptible man—and both in Turkey and in Egypt there have been such men—was a potent check upon tyranny. In asserting their loyalty to the constitution, the clergy were not wholly insincere. But they mean it to be understood that the constitution is subject to the Sacred Law, and of the Sacred Law they alone are the exponents. A formula had been found, which every good Moslem was bound to accept, which at once made of the clergy and their Mohammedan Union a dictator stronger and more imperious than the officers and the Committee of Union and Progress.

The discovery of the formula was a stroke of genius; the finding of the means to enforce it betrayed tactical skill. The Young Turks had made their revolution by organising the officers; the Old Turks turned to the rank and file. These tactics were not altogether new. For many years before the revolution the old Sultan had distrusted the more educated officers and courted the privates. Five years ago I heard officers complain of the difficulty of enforcing discipline and the obstacles which orders from the Palace put in their way. It was only in the Macedonian army corps that the officers had succeeded in permeating the ranks with their ideas. There the men were on constant active service, always in danger and hardship, paid but rarely, and prevented by the tortuous policy of their rulers from suppressing the continual anarchy. They saw the European control at work, and knew the futility of the sacrifices imposed upon them. Young Turkish missionaries went among them disguised as clergy or as sellers of figs, and probably succeeded in making them dimly understand, despite their illiteracy and their simple habits of passive obedience, something of the objects of their revolt. It had been otherwise in the First Army Corps stationed at Constantinople. It was the Sultan's Pretorian Guard, and he knew how to keep it loyal. Its officers were usually rankers or courtiers, and rarely educated men from the military colleges. The men were well clad, occasionally paid, and allowed to terrorise and prey upon the town. Above all they were rarely troubled with exercises or fatigue duty.

When the Young Turks came into power they set themselves to change all that. Some battalions were sent abroad, others removed from the palace, and all were placed under Staff-trained officers, and coerced with the aid of two battalions of supposed loyalty, specially imported from Salonica, into habits of discipline and steady work. The change was not popular. Several minor mutinies occurred. The final outbreak seems to have had its origin in the issue of an order of the day, informing the troops that it was their duty, in case of rioting, to fire on any disturbers of order, even upon hodjas (clergy). The order was brutally worded, and it was distorted in the organs of the Opposition into a positive injunction to the troops to fire on the clergy at sight. That was more than a Moslem garrison, already discontented, shorn of its privileges by the revolution, and indoctrinated by the Mohammedan Union with its peculiar views, was prepared to stand. A meeting of the clergy in the great mosque of St. Sophia drew up the programme. By the afternoon of the next day a rabble of conscript soldiers, with some one's money in their pockets, had carried it out. The power of the Young Turks was broken, their leaders driven into flight, their newspapers destroyed, their docile government overthrown, and the Sultan with the clergy behind him was once more the real master of Constantinople.

It was in vain that the new Ministry under Tewfik Pasha, a pliable servant of each party in turn, declared that it would follow the policy of its predecessors, and that the victors of the counter-revolution declared that they were faithful both to the Constitution and to the Sheriat. What power could Parliament retain if its Speaker could be deposed and its majority overthrown, by a minority backed by clergy and soldiers? What authority could Ministers retain if troops who had murdered or wounded three of their predecessors were to go unpunished? By two acts, moreover, the Sultan had exercised autocratic powers—by his amnesty to the mutineers and by his nomination of the Minister of War. Only a Rump of the Parliament remained and in the sittings which followed the mutiny, it mustered anything from 8 to 130 members, all or nearly all belonging to the Opposition groups. Had the whole Parliament come together again and voted freely, the Young Turkish majority would certainly have undone all that was sanctioned while the mutineers besieged its Palace. The Mohammedan Union had carried out a Pride's Purge, and nothing but a simulacrum of representative government was left. Had the Young Turks acquiesced, the end could hardly have been doubtful.

Parliament itself would have been governed by the clergy, and the making of Ministries and the drafting of policies would have depended on an arrangement between them and the Sultan. Proscriptions would have followed all over the Empire at the expense of their officers and adherents. Reform would have been impossible, for to such a *régime* only financiers interested in exploiting a decaying Empire would have lent money. In an army where mutiny was rewarded, there could have been no discipline. The Christian races could not for a moment be expected to subscribe to the supremacy of the Sheriat and the dictation of the clergy. The chaos in Macedonia and the bloodshed in Armenia would have begun once more. To every project of enlightenment and tolerance the clerical reaction might have opposed its veto. The Christians would certainly not have been admitted to the army—and without that concession it is futile to pretend that equality in citizenship exists. As for the larger schemes of social reconstruction which the Young Turks entertained, the action of the soldiers in firing into the women's club in Constantinople was an eloquent expression of the attitude of Old Turkey towards any effort to raise the status of women. To acquiesce would have been for the Young Turks to consent to the destruction of their work and the defeat of their hopes. Nor could they simply hold their hands and wait for the slow action of time and a gradual revulsion of feeling. The very lives of their leaders were in danger. Their clubs and newspapers, their means of propaganda were destroyed. They could hardly have hoped to be allowed to resume even their educational work. They had in short to choose between civil war and extinction.

Before these pages are in the reader's hands the issue of the conflict between Salonica and Constantinople may have been decided. The meagre news available, as I write, suggests that the Young Turks are by no means without hope or resources. The leaders succeeded in reaching Salonica, and they have apparently found local opinion as staunch as ever on their side. Their troops are loyal to the officers who led them to freedom in July and their vanguard has already marched on the capital.

Meanwhile we must conclude that the political leaders of the movement retain all their old capacity, for it is said—an almost incredible piece of news—that they have won over both Albanians and Bulgarians to march behind their banner. Any Moslem who persuades a native Christian to trust him achieves a feat ; a Moslem who persuaded not only one but all the races of Macedonia to trust him would have performed a miracle. The

event will show how far the Committee can rely on the privates of the Salonica and Adrianople corps, whether these simple men will resist the efforts of clergy and deputies from Constantinople to win them over as they approach the capital, and finally whether they are ready if the necessity arises to engage in a fratricidal war. For my part I cannot readily conceive such a war. The sense of religious fraternity among Moslems and especially among Moslem troops is infinitely stronger than any similar sentiment which the Christian world can show. Of the two armies, one will certainly refuse to fight, and it is probably the Sultan's officerless troops who will capitulate.

If the Committee is able to make even an imposing demonstration against the capital, a compromise might perhaps be arranged. But to devise a compromise which would " save the faces " of both parties would demand considerable ingenuity. The question of which force is to dominate the Parliament, officers or soldiers, Young Turks or clergy, cannot be left unsettled. One cannot imagine a permanent peace until it is settled.

It would be absurd to indulge in premature pessimism over the future of Parliamentary government in Turkey simply because this conflict has broken out, or because the clergy distrust the Young Turks, or even because the rank and file of the Sultan's Pretorian Guard has made a formidable mutiny. Constantinople is not Turkey, nor is the Palace Guard the Turkish army. The very fierceness of the conflict is in itself a proof of the enormous strides which Turkey has made towards a stage in which her people and her parties may boast a mind and a will of their own. The curse of the Turk in the past has been his inertia, his passivity, and that fatal docility which made him the natural prey of adventurers, courtiers, and financiers. That he should act and move at all, even if he shows violence, party passion and indiscipline in the process, is itself a sign of political virility. When Abdul Hamid made away with Midhat Pasha and his friends and ultimately suppressed the first Ottoman Parliament a generation ago, there were no mutinies or civil wars ; there was hardly even a protest. This time, even if it were to be crushed, the Young Turkish movement would have left a memory of courage and decision behind it. Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the Young Turks or of the judgment of the Old Turks, both at all events are alive and in earnest. The nation at these two extremes is awake. The real enemy in the past was neither tyranny nor fanaticism nor even ignorance ; it was lethargy. The Turk of the old *régime* was a man whose ideal of life was to smoke his hookah under a green tree, while courtiers, diplomatists

and Christian rebels intrigued around him. In an emergency he could die bravely behind an entrenchment, but even in the field his courage was not enterprising. Out of that indolence portions of the nation at least have been shaken. One can respect the officers of Young Turkey and the clergy of Old Turkey. It is the Centre, the mass of the deputies, the average moderate not very brave man, who has come badly out of this crisis. The "mugwump" is evidently well represented in the Chamber, and his cowardice makes the real danger of the situation. Before the mutiny, when the Committee first asserted itself decisively in the chamber by driving Kiamil Pasha out of office, only eight deputies ventured to vote against it. Two months later, after the mutiny, the Opposition apparently numbers about 130 deputies. One may say that opinions sometimes change in two months. But a week before the mutiny, on the vote on foreign policy, the Opposition numbered only between 40 and 50. These figures suggest to me that the Oriental habit of watching the veering wind is second nature to a large number of these deputies. They change their party as lightly as a Macedonian village during the reign of terror would change its church and its nationality. The Christians apparently do not dare to make themselves conspicuous on either side. In the contest between Kiamil Pasha and the Committee both the Greeks and the Armenians abstained from voting. Opportunism and cowardice invite violent and dictatorial methods. Such a Parliament will always bow to a master, and apparently the only two possible masters are at present the Young Turkish Committee and the Mohammedan Union. That the Liberal Union, as European as the Committee of Union and Progress, and even more Radical, can ever hope to compete with either of these seems improbable. It has behind it neither officers nor soldiers nor clergy. Its leaning to a policy of federalism and "Home Rule all round" will always make it unpopular with the genuine Turks. Its association with the Christian races and with European finance must render it suspect to the clergy. If it has a future it can be only as a stop-gap and make-weight, a middle term, a factor in some momentary coalition. For some years to come it seems as though the development of Turkey required the dominance of some party which has force behind it. If the choice lies between officers and soldiers, between Young Turks and clergy, English opinion can hardly hesitate in its sympathies. It would be mere prejudice, without further evidence, to describe the Mohammedan Union as fanatical or anti-Christian. But progressive it certainly is not. Clericalist

above all else it is. It is not likely to allow any real meaning to the equality in citizenship of Moslems and Christians. It will probably be towards Moslem "intellectuals" actively intolerant to the verge of persecution. The average Moslem hodja cares very little what Christians think or do, provided they observe a certain humility. They are not his flock. But to innovators of his own creed he is apt to be merciless. Despite their good-will, their high character and their intelligence, the Young Turks may fail to make the Ottoman Empire a fatherland towards which even the Christians will feel a sincere patriotism. But that at least is their aim. The Mohammedan Union, on the other hand, is incapable of entertaining sincerely so high an ideal. Yet until that ideal is realised, there can be no Ottoman nation. There can be only a medley of conquered races held together by force and fear. Sooner or later, under the pressure of these discontented races from within, and the menace of a strong Bulgaria, an expanding Austria and a Pan-Slavist Russia from without, the monstrous fabric would collapse. The leadership of Young Turkey offers a chance of union and renaissance. The leadership of the old theocracy could only hasten the crisis and weaken the forces that will have to meet it.

Faced with such a choice as this, English opinion can hardly fail to rally to the side of the Young Turks. The various reasons, some of them purely personal, which led to a certain coldness towards them in official and financial circles appear sufficiently trivial to-day. A variety of arguments was used to suggest that their conduct in some questions was not exactly what would be thought constitutional at Westminster. But what pedantry it is to try men who found their country ridden by a despot, eaten by corruption, given over to massacre and to the dry terror of espionage, by the standard of Westminster! I happen to have in my memory a vision of Macedonia as I knew it in 1904 —its hundred burned villages, its murderous bands, everywhere the economic oppression of the bey and the tax-gatherer, and on the hillsides the graves of countless young men who fell in a vain fight for liberty. It was that nightmare which the Young Turks, and they alone, dispelled. While they continue to render that service, to make it possible for the teachers to teach, the priests to pray, the farmers to till their fields in peace and the young men to grow up to a manhood which need not choose between servility and rebellion, I at least shall listen to none of the Levantine journalists and the cosmopolitan financiers who complain amid the luxury of Galata and Pera that the Young Turks have made mistakes. They have made security

and peace in a desert of chaotic strife. That at least is no mistake. If we are to judge of the progress of Turkey we must not compare the Ottoman Parliament with the House of Commons or the Reichstag. We must compare the village of to-day with the village of nine months ago. Before English opinion deserts the Young Turks, let it at least consider the alternative. For Macedonia, it may be, a possible solution could be found in partition—a solution good for the Christians but very bad for the resident Moslem population. But what of the rest of Turkey, and above all the provinces where Armenians used to go in fear? To support the Young Turks, to win for them a fair field and opportunity, is perhaps to make for this immense Empire a bright future, and for Europe peace. To desert them, to oppose them, is to consign Turkey to ruin and to prepare for Europe war.

The Rise of the Pan-Polish Party

By G. W.

"POLAND is synonymous with our hope or our illusion as to the advance of our age in culture. Its future coincides with the future of civilisation. Its final destruction would be synonymous with the victory of modern, military barbarism in Europe." So wrote the Danish critic Georg Brandes in his sympathetic study of Poland, a few years back: but Russia, Germany and Austria consider the partition of Poland as definitive, and the hopes or illusions of the Poles as to national independence they stigmatise as sedition, rebellion, and high treason. And indeed after the abortive struggle for independence in 1861–65 the Poles were so crushed down in Russia and Prussia that many became hopelessly resigned and the so-called Conservative or conciliatory party had a predominant influence in Russia, Prussia, and also in Austria, where, under the constitutional government of Franz Joseph, the Poles had become faithful servants of the Crown. In 1895, however, a new force began to make itself felt—the Pan-Polish movement, through its organ the *Pan-Polish Review*, and on this rising tide Polish hopes or illusions have floated ever higher and higher, until they have dominated Polish politics in all three Empires.

The Pan-Polish movement originated with three men, Dmowski, Balicki and Poplawski. Political refugees from Russian Poland, all three settled in Galicia, and there under Austrian rule were able to organise their party legally under the official title of the National Democratic Party; while in Russia and Prussia it became a secret organisation or National League. Its pre-eminent position has been attained in constant assertion of the unity of the Poles as a nation, and the natural right of each nation to a national government. But foreseeing the long rest and preparation necessary for a successful active rising, it has persistently discouraged any idea of armed insurrection, has laid chief stress on the necessity for organisation of national education in all parts of the old Polish Republic; and has been signally successful in obtaining gratuitous secret education of the masses from educated Polish men and women. After founding the *Pan-Polish Review*, the party started a popular monthly, *Polak* (The Pole), which it smuggled in thousands of

copies into Russia and Prussia ; and, as the movement thus gained in importance, it extended its influence to the Polish colonies in North and South America and began the great task of creating Polish public opinion everywhere in the Polish world. Thus it exhorted obedience to existing laws while encouraging legal endeavours to secure their abrogation when in conflict with national development. But when it considered a special law as essentially unjust, as in the case of the Russian censorship, it evaded it in every possible way, and circulated its forbidden publications in every part of Russia and even secretly printed them in that country. The Pan-polish party, by its policy of small persistent efforts, has been teaching the Poles to trust to themselves and to themselves alone, to organise for all national purposes in the face of every difficulty, and to aspire to future independence to be obtained by a gradual extension of national consciousness to those masses of the nation which had no part in preceding Polish insurrections.

After forty years of despondency new hopes have arisen, new spontaneous efforts have been made, and new results have been obtained by legal means, as in the remarkable case of the school strikes with their aim of obtaining permission from the German and Austrian Governments for religion to be taught in Polish in Government schools. These strikes were not organised by the Pan-Polish party, but were a clear spontaneous outcome of its activities ; and extending into Russia, where more favourable conditions for the children prevailed than in Germany, demonstrated the unity of the Poles as a nation.

For the ten years following its inception, Cracow and Lemberg were necessarily the centres of this Pan-Polish activity ; but after the great change in Russia produced by the Russo-Japanese War its operations were openly extended to Warsaw. The exiles, who up till this time had been obliged to act anonymously and who were known only to a few friends, returned to the city and settled there under the guarantee of the new constitution. Their leaders became celebrated at one bound, and the funeral of Poplawski in March 1908 was the occasion for an extraordinary national manifestation. More than a hundred thousand Poles followed the body to the cemetery, thousands of patriotic inscriptions were deposited on the grave ; and prominent among the speakers was Poplawski's friend and companion and co-initiator of the movement, Roman Dmowski, who then expressed quite freely the new national hopes and aspirations. It was evident that Poplawski, scarcely known in his lifetime, was by death revealed as having been a leader of the nation. Thence-

forward his mantle fell on Dmowski, who became the recognised leader of the nation with the official position of President of the Polish circle in the Duma, the highest which Poles under Russian rule have the power to bestow.

Roman Dmowski, the Polish Cavour as he is usually called, had not been any better known to the people at large than his friend, though he had been active in Polish politics for the past twenty years : but once in the Duma, his practical political genius, and a sincerity recalling that of Bismarck, soon made themselves felt, spread thence throughout Poland until he had practically acquired the leadership of the Polish nation in all three Empires. This appears remarkable, but born a nobleman, in 1862, he had early begun to prepare for such a future leadership. As a boy he was at a public school in Warsaw controlled by the famous Apuchtin, who boasted that he would exterminate the Polish nation by Russifying the national education. Dmowski, meanwhile, was organising among his schoolfellows pedestrian excursions throughout the country, partly to familiarise them with the land and the people, partly to scatter among the latter the seeds of re-awakened national consciousness. Not unnaturally he became marked for exile, and was kept under close observation at Mitau in Kurland, where he caused considerable annoyance to the authorities by insisting on their respecting their own laws. Unable to return in safety to Warsaw he escaped abroad, settled in Galicia and founded in 1895 the *Pan-Polish Review*, from which date his influence has steadily increased as described. To understand this unique position it must be remembered that when, about forty years ago, the Poles began to elect deputies to the Parliaments of Austria and Germany, they laid down the rule that no Pole should join any political party but his own Polish parliamentary circle. There was for many years such a Polish circle in Vienna and in Berlin, and over each was elected a President who thereby became an influential person in Polish politics. When the Russian Duma was elected a similar Polish circle was formed in St. Petersburg ; Dmowski was President in the second and third Dumas, and his powerful personality increased the political importance of the Polish circle which, as Russian Poland is far the largest part of the old Republic, acquired greater importance than its predecessors had done. Even when last year the Russian Government reduced the number of Polish deputies to one-third (eleven members) Dmowski's genius succeeded in keeping up the remarkable prestige of the party.

Amazement was therefore general when in December last

rumours of his approaching resignation got about, and, in spite of the almost unanimous appeal of the National Democratic party to retain him, this took place early in the New Year. The Russian and Polish press has devoted many long articles to the solution of the mystery. The following is the true explanation. The evolution of Dmowski towards a legally recognised parliamentary activity in the Duma led him to a masterly stroke termed his neo-Slavic policy, *i.e.*, an alliance of all the western and southern Slavs with the Poles against the misrule of the Russian Government in Poland. In bygone times the western and southern Slavic nations looked to Russia as their powerful protector, and every aim of Pan-Slavism implied a recognition of the unchallenged ascendency of Russia. Pan-Slavism had therefore the worst reputation in Poland. Dmowski, however, clearly demonstrated to all Slavs at the Prague Conference last year that no united policy of the Slavs against German oppression in Germany and Austria is possible without a reconciliation between Poles and Russians, and that the first condition of such a reconciliation must be a change of policy of the Russian Government in Poland. The old Pan-Slavism meant an alliance of Russia with the Slavs against Poland, the neo-Slavism of Dmowski means an alliance of all the Slavs with the Poles against Russian autocracy, and German disregard for national rights and aspirations. But as Pan-Slavism had been discredited in Poland for many generations and is extremely unpopular there, Dmowski's neo-Slavic policy has aroused considerable opposition in his own party and of late he has been violently attacked by former friends and partisans. When these attacks amounted to a challenge to his right to represent the whole Polish people in the Duma, he resolved to resign his official position in St. Petersburg and return to his masterful method of organising the Poles at home, to re-create that national unity of opinion which carried him to the Duma. In the Duma his initiative has shown the way for a Polish policy, which other men can now carry out. His genius and influence are at present more needed in Poland. His official position was important only so long as there was hope of making the Duma a really constitutional parliament; it is superfluous in a body which has become merely consultative and entirely subject to the whims of the Government.

Dmowski has returned to that activity of national organisation which of late has made giant strides. The Pan-Polish party hopes it will eventually float the Polish nation to independence.

Some Sidelights on Modern Greece

By J. G. B. Lynch

The sight of a grey-bearded sea-captain ordering a glass of water and a *lakoumi* in a café is ultra-European; for it is the small details of daily life to which we must look when we would quarrel with the social situation of Greece upon the atlas. Greece is not a country which can be known second-hand: a knowledge of the vulgar tongue is essential to the most elementary estimation of the subject, since the Hellenes live much farther east than the longitude of Athens appears to warrant. The manner in which the men lounge and the women drudge is enough to show any tyro the Orientalism of the nation.

In scarcely any country are the physical types so various. The inhabitants of Greece are recruited from and intermingled with those of all the neighbouring kingdoms and principalities. But curiously enough this bewildering plurality of races is accompanied by peculiar singleness of thought and purpose. And that, for a moment, makes one admire the national feeling that has filtered through from the men who gave freedom to their country more than eighty years ago. On closer examination, however, the chief thoughts and purposes of this perplexing nation are such that we must withhold our respect from the mass, and reserve it only for two or three of its component groups. And of all the Greek-speaking peoples the Cretans and Missolonghiotes command our admiration first. They are brave men; in the case of the former especially, fierce and brutal, but above all else men. The successes of the War of Independence were due largely to the men of Missolonghi. It is exclusively from the families of that district that the king recruits his bodyguard. These *evzones*, as they are called, are big and powerful; and from their very features you can tell that lack of courage is unknown to them.

This division of national character is remarkable. At home we do not say that the men of Northumberland and of Derbyshire are the one braver or more hardy than the other; while in Greece a less distance separates heroes from some of the most despicable cowards known to history.

With these conflicting types jostling one another in the street, it is immensely difficult to estimate the true national character.

Judge it by politics : they are utterly corrupt; by religion : it is purely superficial; by war : the disastrous campaign against Turkey is a subject you must never refer to ! The army is badly organised, led, and recruited, poorly accoutred, and undisciplined. The promiscuous guerilla skirmishing that takes place perennially in Macedonia is an undignified attempt at bravado ; as may easily be judged by the reports in the last Turkish Blue-book. This scrambling warfare is carried on courageously, it is true, by individuals, who escape the winking eye of the Government. It has, however, little objective other than the satisfaction of individual brutality.

There is no navy worth mentioning.

There is no literature or art of any kind.

The fact that not a hundred years ago Greece was but a thrall State is a reason for its lack of progress. But the Hellenes are too willing to make it an excuse. They are unnecessarily lackadaisical over the the fact of their failure.

Here and there, one must admit, there are strong men who do not flinch from what is evil in the truth and who spend their lives and their money in trying to rectify it. But as yet they are few ; and frequently their efforts to instil *esprit de corps* into their countrymen are injudicious and wrong-headed.

To take an example, there lives in Athens a man whose life's aim and object is the betterment of Greece. He is a Missolonghiot. Immensely rich, he bestows his wealth lavishly in support of the Macedonian bands, with whom he has often fought. He, at any rate, went into action that Macedonia might be added to Greek territory. He has a large house, and it is always filled with men who share or pretend to share his opinions : men who have fought or say they are willing to fight in the North. At all times of the day or night his rooms are crowded, his garden thronged with these individuals. It resolves itself into this : fifty per cent. of the guests are the merest spongers. They are too indolent to seek a livelihood for themselves, but, seeing an opportunity of living in comfort under another's roof, make any wild promises of future service that may be required of them.

I must turn to personal reminiscences which serve to illustrate various traits in the Greek character.

When travelling among the islands I met K., a captain of infantry I was at once struck by the difference between

him and other officers whom I had met. He had none of the futile swagger which characterisies so many of the parvenu class who find their way into the army. He was a strong, determined-looking little man; personally modest and, as I learned later, renownedly brave. He was by his own confession a leader of Macedonian bands, and he had just returned from the frontier.

It was a pleasure to meet a Greek officer without any vulgar bounce, and it was with no surprise that I learnt he was a Cretan by birth. K. was an extremely well-read man, could speak and read English and French well, and was thoroughly acquainted with English politics, thought, and literature.

All his remarks were pointed and his knowledge precise. He talked with moderation and reason upon every subject save one. He was describing the situation in Macedonia, and then suddenly burst into a tirade against Bulgars, Turks, and Serbs. Though I might well have expected it, I was for the moment taken aback by his unreasoning fury.

"Ah! my friend," he said, "the Turks—pff!" with an expressive gesture. "The Bulgars: ah! pff! Twenty Greeks would destroy two hundred Bulgars! Fifteen would. Twenty Greeks would drive five hundred Turks into the sea, would utterly destroy them, what you call—wipe them out. Ah! they are barbarians, savages. They are not fit for Europe. They are only beasts. They are not men. Twenty Greeks would slay them all."

We may say that this is the furious hyperbole with which any man born of a southern race would treat the subject he felt about most strongly. We may say that we have even heard men at home utter analogous follies. So we have. But these have been men of profound personal conceit; whereas K., as I pointed out above, was in all personal matters reasonable and modest to a degree. So this could only be an outbreak of supreme national bumptiousness; and from that and many other instances we are forced to the conclusion that the Greeks have an immeasurable opinion of their own prowess in spheres where history only too plainly shows their conspicuous failure.

The next type to be considered shows a more cheerful aspect of modern Greece. A friend gave me a letter of introduction to the Demarch of one of the larger islands. On my arrival at the quay I asked for this gentleman, and passing through the usual labyrinth of narrow alley-ways, was presently guided to the "Town Hall."

Confronting me across the mayoral office table sat a young

man of about thirty. Untidily dressed, unshaven, with a jaunty little upturned moustache, he was the very antithesis of civic pomp. The only sign of conscious authority that I could detect about him was his rather fierce frown. And even this faded into a welcoming smile as he read the letter I presented to him. Thereupon his whole thoughts were concentrated upon the duties of hospitality. He was the little king of this remote place, and he hurried in his endeavour to provide comfort for the stranger committed to his charge. An hour passed excitedly discussing European politics, conversation being interspersed with the inevitable cups of thick coffee. A little after midday a move was made to a small eating-house, the sole restaurant of this island village. Here the best table was chosen, the best food and wine ordered. On their entrance to the *estiatorion* I was presented to the friends of the Demarch: tousled islanders in their shirt-sleeves, with black felt hats on the backs of their heads. A foreign visitor during the warm weather was rare, and presently quite a crowd collected to satisfy their inexhaustible curiosity. The Demarch waved them away. His guest must not be annoyed. In the little street outside he was much as an English squire among his tenants. Everybody saluted him, and he had a jovial word for everybody. He was a simple, intelligent, healthy man. He had but rarely left his native island, and he believed, of course, that nothing in the world without could be quite so fine as this little lump of sun-baked rock. Insular as he was, he presented one of the very best types in Greece.

Knowing that there was a monastery of some interest in the island, I inquired about it from the Demarch. Oh, of course I must see the monastery, he said. There were two; but the one on the top of the mountain was the best. Besides, the abbot was a good man. Ah! such a good man. The mayor at once provided me with one of his servants to bear an introduction from him, that I might be the more hospitably entreated. Would I not ride upon his donkey? He was a very good donkey, especially if you beat him. I preferred to walk. Further evidence of the reputed madness of the English.

Of the many monasteries that I have visited in the isles and on the mainland of Greece, the one at which I found myself at sundown that evening attracted me most. It was perched on the steep slope just beneath the summit of the hill. There were trees all round it, and a spring of water before its door. A herd of goats browsed upon the fresh grass that was watered by the spring. Bare and whitewashed, this monastery looked for all

the world like a grim fortress. The heavy iron-barred door, the loopholes in the walls, the very situation, all contributed to this effect. Not a man was to be seen about the place. The evening was perfectly still.

The servant beat upon the door, cried out and clapped his hands, and presently a man appeared upon one of the over-hanging balconies. He was short and enormously stout. He wore the long black robe of the monk, but ill concealing a pair of brightly striped frayed trousers, and slovenly shoes. His long grey beard was matted and horrible. The man was dirty and unwashed. This was the abbot, that good man.

The revulsion of feeling was painful. You could not find a more delightful place than this monastery, nor more hateful people than its inhabitants. Not unaccustomed to Greek monks, I could scarcely be surprised at his appearance. It was none the less disgusting.

Perhaps we had roused him from his nap ; at all events, he appeared to be extremely sulky, and in the rapid patter with which he addressed my guide I could detect some very un-ecclesiastical observations. When, however, the Demarch's name was mentioned he came down from the balcony with a fairly good grace, and proceeded to show me over the monastery and to display its treasures. And all the while he kept saying, " Dinner will be ready soon. Dinner will be ready soon " ; and with the closer proximity of the meal his spirits seemed to rise and his geniality increased. Presently he found some of the other Fathers, and we all sat without the great door and smoked. They were all dreadfully dirty, and fearfully ignorant. To borrow Stevenson's apt metaphor, the pig and the wolf seemed to struggle for mastery in their faces. They were disgusting, shambling old men. I suppose they were all proud of their monastery in an indifferent sort of way, but just now their enthusiasm was swamped by the prospect of dinner. The meal itself is worthy of notice. The abbot and I dined in a separate room, adjoining the kitchen. It was octagonal, with a vaulted roof. The light came from two candles stuck in their own grease in niches in the walls. We were waited upon by a pale novice.

First came a chicken, because the soup was not ready; then cheese, because the soup, though ready, was too hot; lastly the soup, and cherries for dessert. The feverish gluttony of the abbot was astonishing. Between every gulp of food or wine he muttered, " Kalo, kalo ! " Beyond this he said no word. His entire mind was bent upon the business of eating. At last he

finished, and rose. He said a rapid grace, crossed himself and winked at me, and grinned as he did so. Why, I was at a loss to discover. He appeared to think there was something very funny about grace. After coffee, partaken on the roof, under a moonlit sky, the abbot provided me with a couch in what I took to be his private study, a room entirely without books, and decorated with a few very gaudy, cheap coloured prints. A strange sanctum for a high dignitary of the Church !

At dawn I left this mountain fastness, and set out upon my tramp back to the village by the sea, my last impression of the monastery of St. Nicholas being the sight of the corpulent old glutton with his back to the great nail-studded door.

It was upon some saint's day that the vessel upon which I was a passenger passed another island. She dropped anchor some little distance out from the town, which, all steps and stairs, climbed the steep face of the hill. Presently a large boat-load of people put off from the shore, and shortly afterwards came aboard. There were two priests, and a number of attendants carrying sacred pictures, relics, and the like. The priests wore their full vestments, and without wishing to be unseemly I must state that the elder of the two reminded one irresistibly of a Chinese lantern.

A service was held in the cabin, which all the available ship's company attended. It was performed with marked ritual, and was most impressive. The captain, however, though no less devout than the rest, rather spoiled the effect. He would leave the cabin, put on his cap, relight a half-smoked cigarette, and swear vigorously at the men who were shifting the cargo. Then, putting his cigarette on a ledge outside the cabin, he would enter again and take up the chant that was proceeding at the moment. After the service the elder priest went the rounds of the entire ship. As he came up to any one man, woman, or child, they would bend before him and kiss his hand, whereupon he sprinkled them with holy water. The sheer terror with which these simple folk regarded him spoke volumes.

Comparatively few minutes after the priests had departed the entire company began a drinking-bout, also presumably because it was a saint's day, which lasted far into the night. Even the sailors who were working the ship were completely drunk before midnight.

At election-time the churches are polling-booths, and when the counting of votes takes place an indescribable scene of disorder ensues. Wine-barrels are broached in the chancel;

cigarettes are lighted from the altar candles; turmoil and brawling are paramount. And when we know this to be the rule rather than the exception, when these scenes are enacted all over Athens itself at every election, we are a little angered at the tourist who returns to tell us how deeply reverent and how truly religious the Hellenes are.

An unusual incident within my experience will give the reader some idea of another Greek failing, their unreasoning suspicion.

I landed one evening at Syra, once the most important town in the kingdom. Having dined at a small restaurant on the quayside, I entered a shop near by to purchase a certain kind of knife as a curiosity—a very ordinary proceeding on the part of a stranger, you would think. While one of the men in the shop was searching among the stores I asked another for the address of K., whom I have mentioned before. He lived in Syra, and was well known there. The men on hearing my question glanced significantly at each other, and suggested that I should inquire elsewhere. Also, they had no such knife as I required. If I came again on the morrow they might be able to oblige me. Obviously there was something peculiar about their demeanour, but I could not understand it at all. I was certain that they had lied both with regard to the address and my purchase. After inquiring from various people in the street, with some trouble I found the house I was seeking. K. was not at home, but I should, I was told, find him at one of the cafés in the square. On leaving the house I noticed a policeman staring very hard at me from over the way; the light from a lamp caught his face and showed me the blackest of expressions. I thought nothing of it for the moment, but when a minute later I passed a man in ordinary dress who stared hard and gazed after me, I realised that something out of the ordinary must be afoot. I asked him what he wanted, but was vouchsafed no reply.

After wandering through the byways of the picturesque little town for half an hour or so, I found myself in the square, and before long encountered K. He greeted me cordially, and we sat down at a table in front of a café. Then he burst into a roar of laughter. "Ah! my friend," he said, "you must excuse me. I cannot help it. It is too funny."

"What is it?" I asked, very bewildered.

"First," he continued, "I will tell you all that you have done since you landed at six o'clock."

He then proceeded to detail my every movement up to the

time of meeting the man who stared at me. This, as well as the most trivial actions, he repeated to me : the place where I had dined, my visit to the shop, my purchase of some tobacco.

" Why," I said, " this is wonderful. You must be a sort of Sherlock Holmes." (That popular hero, under the name of ΣΗΡΛΟΚ ΧΟΛΜΣ, was appearing at a theatre that week in Athens.) " How can you know all this ? "

" Ah ! they thought because you asked for a big knife and my house at the same place, that you wished to kill me ! I am well known as a captain of a band in Macedonia, and they thought that you were a Bulgar spy ! They always watch every stranger that comes on shore here." And he exploded into another peal of laughter.

It appeared that a posse of police had been sent in search of me, but meeting K., and giving my description, were persuaded by him that I was a perfectly harmless individual.

When we consider that the Greeks began their career as a nation at the time when Great Britain was realising the distinction of attaining to the highest Power in Europe, we must see that it is manifestly impossible to judge them by our standards.

The Greeks, on obtaining their freedom, developed the commercial instincts, ever inherent in their nature, without the pride of conquerors fallen upon peaceful times. All they had to pride themselves upon was their commercial prowess. Hence a parvenu class sprang up, which was more ignorant than that of older nations, and therefore more obnoxious.

At home, though daily the age grows more democratic, we are still proud of the aristocracy of birth. In Greece, with the exception of a few scattered families, too scarce to leaven the lump, there are only the so-called aristocracy of wealth, and wealth itself, to be proud of.

The progress of the Greek nation has always been hindered by wholesale emigration. The best, the most active, and the most enterprising brains have gone to seek fortunes in foreign lands. The enormous success of these emigrants has showered funds upon their country, it is true, thus earning them the reputation of being patriotic. But a more whole-hearted and unselfish love of their country would have restrained them from quitting it. With regard to Greek emigration, statistics, so often misleading, allow a large margin for error. Out of the ten million Greeks in various quarters of the globe, it is estimated that three millions live in Greece !

The rich merchants who remain at home are largely responsible for the hopelessly corrupt system by which the country is governed. For the most part they are unaware of the meaning of honour, and their sole ambition is to display what money can buy to what they consider the best advantage.

As in France, so in Greece, we must look to the type of man represented by my friend the Demarch for future progress.

An Answer to the Panama Canal Critics

By President William Howard Taft

The Panama Canal continues to furnish copy for the newspapers and the magazines of the country. It is being constructed by the United States Government for the benefit of world commerce, and every citizen of the United States, and indeed any citizen of the world, properly feels himself authorised to criticise the work as it is being done and to express his opinion as to the type of canal that is selected. In such an enormous work as the construction of the canal is likely to be, it would seem wise to have fixed definitely, at the beginning, the type and plan to be followed.

When De Lesseps, having completed in triumph the Suez Canal, came to Panama, he began the construction of what his board of management and he intended to be a sea-level canal. Between that time and 1902, when the canal was offered for sale to the United States for $40,000,000, several boards were appointed for the purpose of recommending the best course to be taken in the construction of the canal. Two of these boards were French, and all of them recommended the lock type of canal, with a dam at Bohio. We all remember that the Nicaragua route had a great many adherents in and out of Congress, and that for a time it seemed likely that that route would be selected. The natural conditions made it necessary that the canal across Nicaragua should be of a lock type. When the change of plan from Nicaragua to Panama was made, it is quite evident, from the discussion, from the law, and from direct evidence, that it was expected that the canal to be built would be of the lock type and would not be on the sea-level.

One of the most careful of the French boards that recommended the lock type pointed out that a lock canal was necessary because the floods of the Chagres River would be uncontrollable in case of a sea-level canal, and make such a canal impossible. In 1906 thirteen engineers were invited to consider the question of the proper type of the canal. Of these, eight were Americans and five foreigners. A majority, consisting of the five foreigners

and three Americans, decided in favour of a canal that should be 150 ft. across the bottom for more than nineteen miles, and 200 ft. across the bottom for a little more than twenty miles. Five American engineers—including Mr. Alfred Noble, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Company, constructor of the "Soo" canal and locks, and dean of American engineers; Mr. Frederic P. Stearns, the chief engineer of the Metropolitan Water Board Company of Boston; and Mr. Randolph, the constructor of the Chicago Drainage Canal—recommended the construction of a lock canal, the main feature of which was to be a lake with the level of the water at 85 ft. above sea-level. These reports were considered by the Isthmian Canal Commission, itself composed of engineers and men familiar with works of construction, and that commission, by a vote of six to one, recommended to the War Department and to the President the adoption of the minority report. This action of the commission was concurred in by Mr. John F. Stevens, then chief engineer of the commission in charge of the work at the Isthmus. The Secretary of War and the President also approved the report of the minority of the consulting board and decided in favour of a lock canal.

The question was submitted by President Roosevelt to Congress. It was unnecessary to do this, because, under the Spooner Act, the President had authority to build the canal and so had authority to determine what the type should be. The fact is that in reading the Spooner Act of 1902, directing the making of the canal, it is impossible to escape the construction that Congress at that time contemplated, not a sea-level, but a lock canal. However, the question was again fairly submitted to Congress, upon all the reports made and all the evidence.

After the reports had been made, the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals conducted an examination of all the engineers and others with knowledge, in order to arrive at a conclusion in respect to the question thus submitted to Congress. The Senate Committee by a majority reported in favour of a sea-level canal, but when the matter was considered in open Senate, where it was very fully discussed, the Senate accepted the minority report of that Committee and decided in favour of the lock canal. In the House of Representatives, the resolution in favour of the lock canal was carried by a very decided majority. And so the law of Congress to-day fixes the type of the canal as a lock canal, at a level of 85 ft. Meantime, the organisation of the instrumentalities for construction on the Isthmus has gone on with

great rapidity and effectiveness, until the excavation has reached the very large amount of three millions of cubic yards of material a month. More than half of this has been made by steam shovels in the dry, while the rest has been made by steam dredges. The steam dredges have been working in the softer material in the harbours and channels near the ocean on each side of the Isthmus.

All the plans and all the work have been done with a view to the construction of the lock canal. It is true that a large part of the work, until recently, would have had to be done for a sea-level canal, except for the expensive change or relocation of the Panama Railway, and the excavations for the locks and for the spillway of the great Gatun Dam, which is the key of the lock type. I presume it would be difficult to say how many millions of dollars have now been spent that would be thrown away, were the canal to be changed from a lock to a sea-level type, but certainly $15,000,000 is not an overestimate of the amount.

With the plan settled and the organisation becoming more and more perfect, and the work of excavation going on at an unexpected rate of progress, suddenly those responsible for the work are confronted with a newspaper war upon the type of the canal, and a discussion in the Senate of the United States, seriously suggesting a change from the lock type solemnly adopted by law two years ago, to a sea-level canal. What has given rise to this renewed discussion of the type of the canal and this assumption that the question of the type is still really open for consideration and settlement ? Three circumstances, and only three, that I can trace.

The first is that a newspaper correspondent on the Isthmus, while detained by a washout on the railway in one of the heavy rains that are frequent on the Isthmus, heard that the earth, which is now being deposited in great quantities to form the Gatun Dam, had, under the effect of the flood, sunk out of sight into a subterranean lake, and cabled to the United States that the whole structure of the Gatun Dam had given way. This report was given wide publicity.

The second circumstance was that the estimates of the engineers in the actual construction of the work and the expenditure of the money from time to time, showed quite clearly that the cost of the construction of the lock type of canal would be at least twice that which had been estimated as its cost by the minority of the board of consulting engineers.

The third circumstance was that under the present efficient organisation, with the use of steam shovels and dredges, the

amount of excavation has considerably exceeded that which had been anticipated.

In this wise, the argument in favour of a change from the lock canal to the sea-level canal apparently is given great additional force because it is said that by the sinking and giving way of the Gatun Dam, the indispensable feature of the lock type, it has been demonstrated that the lock type is unsafe, dangerous, and impossible.

Second, it is said that the argument which has been made in favour of the lock type of canal on the ground of economy is shown to be unfounded because the real cost of the lock type of canal is demonstrated by actual construction to be equal to, or in excess of, the estimated cost of the sea-level canal.

Third, it is said that the argument that the sea-level canal would be a great many years in process of construction, which was vigorously advanced, is now shown to be erroneous by the great increase in the daily, monthly, and yearly excavation as compared with the total amount of excavation needed in the sea-level type.

I propose in a general way to examine these three reasons to see how much real weight they have.

First, as to the sinking of the Gatun Dam. The report of the newspaper correspondent, like so many other statements made with respect to a matter two thousand miles away, under the influence of a desire to be sensational and startling, was founded purely on imagination. The only foundation for the statement was that in a comparatively small stretch on the site of the dam, perhaps two hundred feet across, some rough material had been piled up on the upward side of the dam; that there had been excavated immediately at the back of this pile or dump a lot of material from an old French diversion channel; that the water accumulated above this dump in the very heavy rains; that the water behind the dump and the material there had been taken out; and that there was a slide down into the cavity that had been made just at the back of the dump. The slide could not have been more than 100 ft. The whole was not more than 200 ft. across, and on a personal examination, for I was there, it was evidently nothing more than an ordinary slide, such as frequently occurs in the construction of railway banks and other fills when they are not properly balanced, and are without the proper slope. The material on the inside of the dam, that which is to be impermeable and puddled, has not yet been deposited at all. This was a mere deposit on the edge of the bottom of the dam upstream. The dam at that point, when constructed, would be

nearly half a mile wide. The insignificance of the circumstance when one takes into consideration the whole size of the dam, and the relation of this particular material to the entire dam, is apparent. It appears that there is clay in the material taken out of the excavation at Culebra which is slippery and upon which other material will slide if the pressure is unequal and the usual precautions against sliding are not taken. But this has always been known, and is true of most clays. It is not a danger that cannot be provided against, and, indeed, the shape and form and exact method of building the dam are for the very purpose of producing the stability needed, and of avoiding any danger of a slide, due to a lack of proper force in the material part, into the dam.

President Roosevelt, in view of the widespread report as to the failure of the dam, decided to send a competent board of engineers to find out whether anything had occurred on the Isthmus that should lead to a change from that type of canal which had the Gatun Dam as its chief feature. The board was made up of Mr. Stearns of Boston, and Mr. Randolph, the chief engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal, both of whom had been on the original minority board; Mr. Freeman, who had visited the canal two years before with a view to ascertaining whether there was a proper foundation for the locks at the Gatun Dam; and four other engineers, who had not given their opinion before as to the proper type of canal. These were the chief engineers of the Reclamation Service, Mr. Davis, who has wide experience in the construction of dams and locks; Mr. Schuyler, one of the two or three great engineers of the West Coast, who has written a text-book on the subject of earthen dams and their proper construction; Mr. Hazen, perhaps the greatest authority on filtration in the country; and Captain Allen, a hydraulic engineer of high standing in Chicago. Their report was unanimous. They decided that the dam as projected was heavier and more expensive than it need be. They reduced the cost and the amount of material in it. They reported that the lock type of canal was entirely feasible, and safe as projected; and they pointed out and emphasised the difficulties of the proposed sea-level canal.

The report of this board has been attacked on the ground that it was a packed jury, and that two of its members had already expressed their opinion in recommending the lock type of canal as part of the minority board. This is utterly unjust. It is quite true that the two gentlemen named had expressed their opinion in favour of a lock type of canal and had recommended the plan that was adopted, but it is also true that five of the

board had not committed themselves, and there was not the slightest reason why, if they differed from the other two, they should not express their opinion. Two of the old board were taken for the reason that they were as competent engineers as the country afforded and knew well the grounds on which the lock type had been originally adopted. It is entirely proper, when it is claimed that a judgment shall be set aside on the ground of newly discovered evidence, that at least part of the same court should sit to hear what that new evidence is and pass upon its weight with reference to the previous judgment. The truth is that the judgment of this new board of engineers ought to remove all doubt as to the safety of the Gatun Dam from the minds of the interested public. But engineers are like members of other professions, and I presume we may expect from time to time, as the construction of the canal goes on, further attacks upon the feasibility, safety, and usefulness of the type adopted after so much care.

Not only has this board determined on the entire safety and practicability of the Gatun Dam, but the army of engineers, Colonel Goethals and his assistants, who are in charge of the actual work, are perfectly certain that the Gatun Dam can be and will be made as safe as the adjoining hills in resisting the pressure of the water of the lake against it and in maintaining it there for purposes of navigation. These army engineers are not responsible for the type of the canal. They did not take hold of the work until after the type had been settled by Act of Congress, and they had no preconceived notions in respect to the matter when they took charge and assumed that intimate relation to the whole project which makes their judgment of great value.

Mr. Frederic P. Stearns is one of the greatest authorities in the world on the construction of dams. He has built a dam at the Waschusetts Reservoir of the Metropolitan Board of Public Works in Massachusetts, upon foundations much less favourable for stability than those of the Gatun Dam, and the water is now standing 65 ft. in the reservoir. The dam has been tested, and his judgment has the benefit, therefore, of actual test and verification.

The judgment of the engineers in 1906 as to the sufficiency of the foundation upon which to construct the Gatun Dam was based on borings made with wash drills into the material underneath the proposed dam site, and material was washed from depths varying from 20 to 250 ft. below the surface. The wash of the water affected the material to such an extent as to give a wrong impression regarding some of it. The borings seemed to

show that at considerable depth from 250 ft. down, there was loose sand and gravel such as to permit the free flow of an underground stream. Since these borings were taken, pits have been sunk that make possible the removal of the materials in place so that it can be seen just exactly what the foundation consists of, and it turns out that instead of there being loose sand and gravel at the bottom, there appears to be a conglomerate of sand, clay, and gravel so united as to require a pick to separate it, and entirely impervious to water. In other words, a full examination of the foundations of the Gatun Dam strengthens greatly the opinion of those who held that there was a foundation of 200 ft. in depth entirely impervious to water, below the surface, and substantially incompressible.

A most interesting exhibit can be seen at the headquarters of the commission at Culebra, of the various layers of material which form the foundations under the Gatun Dam, and when they are examined, the truth of the assertion that this makes an excellent foundation can readily be understood.

The second circumstance is with reference to the cost of the work. The estimate of the cost of the canal, exclusive of the interest during construction, sanitation, and expense of Zone government, and the $50,000,000 paid Panama and the French Company, was $139,705,200. The present estimate of the cost of the canal as now projected, exclusive of the same items, is $297,766,000 or a grand total of $377,000,000. The increase arises, first, from the fact that the yardage or excavation to be made was 50 per cent. underestimated. This was due, first, to insufficient surveys, and, second, to changes of plan. These changes of plan involved a widening of the canal, for a distance of 4000 ft., from 500 ft. to 1000 ft. in width, just below the Gatun locks on the north side, in order to furnish a wider and more commodious place for vessels anchoring before entering the locks. The canal has also been widened for five miles from 200 ft. to 300 ft. across the bottom; this in the Culebra cut. Again, the material supposed to be easy of dredging turns out to be in many places more of rock than was supposed, and the average cost of excavation has been increased generally about 20 per cent. In addition to that, the locks as originally projected were 900 ft. usable length and 95 ft. in width. They have been increased now, in response to a request from our Navy Department, from 800 ft. to 1000 ft. usable length and from 95 ft. to 110 ft. in width. This greatly increases the amount of concrete, greatly widens the gates, and greatly increases the whole cost of the locks at both ends of the canal. Then, too, it was thought wise not

to follow the minority report, which contemplated dams immediately on the shore of the Pacific at La Boca, in Sosa Hill, but to move them back to Miraflores and San Pedro Miguel, some four miles or more from the shore. This was chiefly done for military reasons, in order to take the lock construction out of sight of an enemy approaching the canal on the Bay of Panama.

All these changes were substantial increases in the amount of work to be done, which, taken with the increased unit price, explains the discrepancy between the estimate and the actual expenditure. Much money was expended in the construction and repair of buildings in which the employees of the canal lived. Much money, not included in the estimate, was expended for the purpose of making their lives more enjoyable while on the Isthmus. The wages per day are higher than those which were estimated. Colonel Goethals has submitted a detailed statement showing exactly where the difference is between the original estimate and the actual cost. This has been examined by the present board of engineers, who report that in their judgment the estimate presented by Colonel Goethals is an outside figure, and that the cost will probably be less, for the present type of canal, than $297,000,000, as estimated.

The advocates of the sea-level canal point to the fact that the estimate by the Consulting Board in 1906 of the cost of the sea-level canal was $247,000,000 plus cost of sanitation, government, and the $50,000,000 paid Panama and the French company, or fifty millions less than the admitted cost of the lock type. They assume, therefore, that the difference in cost originally advanced as an argument against a sea-level canal has now been refuted. The defect of this argument is that the same circumstances that have increased the cost of the lock type of canal would increase the actual cost of a sea-level canal. Much of the work that has been done—indeed, a very large part of it—is work that would have had to be done for a sea-level canal, and we are furnished now by Colonel Goethals with an estimate of what the sea-level canal would cost, in the light of the actual cost of the work and unit prices of the Isthmus. This would be $477,601,000 without cost of sanitation or government and exclusive of the original payment. When the loss of interest and loss of revenue by delay is taken into consideration, the cost is easily increased $200,000,000 beyond the cost of the lock type of canal, so that the difference between the cost of the lock type and the sea-level canal is shown by actual construction on the Isthmus to be greater than we estimated when the lock type of canal was selected as the proper one.

Third, the date of completion for the lock type of canal has been fixed as January 1, 1915. I hope that it may be considerably before that. At the rate of excavation now going on in the Culebra cut, it could probably be completed in less than three years, but the difficulty is that as the cut grows deeper, the number of shovels that can be worked must necessarily be decreased. Therefore, the excavation per day, per month, and per year must grow less. Hence it is not safe to base the estimate of time on a division of the total amount to be excavated by the yearly excavation at present. Then, too, the Gatun Dam and locks and the manufacture and adjustment of the gates may take a longer time than the excavation itself, so that it is wiser to count on the date set. The enthusiastic supporters of the sea-level canal, basing their calculation on the amount of material now being excavated, and upon the total amount to be excavated for a sea-level canal, reach the conclusion that the sea-level canal could be constructed in a comparatively short time as compared with the estimate of twelve or fifteen years made at the same time as the decision in favour of the lock type. They have fallen into the error, already pointed out, of assuming that the present rate of excavation could continue as the work of building the sea-level canal went on, which in the case of the sea-level canal is even more erroneous and misleading than in the case of the lock canal, for the reason that the construction, below the 40-ft. level above the sea down to the level of 40 ft. below the sea, is work of the most difficult character, more than half of it always under water, and necessitating either pumping or dredging in rock and working in a narrow space, which greatly reduces the possible rate of excavation.

It is said that new methods of removing rock under water are available so as greatly to reduce the price and the time. I shall take up this statement a little later, but it is sufficient now to say that these methods are in use on the Isthmus, and that the actual employment of them in the character of material that exists on the line of the canal completely refutes the claim that they can accomplish anything more than, or as much as, the excavation in the dry.

Then, too, in this calculation of time, a third great error of the sea-level enthusiasts is the failure to take into consideration the time actually needed to construct the Gamboa Dam to retain the waters of the Chagres River, and the other dams and the great diversion channels that would absolutely have to be built before the sea-level excavation could be carried on. The Gamboa Dam as projected is a masonry dam, 180 ft. above sea-level, with

a level of the water 170 ft. against the dam and above the bed-rock of the stream, and of a length 4500 ft. along the top. It would be the highest dam known in the world and its construction would have to be of the most careful character, and would take an indeterminate time. It has never been definitely settled that there is, at the only available site, a foundation suitable for such a dam.

I have thus examined the circumstances relied upon by the present advocates of the sea-level canal to show that the known conditions are different to-day from those that influenced the selection of the lock type. I have not gone into the matter in detail, but the records will bear out my general statements and show that not in the slightest respect has the argument been changed by newly discovered facts in favour of the sea-level canal.

The memory of the reading public, however, is not very long, and relying on this fact the opponents of the lock canal do not hesitate to bring out again, as if newly discovered, the same old arguments that failed to convince when the issue was fresh and the supposedly final decision was given. We are again met with the statements of gentlemen who claim to be and really are familiar with the steamship business, that mariners would prefer a sea-level canal and would use a lock canal with reluctance. With a great show of enthusiasm and a chain of reasoning as if newly thought out, the ease with which vessels can be navigated on the level is held up in contrast with the difficulties involved in lifting them 85 ft. at one side of the Isthmus and lowering them the same distance on the other. Such an argument always proceeds on the hidden premise that the question whether we should have a lock or a sea-level canal is a mere matter of preference freely open to our choice, and wholly without regard to the real difficulties involved in the construction of a sea-level canal such as the discussions of the present day seem to assume a sea-level canal will be.

We hear much of the "Straits of Panama" described as a broad passage of from 400 to 600 ft. in width across the bottom, 40 to 45 ft. in depth, and piercing the Isthmus with a volume of water sufficient to do away with all difficulty from rapid currents produced by the water of swollen tropical streams, or cross-currents resulting from the discharge of such streams into the canal from heights ranging all the way from 10 ft. to 50 ft. above the level of the water. Such a comparison is utterly misleading. The only sea-level canal that has been projected with respect to which estimates of any substantial and reliable kind have been

made is a canal, one-half the length of which is 150 ft. across the bottom and the other half of which is 200 ft. across the bottom. It is a canal that for twenty miles, from the point where the Chagres River and the canal converge, to Gatun, has four times the curvature of the Suez Canal, and in which at flood stages, under any plan that has been devised for preventing the destruction of the canal by the flood waters of the Chagres River and the other streams emptying into that river, there will be a current of nearly three miles an hour. Such a current in the Suez Canal, with one-fourth of the curvature, makes the steering of large vessels dangerous, and in this canal, with its great curvature, would make the passage of large vessels impossible.

The lock canal as projected has a width at the bottom of 300 ft. for about 25 per cent. of its length, of from 500 to 800 ft. for 50 per cent., and of 1000 ft, or the entire lake width, for the remainder. With such widths the curvature, of course, is immaterial.

In the projected sea-level canal it would be impossible for vessels safely to pass one another at any speed at all. Therefore one vessel would have to tie up while the other went by. This fact would greatly reduce the times within which a vessel could pass through the sea-level canal, and the greater the business the slower would be the passage. As the tonnage increased, therefore, the lock canal of the projected type, in spite of the time taken going through the locks to the 85-ft. level and descending from that level, in case of large steamers, would furnish a quicker passage. As business increased, the time taken in going through the sea-level canal and the danger to the vessel would be very considerably greater than in the lock canal. The danger of accidents and of the destruction of the locks, if certain machinery is used and certain precautions are taken in the warping of the vessels into and out of the locks, will be practically nothing. We are able to gauge this by the infrequency of dangerous accidents at the " Soo " locks, in which the business is enormous and the size of the locks through which the vessels go but a small percentage less than that of the locks projected at Panama. The devices for preventing the outflow of the water in case of a destruction of the upper gates are complete, and in the opinion of many engineers unnecessarily elaborate.

Mr. Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Granger and Mr. Lindon Bates have lent the weight of their voices in denunciation of the present lock type of the canal. In denouncing the type that is under construction, they always compare it with a sea-level canal of a width of from 300 to 600 ft ; when the actual canal pro-

jected for the sea-level is only 150 ft. across the bottom in one-half the length, and 200 ft. the other half. They always point with severest criticism to the instability and experimental character of the Gatun Dam, but never refer to the Gamboa Dam, which is an essential part of the sea-level plan, and which in its measurements and in the height of the water behind it exceeds the proportions of any dam in the world. In addition to this, the sea-level canal involves the construction of three or four other dams in order to turn back the water of streams entering the Chagres Valley over the height of land into other valleys away from the canal. One of these dams is 75 ft. high by 4000 ft. in length; another 2800 ft. long; another 1200 ft.; and another 800 ft. No one knows what the character of the foundation is for these dams thus projected in the sea-level plan. No one is able to estimate the cost involved in their construction, because they are now far away from the railway and considerable expense would be involved in delivering material for their construction. None of these difficulties connected with the making of the sea-level canal are ever mentioned in the discussion of the comparative merits of the present lock type canal and the sea-level canal as projected. We can only approximately arrive at the cost of a sea-level canal such as that suggested in the articles of Mr. Granger and Mr. Bunau-Varilla in this wise: Colonel Goethals' estimate of the cost of the sea-level canal exactly as projected is five hundred millions of dollars; that is, $477,000,000, with the addition of interest and other items that might bring it up to $500,000,000. This does not include the cost of sanitation, of the zone government, or the $50,000,000 originally paid.

An estimate was made of the additional cost, by the Board of Consulting Engineers, of widening the sea-level canal 100 ft. That would make a canal, half of which was 250 ft. wide and half 300 ft. wide. It was stated that it would cost from $86,000,000 to $100,000,000. Considering now the discrepancy between the estimate and the actual cost of the sea-level canal, that is, between $247,000,000 and $477,000,000, it is certainly not exaggerating to say that the cost of a sea-level canal 300 ft. wide from end to end would involve an expenditure of not less than $650,000,000 and probably $700,000,000, and this without including the cost of sanitation, of government, or the $50,000,000 originally paid. As already said, an outside estimate for the present cost of the lock type of canal is $297,000,000, exclusive of the cost of sanitation and of government, and of the $50,000,000 originally paid; or $375,000,000 including everything as against $750,000,000

for such a canal as that advocated by Mr. Bunau-Varilla or Mr. Granger.

I have already commented on the utter impossibility of calculating the time that it would take to construct the sea-level canal. No estimate has been made of the time it would take to construct the Gamboa Dam or other dams and the great diversion-channels needed to keep the Chagres River out of a sea-level canal, and no estimate has been made as to the additional time that would be required for the excavations below the sea-level and the pumping needed to keep the canal prism in a condition for such excavation. Another difficulty about the sea-level canal, but one rarely referred to, is the obstacle to its construction in the Black Swamp between Gatun and Bohio. This would probably necessitate retaining-walls or the draining of the swamp with such an excellent area as to make the task a huge one.

Of the critics of the present type of the canal, Mr. Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Lindon Bates were advisers of the consulting board of thirteen engineers appointed to recommend types of a canal. That board divided as between the 85-ft. canal, which was adopted, and the sea-level canal 150 ft. wide for half of the distance and 200 ft. wide for the other half ; but they all, whether sea-level or lock type advocates, united in rejecting the plans of Mr. Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Bates. Those gentlemen are now engaged in criticising the Gatun Dam and the locks that form part of the approved and adopted type ; but if their plans as they recommend them are examined, it will be found that they contemplated dams and locks more in number, with a great deal more uncertainty as to the foundation, than the Gatun Dam and the dams at Miraflores and at Pedro Miguel in the present lock type. It will be found that in the original plan of Mr. Bunau-Varilla he projected a canal that should have a high level of at least 130 ft., to be reached by a series of locks, and that Mr. Bates had a series of lakes to be reached by locks quite like that of the Gatun Dam, although the lakes were not so extended and the locks not so high. Under these circumstances, the criticism of these gentlemen in asserting great danger from earthquakes and other causes to the Gatun Dam and the locks of the adopted type may be received with a measure of caution.

Mr. Bunau-Varilla's chief argument in reference to the speed and ease and economy with which his type of canal could be constructed, ultimately resulting in a sea-level, is based on the facility with which a certain Lobnitz process and machine for dredging rock under water can be successfully carried on. This is also one

of the bases for the proposition of Mr. Granger that a sea-level canal can easily be constructed. In addition to that, Mr. Granger has invented a machine for the elevation of material in water, to be carried by gravity through a flume a long distance. It has never been tested on any great work of construction, and rests wholly on theory.

The Lobnitz method of excavating rock at Panama, and the result of the work there confirms the judgment of practical engineers elsewhere that the machine will work in comparatively soft rock with thin laminations, but that it will not work in hard rock or in rock in which the strata are widely separated, of which there is much to be excavated in constructing the Panama Canal. In other words, the arguments of both these gentlemen advocating the Straits of Panama are either based on theory without practical test of the usefulness of the processes they recommend, or, when practical test has been given, the process has failed to come up to what is claimed for it by these advocates.

Mr. Bunau-Varilla early proclaimed that the heavy machinery of the Americans in the steam shovels at the Isthmus were not accomplishing nearly as much as the lighter machinery of the French. Now we have gone far beyond any record of the French in the excavation in the dry per day, per month, and per year. The lack of soundness in Mr. Bunau-Varilla's conclusions is thus made apparent.

The facts to-day are the same as they were when the lock type was adopted, namely, that it would take at least $200,000,000 more of money and at least five years more of time to construct the sea-level type of canal 150 to 200 ft. in width; that the canal when constructed would be dangerous for the passage of the larger vessels; and that the lock type of canal constructed at $200,000,000 less in cost and five years less in time will be a better canal, a safer canal, and one in which the time of passage for large vessels will be even less than in the sea-level type.

For these reasons the administration is proceeding to construct the canal type authorised and directed by Congress, and the criticisms of gentlemen who base all their arguments on theory and not upon practical tests, who institute comparisons between the present type of canal and the sea-level type of 300 to 600 ft. in width that never has been or "will be on sea or land," cannot disturb the even tenor of those charged with the responsibility of constructing the canal, and will only continue to afford to persons who do not understand the situation and are not familiar with the history of the canal and of the various plans

proposed for the canal, an unfounded sensation of regret and alarm that the Government is pursuing a foolish and senseless course. Meantime the canal will be built and completed on or before January 1, 1915, and those who are now its severest critics will be glad to have their authorship of recent articles forgotten.

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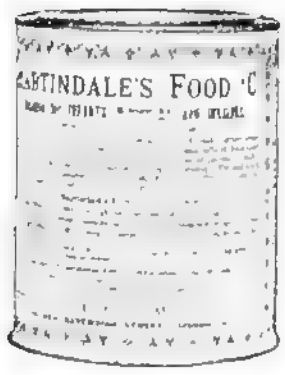

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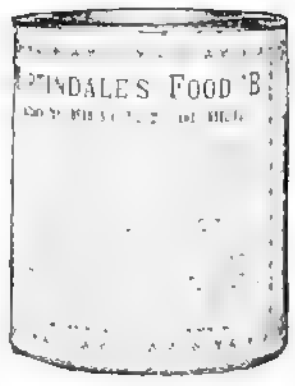

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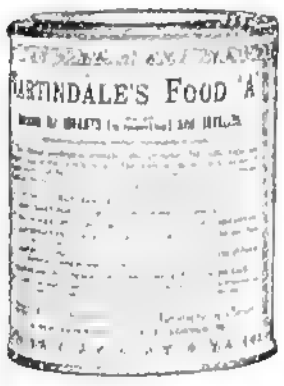

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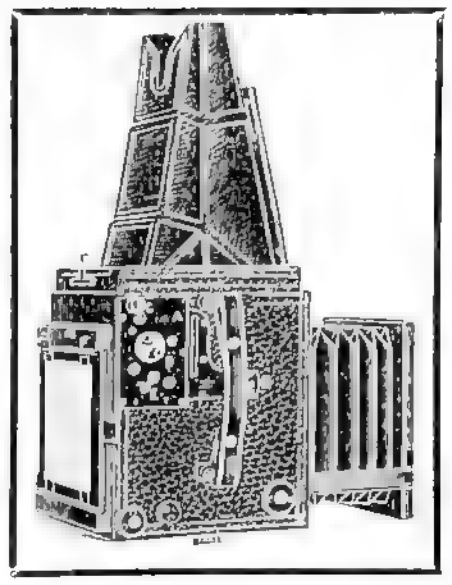

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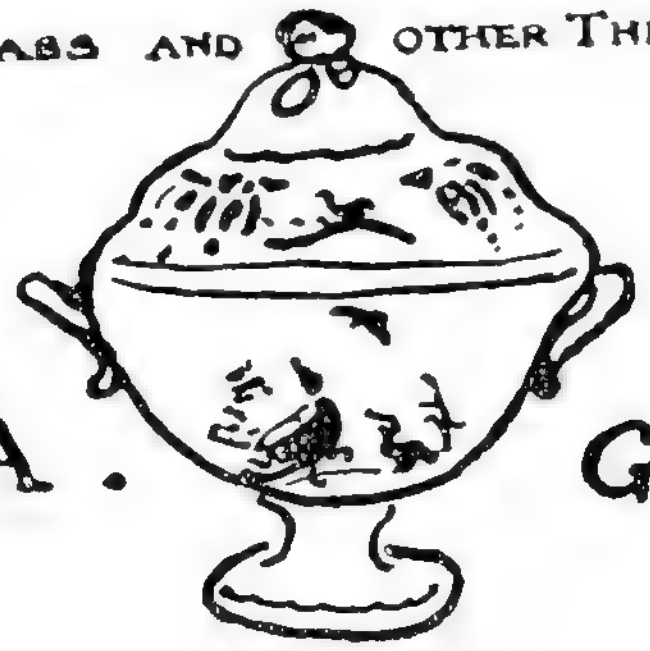

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